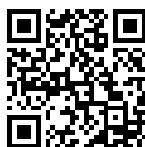

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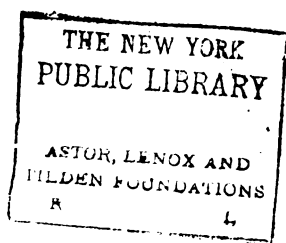




Interesting Letters of the Late Pope Clement XIV (Ganganelli)

Clement, Louis-Antoine Caraccioli, Catholic
Church, Catholic Church. Pope (1769-1774 : Clement XIV)

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Clement XIV



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Beilby Sculp.

**Pèrmanfura tibi quæ sacrat marmora Virtus,
Tempus edax, Clemens, sternere falce nequit.**

D. H. B. A. Co.
P. 4. 1875.

INTERESTING
LETTERS



POPE CLEMENT XIV.

Giorgio Vincenzo Antonio
(GANGANELLI.)

Translated from the ONLY GENUINE EDITION
of LOTTIN, jun. Bookseller, in PARIS.

Exactly REVISED, CORRECTED, and
ENLARGED,

WITH

A TRANSLATION of the LATIN PASSAGES,

AND

A COPIOUS INDEX to the Whole.

NEWCASTLE: Printed and Sold by T. SAINT, for W. CHARNLEY.

Printed by T. SAINT, for W. CHARNLEY.

MDCCLXXVII



A N
E X P L A N A T I O N
O F T H E
F R O N T I S P I E C E.

THE FRONTISPIECE represents TIME, astonished to see his Scythe broken against the base of a Pyramid, erected in honour of CLEMENT XIV, which he in vain attempts to destroy, and reduce to the state of the mouldering monuments behind him.

It is accompanied with a LAUREL, a Symbol of the glory this Great Pope acquired during his Pontificate; and is adorned with the attributes, which characterize Science and Immortality.

The Lines at the bottom may be thus translated.

*This Pyle, to CLEMENT rais'd by virtue's hand,
In spite of all-devouring Time shall stand.*



The Editor's Preface.

THE sale of these Letters, which may be called an *Explosion*, is, beyond contradiction, their greatest Elogium. The Authenticity of them could never be contested, if people would simply judge of them from the striking conformity they bear to the learning, genius and conduct of CLEMENT XIV.

Besides the honourable testimonies borne by strangers and the learned to GANGANELLI before his Pontificate, as to a personage the most affable, the most impartial, the most pacific and the most enlightened; the suppression of the Bull *In Cænâ Domini*, a perfect harmony re-established between the Court of ROME and the Monarchs, who were offended at it, teach the whole world, that this IMMORTAL PONTIFF was influenced neither by opinions nor prejudices; and that he really thought too much deference could not be shewn to those Potentates, who were ever the Protectors of the Holy See; and that the Popes will never be more powerful than when supported by the house of BOURBON.

Thus the Letters of CLEMENT XIV are fully justified by his conduct and sentiments. There are found in them the same principles with respect to Religion, which he always publicly taught; the same maxims which he followed during the course of his life; the same good sense which ever kept him clear of whatever favoured of Fanaticism and Superstition.

But what evidently proves that these Letters are not supposititious, is, that having myself copied a certain number of them at FLORENCE in the year 1758, from Originals communicated to me by the Prelate CERATTI, and Abbé LAMI, I was desirous of publishing them in the year 1762; and I received the following answer from F. GANGANELLI, then become Cardinal, whose

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consent I had desired: an answer, which I now have before me, and which I can shew to any one, who is willing to see it.

ILLMO SIGRE

LE lettere che hanno communicate a Firenze, a V. S. Illma sono state scritte con precipitazione, e non meritano affatto l'onore ch'ella vuol compiacersi di far loro, dandole alla luce; motivo per cui prego istantemente V. S. Illma a non divulgarle. Quel c'ho scritto non ha per merito che la verita, e la Schiettezza. Nulla di meno le no sono molto tenuto, e faro sempre riconoscente al di lei zelo, che in qualunque sia si rincontro, le ne testificaro la mia gratitudine, & con tutta la stima mi ratifico di V. S. Illma servid. vero,

F. LORO Card. GANGANELLI.

Roma, 19 di Sett. 1762.

SIR,

THE letters communicated to you at Florence, were written in haste, and no way deserve the honour you are desirous to do them by making them public. Therefore I earnestly beg you would not publish them. What I have written hath no other merit than truth and sincerity. My obligations are no less to you, and shall always be so grateful for the affection you testify for me, that I will seek every occasion to shew you my gratitude, and to give proofs of the esteem with which I profess myself your humble servant,

F. LAWRENCE, Cardinal GANGANELLI.

Rome, Sept. 19, 1762.

It is therefore manifest that, so early as 1762, I had some genuine Letters of GANGANELLI; and it is not less evident, that those which have been sent me in the course of the last year, are so like the others, that no body can be deceived in them. Hence the Author of the *Journal of the Sciences and the fine Arts*, has reason to say, that whoever will allow only three of the Letters to have been written by CLEMENT XIV, must allow all to be so; because the same soul and the same genius dictated them all: the Connoisseurs cannot be deceived in this point.

Whoever

The EDITOR'S PREFACE. ▼

Whoever has any practice or taste, will easily distinguish in letters, as well as in painting, an original from a copy. CLEMENT XIV, every where shews his soul, and that is the only thing, which cannot be copied. Moreover it is a thing so extraordinary, that GANGANELLI, raised by his merit to the dignity of Cardinal and Pope, celebrated by the famous F. BERTI, an Augustinian Friar, in a public act as a personage in whom ROME had a right to glory; boasted of by several Cities in ITALY, as one of the most eloquent Panegyrist; taken notice of by LAMBERTINI (BENEDICT XIV) as a most promising young man: lastly cited as a most rare man by the Authors, who have written on ITALY; is it, I say a thing so extraordinary, that he should write ingenious and learned letters? Had it not been for a party-spirit, which would have GANGANELLI pass for a man of only indifferent parts, no person would ever think of disputing their authenticity.

If CLEMENT XIV had left behind him a powerful family; if a spirit of party had discovered itself in his Letters; if the work in itself had been only of the middling kind, and had stood in need of a respectable name to make it pass, there might be some reason to suspect interest or passion: but here a man is forced to acknowledge the truth.

The ITALIANS are wrongfully accused of being acquainted with only a superstitious devotion: the most excellent book we have on enlightened piety comes from MURATORI; and no one is ignorant, that BENEDICT XIV proved by his Discourses, as well as by his Writings, his sovereign contempt for trifling practices of devotion; and that the Sacred College at all times has had men truly bright.

It is no less certain, that there are found in the Cloisters, and especially in ITALY, Religious men of knowledge, principles, and views; and who want nothing, in order to become great men, but an opportunity of shewing their talents. Put, for instance, in some eminent place, F. GERDIL, a Barnabite, Preceptor to the Prince of PIEDMONT, and you would, no doubt,
see

vi The EDITOR'S PREFACE

See genius, learning, and a piety disengaged from every thing that is Pharisaical, and a party-spirit, shine forth in his person. A man must not know the ITALIANS, to dispute their being able to write such ingenious and sensible letters.

The objection started against this work, and industriously circulated, drawn from hence, viz. that there are people even in ROME itself, who have no knowledge of them, is undeserving of a refutation. When a person writes a letter, he doth not call in his neighbour or friend to witness it; and it every day happens, that even those we live with, do not know our correspondence.

But it will be said, that it would be the shortest way to let people know how the letters in question were procured: but as it is an affair of confidence, and those from whom we had them, are unwilling to be known, it is impossible to betray their secret. It requires no great effort of sense to guess what the motives of their secrecy may be: these will be made known one day or other, and they will be found well grounded.*

The reason why the SUPPLEMENT,† which the public waits for with so much impatience, hath not yet appeared is, that the productions of GANGANELLI are not manufactured in FRANCE, as some give it out, but that authentic pieces are wanted to fill it. Those which I already have, with others which I am promised, will enable me hereafter to publish another volume absolutely distinct from the *Letters*, but not less interesting: therein will be found some curious Anecdotes, and pieces of extraordinary Eloquence. The Abbé FABRI, Nephew to CLEMENT XIV, will take on himself the trouble of publishing the Theological Treatises of the late Popes and which are immensely esteemed. It is thus he wrote to me concerning them, from Rome, the 6th of February

* The Translator has here omitted above two pages in the Original, as they regard only the faults which had crept into the first Edition, but which are corrected in this.

† This Supplement is designed to be given the public in the same size and type with the letters.

last :

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last: *Li quali di qui a non molto io stesso manderò alla luce.*

I have only to add, that posthumous works are generally suspected; and that notwithstanding the Arrest of Parliament, which Mons. BOSSUET, Bishop of Troyes, formerly obtained to assure the Public, that the productions he published under his Uncle's name, were really the works of that great Prelate, many people still obstinately refuse to believe it. But it may be observed, that it is always prejudice, or some spirit of party, or some personal interest, which engages people to contradict and deny what they do not know.

These Letters will subsist in spite of whatever can be said about them; and the older they grow, the more honour they will do to GANGANELLI, his age and country, because the *remembrance of the righteous man shall be eternal*,* and he hath nothing to fear from people's prepossessions or prejudices.

The Counterfeits, which are multiplied on all sides, and swarm with faults, oblige me to repeat here again, that the only Edition, which is accurate and genuine, is that sold by *Lottin*, Junior, Bookseller at *Paris*, signed and marked by him.

The persons guilty of the counterfeits I have mentioned, when they printed the *LIFE OF CLEMENT XIV*, took it from the first Edition, which was very imperfect in comparison of the last: and having prefixed it to the two volumes of his Letters, they sold and published them every where, as an Edition enlarged more than one-third.

* Pf. cxi. *Vulg.*

INTERESTING
LETTERS
OF
POPE CLEMENT XIV.

LETTER I.

To Monsieur DE CABANE, a Knight of Malta.

SIR,

THE SOLITUDE you have formed for yourself in the bottom of your own heart renders it unnecessary for you to seek any other. Cloisters are of no value, but in proportion to the recollection of mind enjoyed in them: The walls do not constitute the merit of a Monastery.

The house of la TRAPPE which we have in Italy, and to which you wish to retire, is no less regular than that in France. But why
B should

should a man quit the world, while he edifies it?—It will forever be perverse, if all good Men abandon it.

Is not moreover the Order of MALTA in which you live, a religious State, and capable of sanctifying you, if you comply with the Duties of it?

A person ought to think seriously, before he overcharge himself with obligations. The GOSPEL is the true Rule of a Christian; and the vocation is to be well tried, before a man bury himself in solitude.

Whatever withdraws us from the common mode of life is an extraordinary way; and a person ought to be apprehensive of illusion, when he embraces a Cenobitic life. I have the greatest regard for the solitaries, who follow the Institute of the CHARTREUSE and la TRAPPE; but they ought to be few. Besides the difficulty of finding a great number of fervent Religious; the impoverishment of the state is to be apprehended, by rendering ourselves useless to society. We are not born *Monks*; we are born *Citizens*. The world stands in need of subjects to promote its harmony, and to make Empires flourish by their talents, labours and manners.—Those profound solitudes, where people give no exterior signs of life, are real tombs.

SAINT

SAINT ANTHONY, who lived so long in the desert, had not made a vow to remain there for ever. He quitted his retreat, and came into the heart of ALEXANDRIA to attack Arianism, and to disperse the Arians; being convinced that we are obliged to serve Religion and the State, more by our actions. than by our prayers. When he had therefore fulfilled his mission, he returned to his solitude, mortified to carry back thither the small quantity of blood, which old age had left in his veins, and that he had not suffered Martyrdom.

When you go to la TRAPPE, it is true, you will pray night and day; but cannot you continually raise your heart to God, though in the midst of the world? Vocal prayers constitute not the merit of praying. The divine Legislator hath himself informed us, that a multiplicity of words will not procure us the assistance of heaven.

Several respectable writers scruple not to say, that the relaxation introduced into Monasteries, partly proceeded from the multiplication of the offices. They judged very truly, that the attention could not be kept up in prayers of too great a length; and that manual labour was of more advantage, than the continual chanting of Psalms.

The world would not have cried out so much against Monks, had it seen them employed in useful labours. The memory of those is still blessed, who first cleared the fields, and enriched the towns with learned productions, respecting both historical facts, and the date of events.

The BENEDICTINE Monks of the learned Congregation of St MAUR in France, whom we commonly call *Maurini*, have gained themselves a reputation, which will last a long time, by publishing a multitude of works, equally curious and useful. The famous F. MOUNTFAUCON, who is not one of their least ornaments, filled all Italy with his erudition, when he gave himself entirely up to the study of Antiquity.

SAINT BERNARD, the reformer of so many Monasteries, which still follow his rule, did great service to Religion and his country, not by preaching up the Croisades (which nothing can justify but the intention of them) but by giving solid advice to Popes and Kings, and composing immortal works—He never would have been a Father of the Church, had he done nothing but pray.

F. MABILLON, in his famous *Treatise on Monastic Studies*, appears to me to have much the advantage of the *Abbè de Rancè*, who pretends

pretends that Monks ought to apply themselves solely to Contemplation and Psalmody. The destination of man is to labour. "There is only one step from a contemplative to an idle life," said Cardinal PALEOTTI; and nothing is more easy than to pass from one to the other.

You will do more good by aiding the poor, and consoling them by your discourse, than by burying yourself in a desert. JOHN THE BAPTIST, who was the greatest among the sons of men, quitted it to preach the kingdom of God, and to baptize on the banks of the *Jordan*.

Do not imagine, my Dear Sir, that while I speak of an useful life, my design is to make an apology for the Mendicant Orders to the disparagement of the solitaries. Each Religious Order hath its own practices; and here it is we may say: *Let not he that eats not flesh, despise him who eats it.* But I own that I have the greatest esteem for the state of the FRIARS-MINORS, in as much as they join the active life of MARTHA with the contemplative life of MARY: and whatever some spiritualists may pretend, I think this kind of life more meritorious.

SAINT BENEDICT was sensible of the obligation of being useful to one's country; and therefore

therefore built seminaries for young Gentlemen at *Monte-Cassino*.—He understood the rules dictated by the love of our neighbour.

If, notwithstanding what I have alledged, you still find a secret inspiration, which calls you to a Cenobitic life, act therein as you like; for I should be afraid of opposing the will of God, who leads his servants, as he pleases, and often by singular ways.

I wish I could be with you at TIVOLI, to contemplate there that famous Cascade, which dividing itself into a thousand different streams, and falling down with the greatest impetuosity, represents, in the most expressive manner, the world with all its agitation, and hurry.

I wish you joy on the approaching festival, and am more, than all the Eloquence of Cicero could express, sir, your most humble servant, &c.

Brother Lawrence GANGANELLI,
Of the Convent of the Holy Apostles.

Oct. 29, 1747.

My most humble respects to the very worthy Bishop.

LET-

LETTER II.

To the Abbè FERGHEN.

YOU can do nothing better, Abbè, towards dissipating your pains and troubles, than to visit Italy. Every man of understanding owes homage to this country so much boasted of, and so deserving of it. It will be an inexpressible satisfaction for me to see you there.

You will first of all discover the bulwarks which nature hath given it in the *Apennins*, and the *Alpes*, which separate us from the *French*, and from which circumstance we have obtained from them the name of *Ultramontanes*. They are majestic mountains, made to serve as a frame to the magnificent picture they surround.

Torrents, streams, rivers (to say nothing of the seas) are other objects which present to the travellers and painters the most curious and most interesting prospects.

Nothing can be more wonderful than the richest soil, every where intersected with streams of fresh water; every where peopled with villages; every where embellished with superb cities:—And such is *Italy*.

If

If Agriculture was here held in as much esteem as Architecture; if the country was not divided under so many Governments, all of a different form, and most of them weak and of small extent, one would not there find misery close to magnificence, and industry without activity.—But unhappily people are there more taken up with the embellishment of the towns, than the culture of the grounds; and on every side uncultivated lands reproach the inhabitants with their sloth.

If you enter by VENICE, you will see a city, which, for its situation, is the only one of its kind. It is exactly an immense ship, lying still on the water, and on which you cannot go aboard without boats.

But this is not the only thing which will surprize you by its singularity. Inhabitants masked during four or five months of the year; the laws of a Despotic Government, which however allow the greatest liberties in the public diversions; the rights of a Sovereign, who hath no authority; the customs of a people afraid of their own shadow, and who enjoy at the same time the most perfect tranquillity, form so many contrasts, which must be particularly interesting to a traveller. There is scarce a single VENETIAN, who is not eloquent, and Collections have been made of fallies

fallies of wit from the very *Gondoliers*, replete with the most poignant falt.

FERRARA will shew you within its enclosure a beautiful and vast solitude, almost as silent as the tomb of ARIOSTO, who is buried there.

BOLOGNA will present you with another picture. You will there find even the fair sex intimately acquainted with the Sciences, and appearing, with dignity, in the Schools and Academies, where every day trophies are erected to them. A thousand paintings will gratify your soul and eyes, and the conversation of the Inhabitants will charm your mind.

You will afterwards, in the space of about a hundred leagues, pass through a multitude of small towns, each of which hath its Theatre, its *Casino* (or Rendezvous for the Gentry) some man of learning, or Poet, who employs himself according to his taste and leisure.

You will visit LORETTO, a pilgrimage famous for the concourse of strangers, and the treasures which enrich its superb temple.

You will at length come within sight of ROME, which may be seen for a thousand years together, and always with new pleasure. This city, placed on seven hills, which the Ancients called the Seven Mistresses of the world, seems from thence to rule the uni-

C

verse,

verse, and haughtily to tell all nations, that she is their Queen and their Capital.

You will call to mind the ancient Romans (whose memory will never be blotted out) when you cast your eyes on the TIBER, of which they have so often spoken, and which hath been so often swollen with their blood, and that of their enemies.

You will be in an extasy at the sight of the BASILIC of St. PETER, which the Connoisseurs call the wonder of the world, as being infinitely superior to Saint SOPHIA's at CONSTANTINOPLE, Saint PAUL's at LONDON, or the temple of SOLOMON itself.

It is a building which grows larger and larger, as you go through it; where every thing is Colossal, and yet every thing appears of an ordinary size. The Paintings are enravishing: the Mausoleums alive: and a person imagines he sees the new Jerusalem coming down from heaven, described by *St. John* in the Revelation.

You will find in the whole, and in every particular part of the VATICAN (raised on the ruins of the false Oracles) beauties of every kind, which will at once tire and charm your eyes. It is there where RAPHAEL and MICHAEL ANGELO have displayed, sometimes in the terrible, sometimes in the tender way, the
master.

master-pieces of their genius, by expressing, in the most lively manner, the full energy of their own souls. It is there that the learning and wit of all the writers in the world are deposited in a multitude of works, which compose the richest and most immense Library.

Churches, Palaces, Squares, Pyramids, Obelisks, Columns, Galleries, Facades, Theatres, Fountains, Gardens, Landscapes, every thing will tell you, that you are at ROME, and every thing attach you to it, as to the City, which hath been ever universally admired in preference to all others. You will not indeed meet there with that French elegance, which prefers what is pretty to what is majestic; but that loss will be compensated by the objects you will find every instant to excite your admiration.

In a word, you will see a new world in all the pieces of painting and of sculpture both of the ancients and moderns, and you will imagine this world animated. The Academy of Painting, occupied by the *French*, will shew you pupils destined one day to become great masters, and who do honour to ITALY by coming thither to receive lessons.

You will admire the Grandeur and Simplicity of the HEAD of the Church, the servant of the servants of God in the order of hu-

military, and the first of men in the eyes of faith. The CARDINALS, with whom he is surrounded, will represent to you the four and twenty Elders, who stand round the Throne of the Lamb; for you will find them as modest in their deportment, as edifying in their manners.

The misfortune is, that this magnificent view will terminate in a group of beggars, which ROME, by pouring forth ill-judged charities, injudiciously supports in idleness, instead of setting them to some useful employment.—Thus the thorn shews itself with the rose; and vice is too often found close by virtue.

But if you have a mind to see ROME in its splendour, endeavour to be here by the feast of St. PETER.

The illumination of the Church begins with a mild light, which one would willingly take for the reflection of the setting sun. It causes the most beautiful pieces of Architecture to start forth, and then ends in undulating flames, which form a moving picture, and which last till day-break. This is accompanied with the playing off two pieces of fireworks, the brightness of which is so great, that one would imagine the stars had detached

tached themselves from the heavens, and were falling down with a noise.

I shall say nothing to you of the strange metamorphosis, which hath placed, even in the Capitol, Friars of the order of St. Francis, and hath made a new ROME come out from the very ruins of the ancient ROME; to teach the whole world, that Christianity is truly the work of God, and that it hath subjugated the Conquerors of the world, to settle itself in the centre of their possessions.

If the new Romans do not appear to you of a warlike disposition, it is owing to their present form of Government not inspiring them with valour; for they have in themselves the germ or bud of every virtue, and make as good soldiers as any others, when they bear arms in the service of a foreign power. It is certain, they are very ingenious and have a singular aptitude for the sciences: and one would imagine they were born Pantomimes, so expressive are they in their gestures from their very infancy.

You will go from hence to NAPLES by the famous APPIAN way, which, unhappily, its great antiquity renders at this day very inconvenient; and you will come to that PARTHENOPE, where rest the ashes of VIRGIL, on
whose

whose tomb is seen to grow a laurel, that could be no where better placed.

On one side Mount VESUVIUS, on another the ELYSIAN FIELDS will present you with objects, the only ones of their kind; and when you are satisfied with them, you will find yourself surrounded by a multitude of Neapolitans, full of life and wit, but too much abandoned to pleasure and sloth to be what they might be. NAPLES would be an enchanting city, did we not there meet with a croud of plebeians, who have all the air of beggars and thieves, often without being either the one or the other.

The Churches are richly ornamented, but with an Architecture of a bad taste, no way corresponding to that of RÔME. You will take a singular pleasure in going through the Environs of this city, delightful for its fruits, its prospects, its situation: and you will penetrate those famous subterraneous passages, where the city of HERCULANEUM was formerly swallowed up by an eruption of Mount VESUVIUS. If perchance it should be in a passion, when you are there, you would see torrents of fire coming from its bosom, majestically spread themselves over the country. PORTICI will present to you a collection of what hath been gathered from the ruins of
of

of HERCULANEUM, and the neighbourhood of PUZZUOLI, celebrated by the prince of Poets, will inspire you with a taste for Poetry.

You must go thither with the *Eneid* in your hand, and confront what VIRGIL says with the Cave of the CUMEAN SYBIL and with the ACHERON.

You will return by CASERTA, which for its decorations, its marbles, its extent, its aqueducts, worthy of ancient ROME, will be the finest CHATEAU in Europe; and you will pay a visit to MONTE CASSINO, where the spirit of St. BENEDICT still subsists, for near twelve centuries past, without any interruption, notwithstanding the immense riches of that superb monastery.

FLORENCE, where the fine arts first sprung up, and where the most magnificent masterpieces are deposited, will present you with other objects. You will there admire a city, which is so handsome and prettily decorated, that it ought not to be shewn, but on Sundays; according to the remark of a Portuguese.

There are every where seen traces of the splendour and elegance of the MEDICIS, who are inscribed in the annals of taste, as the Restorers of the fine arts.

LEGHORN,

LEGHORN, a Sea-port, as populous, as it is profitable to TUSCANY. PISA, which hath always continued to have schools, and learned men of every kind: SIENNA, famous for the purity of its air and language will entertain you, one after another, in a very particular manner. PARMA, situated in the midst of the most fertile pastures, will shew you a Theatre, which holds fourteen thousand people, and where each one hears what ever is said, though only in a whisper: and PLACENTIA will appear worthy of the name it bears, as an abode which, for its agreeable situation, particularly pleases travellers.

You will not forget MODENA, as being the native country of the Illustrious MURATORI, and as a city famous for the name it hath given its sovereigns.

At MILAN you will find the second Church in Italy for grandeur and beauty. Above ten thousand marble statues decorate the outside of it; and had it but a Front, it would be a master-piece of workmanship. The conversation of the inhabitants is perfectly agreeable since the French besieged it. People live there as they do at PARIS; and every thing, even to the Hospital, hath an air of splendour. The AMBROSIAN LIBRARY is interesting to the curious, and the AMBROSIAN RITE
is

is no less so, particularly to an Ecclesiastic, who is fond of knowing the practices of the Church, as well as their antiquity.

From the account you will receive of the BORROMEAN ISLANDS, they will invite you to go to see them. Placed in the middle of a most delightful lake, they present to your sight whatever is most magnificent and pleasing in Gardens.

GENOA will prove that she is truly the STATELY, by her Churches and Palaces. It is remarkable for its Port, famed for its commerce, and resort of Strangers: and there is seen a DOGE, who is changed almost like the superiours of Religious Communities, and hath little more authority.

Lastly TURIN, the residence of a Court, where the Virtues have long taken up their abode, will charm you with the regularity of its buildings, the beauty of its squares, the parallellism of its streets, the wit of its inhabitants; and there you will agreeably end your journey.

I have thus, as you see, made the tour of Italy in a very expeditious manner, and at a small expence, to engage you really to come thither. Moreover it is enough for a man like you, to give him only a sketch of a picture.

D

I say

I say nothing of our manners: they are not more corrupted than those of other nations, whatever malice may assert to the contrary. They only vary in the shades according to the difference of Government: for the ROMAN resembles not the GENOESE, nor does the VENETIAN resemble the NEAPOLITAN: and one may say of ITALY, as well as of the whole world, that, allowing some trifling difference, it is here as elsewhere: "a little good, and a deal of bad."

I say nothing to you before hand of the agreeable chearfulness of the ITALIANS, any more than I do of their love for the arts and sciences; it is what you will soon know, when you become acquainted with them, and especially, as your own conversation is so charming, that it will be always a pleasure to say to you: I am your very humble and obedient servant.

I have taken the opportunity of a moment's leisure to give you an idea of my country. It is only a coarse piece of painting, whereas from another hand it would have been a charming piece in Miniature. The subject were worth attempting, but my pencil is not fine enough to execute it.

Rome, Nov. 12, 1756.

LET-

L E T T E R III.

To one of his Sisters.

THE loss we have suffered by the death of so many Relations and friends, tells us, my dear sister, that this life is, in reality, only a borrowed life, and that God alone essentially possesses immortality. But what ought to be our comfort is, that we shall meet together again in him, if we constantly fix our hearts on him.

The pains you tell me you suffer, ought to be more precious to you than pleasures, if you have faith. Mount CALVARY is, here below, the place of a Christian: if ever he goes up to the top THABOR, it is only to stop there for an instant.

My health continues equally vigorous, because I neither flatter nor pamper it. My stomach would sometimes be indisposed, but I tell it, that I am not at leisure to attend to it, and it then lets me alone. Study absorbs all those sordid indispositions, of which man so frequently complains. It often happens that idleness is the only cause of our indisposition: and many women are ill, without knowing where their illness is, merely because they

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have

have nothing to do. People grow tired of being too well; and too great a share of health is burthenfome to people of the world.

I am glad to hear fuch good news of little MICHAEL. He is a plant, which, well cultivated, will one day produce excellent fruit: all depends on a proper culture—a man becomes every thing, or nothing, according to his education.

You lament that we fee not one another; but it is neither our figure nor our words, which form our friendship. Provided our affections and our thoughts bring us together, it is of no confequence at what diftance our perfons are. When we love one another in God, we always fee one another, becaufe God is every where.—He ought to be the centre of all our feelings, as he is that of all fpirits.

I embrace you moft cordially, and am fenfible of the value of the letters you write to me. They recall to my remembrance a Father, whom I knew too fhort a time; and a Mother, whose life was a continual leffon of virtue. I never fail remembring them at the altar, any more than I do you, my dear fifter, whose moft humble and affectionate brother and fervant I am beyond all expreffion, &c.

LET.

LETTER IV.

*To Monsignor BOUGET, private Chamberlain to
his Holiness.*

MONSIGNOR,

I WILL not fail to accept of your gracious invitation, as from a man, who unites in his person, wit, science, and chearfulness. If ever melancholy should offer to lay hold on me, I would seek your agreeable conversation, the value of which BENEDICT XIV perfectly knows, and which would have made the same impression on SAUL as did DAVID's harp. You have the talent of relating things in a most rapid and most interesting manner. Mere nothings, by the turn you give them, become matter of a solid conversation.

It is some time since we met at the Trinity of the Mount. Our French MINIMS deserve to be frequently visited: no man can help being fond of them, who loves the sciences and society: and this fondness for them is encreased, when you are there.

When you come to see me, I will shew you my reflections on a cause, which will engage your attention. There are of all sorts in the Holy Office. Some make a man laugh; some make him sigh: but be not afraid of my reading

ing to you any thing of the most gloomy kind.—The great art of society is to know how to serve people according to their taste.

Chearfulness is the true Physician of the studious : after being confined by obstinate labour, both the mind and the heart require to be set at liberty. It is as necessary for the soul to expand itself, if we desire to recover our verdure and bloom, as it is for a tree to enjoy the open air. There are however some people, who resemble the rose out of flower, which shews us nothing but bark and thorns. When I meet with them, I say not a word; but pass by in a hurry for fear of being pricked.

Chearfulness keeps off old age. With it a man always looks fresh, instead of being wan, and wrinkled; the effect of uneasiness and cares.

The reason why BENEDICT XIV. enjoys so good a state of health, is that he is always extremely cheerful. He lays down his pen, to vent some *bons mots* ; then he takes it up again, and is never tired.

You have done very well to ingraft the Italian cheerfulness on the French: it is the way to live an hundred years. This is what I wish you, being, beyond what I can express, MONSIGNOR, your very humble, &c.

LET-

LETTER V.

*To the MOST REVEREND ABBOT of MONTE
CASSINO.*

MOST REVEREND,

YOU do me too much honour in consulting me with respect to the date of your two manuscripts. By comparing them with the writing of the ninth Century, I take them to be of that age. Moreover one of our Authors, who lived in that age, and is little known (though we have some fragments of his on the Sacrifice of the Mass) is cited in those Manuscripts.

It is very generous in you to deign to take the opinion of a poor Franciscan, when you are the Head of an Order, perfectly acquainted with Antiquity; and which hath given the most shining and most honourable proofs thereof in every part of the world. "We should have been the greatest fools, said INNOCENT XI (*Odescalchi*) had it not been for the Benedictine Monks." Besides being the glory of the Holy See, and of different Churches, for whole ages together, they were moreover the Fathers and preservers of history. It was with them the Monarchs found their
most

most august and most interesting title-deeds; and with them learning and religion were preserved without interruption, as the most precious of deposits, whilst the thickest cloud seemed to cover the Universe. Notwithstanding their riches and power, they were never known to form cabals in kingdoms, or enter into intrigues against the State: on the contrary, they have been of great assistance to it. We may therefore say, that notwithstanding all the riches and honours they enjoy, the public gratitude hath not yet repaid them.

If I can comply with your desire, I will, with pleasure, go to that famous solitude, out of which have come a whole world of saints and learned men. We imagine that, by treading on the soil inhabited by great men, we partake of their merit.

Nothing can be added to the profound respect with which I am, &c.

Rome, March 5, 1748.

LET.

LETTER VI.

To Mr. STUART, a Scotch Gentleman.

I Have followed you in spirit, my very dear sir, both by sea, and on the Thames. While my soul alone travels in England, I shall not be insulted: whereas, were I to appear there in person, and in my Friar's garb, God knows how the Mob would use me—You must own that the Popes are a good-natured sort of men: for were they disposed to use reprisals, they would insist, that any Priest, Monk, or Friar should be allowed to enter LONDON in his habit, or that they would suffer no Englishman to come to ROME. And who would be caught there? You first of all, my dear sir, who are fond of visiting ITALY from time to time. But, I protest, I should be more so than you; and you may believe me: for I am sincerely attached to the ENGLISH nation, which has all along cherished the sciences in a distinguished manner, and with which an acquaintance may much improve us. We should be too great losers, were we deprived of seeing it, at least in some of its natives. I have a determined passion for your great Poets and

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your

your eminent Philosophers. With them a man becomes sublime, and perceives the world beneath his feet. I sometimes pay a visit to NEWTON by night. While all nature seems to sleep, I sit up to read, and admire him. Never did man unite, like him, science with simplicity—It is characteristic of true genius, to be a stranger to puffing and ostentation.

I depend on your bringing for me, at your return, the small manuscript of BERKLEY, that illustrious mad-man, who fancied there was nothing material in the world, and that all bodies existed only in our ideas. What a spectacle for reason, should all the learned, who have bewildered themselves with different systems, meet together, and this same Reason, after having kept *incognito*, come and enlighten them with its rays! How surprized, and abashed at the same time, would they be, they who had the vanity to think themselves more than inspired! The world hath at all times been abandoned to disputes and errors; and we ought to reckon ourselves happy, that, in the midst of so many clouds and contradictions, we have an unerring light to enable us to take the right road. I speak of the TORCH of REVELATION, which, in spite of every effort of Infidelity, will never be extinguished

guished. It is with Religion as with the Firmament, which sometimes appears to us darkened, though in itself it be no less radiant. The passions and sensual pleasures are vapours, which arise from the womb of our corruption, and deprive us of celestial truths: but the man who reflects, without being alarmed or surprised, waits for the return of a clear sky. Ought we not to know, that the fogs raised by the followers of *Celsus*, *Porphyry*, *Spinosa*, *Collins*, and *Bayle*, are dispersed? And those raised by our modern Philosophy will have the same fate. In every age have appeared some men of a singular turn of mind, who, it would seem, sometimes by force of arms, and sometimes by Fanaticism, must have overturned Christianity. They have, however, passed over like those storms, which only serve to make the face of heaven appear more clear and serene.

It is for want of principles to go upon, that people suffer themselves to be puzzled with sophisms. The most despicable objections are looked on as unanswerable, by a man who knows nothing. In Religion every thing is connected, every thing is combined; and if we lose our hold of one single truth, we find nothing before us but abysses and darkness. Man, instead of concluding from the sight of what

he enjoys, that God can undoubtedly bestow upon him more wonderful good things after this life, judges that the DEITY, almighty as he is, can go no farther; and that this world is necessarily the term of his Wisdom and Power.

I could like to see a work, which should prove, in a demonstrative manner (nor would it be a difficult task for a person, who understood natural Philosophy and Theology) that the world, as known to us, is, in truth, a riddle. Religion alone can account either for the immensity of the Heavens (the use of which the Unbeliever cannot guess) or for the miseries we suffer, of which the Philosopher cannot find out the cause; or for the ever new-arising desires which agitate us, and whose impetuosity we cannot calm.

We have sometimes touched upon these important subjects in our chat, one while at the *Villa Borghese*, another while at the *Villa Negroni*. That time is now past, and with it a part of our life; because every thing passes away, except the sincere attachment, with which I am most cordially, my dear sir, &c.

Rome, May 13, 1748.

LET-

L E T T E R VII.

To Signora BAZARDI.

C O N S U L T me not, I beg of you, concerning the Religious state of life, which your son has a mind to embrace. If I tell you that he can do nothing better, you will consider me as an interested man, who speaks in favour of his Order. If on the contrary, I answer, that he will do well not to think of it, you will presume that it is the advice of a Friar disgusted with his state of life, or of one convinced, that the life of a Cloister is a life of misery. So that, Madam, I neither say yes, or do I say no. Every object hath two sides; the question is to know which is the better, and to adopt it.

Did I foresee that a Postulant would become a great man for learning and piety, I would use all my endeavours to determine him: but as I do not know what is to come to pass, I am very much on the reserve, and never advise any one to embrace a Religious state,

I have the honour to be, &c.

Rome, May 13, 1748.

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LETTER VIII.

To the Prelate CERATI.

I Cannot pardon you for depriving the public of a multitude of Anecdotes well known to you, a collection of which would be extremely entertaining. When I come to see you again, I will take my pencil with me and write down whatever you say. What would become of the sciences, if all the learned were to follow your plan? The conversation indeed might be lively; but reading, there would be none.

MONSIGNOR CERATI ought to reflect, that when he talks, he is only useful to those about him; and that were he to write, he would render service to persons at the greatest distance. A good book becomes the patrimony of the whole world; it is equally in the hands of the RUSSIAN, and the ITALIAN. The Pope ought to oblige you, under the penalty of Excommunication, to lay open, by printing, whatever you conceal from the knowledge of the public. But perhaps, as you have seen foreign nations, you will not now be so much an *Ultramontane**, but may imagine

* In France the exalted opinions which the Italian Schoolmen entertain of the Pope's power, are called *Ultramontane Notions*, and the supporters of them *Ultramontane Divines*. See Let. 2, 25, 47, &c.

that

that the judgment of a Decree of ROME can be eluded? "He has seen a great deal (said "Cardinal PORTO-CARRERO the other day, "speaking of you) he has read a great deal, "and remembers every thing; but it will be "of no service to us, as he will carry his "knowledge with him to the other world."

Too much has been written; and it makes me sigh, when I consider all those productions, which freethinking has brought forth. But too much can never be written, if we speak of those excellent subjects you are Master of. For my part I will have it in print, that you cannot be too much admired, and that I cannot too often repeat, how much I have the honour to be, &c.

LETTER IX.

To the Marquis CLERICI, a Milanese.

Mr. MARQUIS,

GIVE me leave to lay before you, that *James Piovi* is in the utmost distress. I will not mention to you, that he is one of the Pope's foldiers: that would be but a poor recommendation to an Austrian Officer: but I will put you in mind, that he hath six children; that he hath kept his bed for these nine months

months past; and lastly, that he is your God-son.

Generosity, which is your particular characteristic, and which only seeks opportunities of giving, has here an ample field to gratify itself. Were you one of those ordinary souls, who oblige only with regret, I should never have thought of importuning you. I do not like to force kindnesses; I would have them flow from the spring, and originate in greatness of soul.

I see this letter (among those you daily receive from so many of the Military) like a piece of patch-work, which will divert you. The signature of *Brother Ganganelli* can have no merit in your eyes, but by being placed below that respect, with which I have the honour to be, sir, &c.

Rome, Sept. 9, 1748.

LETTER X.

*To Madam *****.*

MADAM,

TRUE RELIGION consists neither in a neglect of dress, or in wearing dark-coloured cloaths. The greatest part of Devotees

votees imagine, I know not for what reason, that dark colours are more pleasing to the heavenly spirits, than bright ones. The Angels however are always painted in white or sky-blue. I do not like a piety, which makes a shew of itself. Modesty depends not on the colour of our cloaths. A decency of dress and behaviour are enough to make us what we ought to be.

Observe, moreover, that if any woman be guilty of uttering scandal in company; if she be peevish, and in a rage at mankind, she is generally speaking in dark-coloured cloaths. Singularity hath so little to do with true devotion, that the Gospel orders us to wash our faces when we fast, that we may not be taken notice of by others.

My opinion therefore, Madam; is, that you change nothing in the fashion and colour of your cloaths. Let your heart belong entirely to God: let all your actions be referred to him. That is the capital point.

Had it not been for the Devotees, the world would never have thrown so much ridicule on Devotion. Almost ever full of a bitter zeal, they are pleased with themselves alone; and they would have every one become slaves to their whims; for their piety is often no more than humour.

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Every person truly pious, is patient, meek and humble—suspects no evil—is not peevish—hides the faults of a neighbour, when they cannot be excused. Every person truly pious, *laughs with those who laugh, and weeps with those who weep*, according to the advice of St. Paul, and is *wise with sobriety*; for moderation is necessary in all things.

In a word, true Devotion is charity; and whatever is done without it, is of no use towards salvation. False Devouts do little less harm to Religion, than those who have none at all. Always ready to take fire at whatever agrees not with their opinions or humour, their zeal is restless, impetuous, persecuting; and they are commonly Fanatics, or superstitious; Hypocrites, or ignorant. JESUS CHRIST never spares them in his Gospel to teach us to mistrust them.

When you find, Madam, that there is neither rancour in your heart, nor haughtiness in your soul, nor singularity in your actions: that you keep the Commandments of God, and of the Church without affectation, and without troubling your head about mere trifles: you may then believe that you are really in the way of salvation.

Above all things make your servants happy, by keeping from plaguing them. Tho' others, they are still ourselves, and we ought continually
to

to lighten their yoke. Ever to have a serene countenance, is the way to be well served. True Piety preserves at all times the same calmness and the same tranquillity, while false Devotion is varying every instant.

Maintain your Nieces according to their rank, and require not of them that they should do exactly whatever you do; because you are particularly fond of mortification.

This subject alone would demand a whole letter. Young people are often disgusted with Piety, because too great perfection is required of them; and we soon tire ourselves with works of penance, when we know not how to be moderate. A common way of life is the most safe, though not the most perfect. It is an excess to forbid yourself all visits and diversions. Take care that your Director be not too much of a Mystic, and that his manner of directing you end not in making you rather a scrupulous, than a good Christian.

Where is the necessity of plaguing one's self so much in order to become pious? Religion teaches what we are to believe, and what we are to do; and there never will be a better Director than the Gospel. Mingle solitude with society; and contract such acquaintance, as may neither throw you into melancholy, nor lead you into dissipation.

Vary your reading. There are some sorts amusing, and may succeed such as are serious. When St. *Paul* lays down the rules of decent conversation, he allows us to say things merry and pleasing: *Quæcunque amabilia*.*

We should serve God like slaves, did we imagine that we sinned in every thing we do. The yoke of the Lord is the lightest and sweetest of all yokes. *Love God*, said St. *Austin*, and do what you will; for then you will do nothing, but what is agreeable to him; and you will act with regard to him, as a child does with regard to a Father whom he loves.

Above all things be charitable to the poor, especially as you have it in your power to assist them. Humanity is the pedestal of Religion; and whoever is not charitable, is not a Christian.

I do not advise you, by any means, to give to Monasteries. Besides that they will never be in want of necessaries, it is, moreover, an injustice to impoverish families in order to enrich them. People never cease crying out against the rapaciousness of the Monks and Friars; and we must not give the world room to make any new complaints on that head. Our reputation ought to be our riches; and that reputation ought to be grounded on disinterestedness, and the practice of every virtue.

* Whatever things are lovely. Eph. iv. 8.

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Though a friend to my profession, I would never engage any one to bestow largesses on us, or to become a Religious. I dread giving room to reproaches and repentance, as I should dread tiring you, were I to make this letter any longer, which has no other merit in my eyes, than the opportunity it procures me of assuring you of the respect with which I have the honour to be, Madam, &c.

Rome, Jan. 2, 1749.

L E T T E R XI.

*To the Rev. Father **** a Franciscan Friar.*

I HAVE been for three days together, my dear Friend, scrawling whatever you seem to wish for. I have endeavoured to put in this Discourse the Pathetic, the Sublime, the Simple and the Temperate; so that there will be something to please the different tastes. You must take pains to get it well by heart, and to deliver it in a proper manner, not only so as to satisfy yourself, but also your audience, which will be both very numerous, and made up of persons of great distinction.

This little work will shew some marks of hurry; but it will have the more fire on that account. When I am in haste, my imagination kindles like a *Volcano*. I call in all my ideas, my thoughts, my perceptions, my feelings,

ings, and these boil up together in my head, and on the paper in a surprising manner.

Notwithstanding the warmth you will find in this production, I have placed it in as much order as I could. I shall be satisfied, if you are so; and I earnestly wish you may.

The war rages more furiously than ever. This I have from Flanders, where fortresses fall like tiles every minute from the tops of the houses in a storm. God grant that the French may be ever Conquerors! You know my attachment to that nation, and how much I interest myself in their success. There is certainly something wanting to my existence. I ought really to have been born in France: my turn of mind and heart makes me judge so.

Let not any one know that you have heard from me. Monks are cunning, and they may guess from whence your discourse came, if you put them in mind of me.

I am always in the bosom of my own thoughts, which disperse, or keep close together according to the work. Providence imposes on me, or which arises from circumstances. The whole day is often a chaos, in which I perceive nothing distinctly: I am obliged to pass successively from one business to another; and they are frequently more unlike than black and white, light and darkness. I then throw myself into the *vortex* of
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of my brethren, chatting about, and laughing first at one thing, and then at another; for this I stand in need of, in order to recover a new being: so far have I gone beyond my strength. I often leave the old people to chat with the young, and we play like so many children. It is the best way of diverting one's self after profound study, and it was the practice of the celebrated MURATORI.

Adieu: love me, because you ought to do so, since I am, as I have been, and ever will be, your best friend,

Convent of the Apostles.

L E T T E R XII.

To a Prebend of OSIMO.

S I R,

RELIGION, shut up from all eternity in the bosom of God, shewed itself at the moment the universe sprang forth from nothing, and came and rested in the heart of ADAM. This was her first temple on earth, and from thence the most fervent desires continually exhaled towards heaven. EVE formed in innocence, as well as her husband, shared with him the inestimable happiness of blessing, every instant, the Author of their being. The birds with their warbling notes joined in this divine concert, and all nature added its applause.

Such was Religion, and such its worship,
when

- when sin entered the world, and defiled its purity. Then Innocence fled, and Repentance endeavoured to supply its place. ADAM, banished from the terrestrial paradise, found no longer any thing but brambles and thorns, where he had before gathered the finest flowers, and the most exquisite fruits.

The righteous ABEL made to God a burnt-offering of his own heart, and sealed with his blood the love he had for justice and truth. NOAH, LOT, ABRAHAM, ISAAC, JACOB, mutually engaged to observe the law of nature, the only Religion then pleasing to God.

MOSES appeared like a new star blazing on Mount *Sinai*, near the sun of righteousness; and the Decalogue was given him to be executed in its purity. Claps of thunder were the external sign of this new covenant, and the Hebrew people became the depositaries of a law written by Wisdom itself.

Notwithstanding the zeal of MOSES, JOSHUA and all the leaders of the people of God, the Christian Religion alone formed Adorers in spirit and truth. Whatever was holy, before its existence, appertained to it; and when, emanating from the WORD INCARNATE, it appeared in the universe, it established itself on the ruins of *Judaism*, as the daughter of predilection*, and changed the face of the whole world.

* *Filia dilecta.*

Evil desires, as well as evil actions, were interdicted; and the most pure and most sublime virtues germinated in the blood of a multitude of Martyrs.

The Church succeeded the Synagogue; and the Apostles, who were its pillars, had successors, to be renewed to the end of time. According to this most heavenly plan, and most divine oeconomy, the reality succeeds the shadow; for the whole ancient law was no more than a figure of JESUS CHRIST: and evidence, after death, will be the reward of faith. We shall see God as he is in himself, and rest eternally in him.

It is thus, Sir, you are to begin your work on Religion: you must go up to its source, shew its excellency, raise yourself with it to heaven, from whence it came down, and whither it is to return.

RELIGION will only then be perfectly established, when there shall be no other reign, but that of charity: for it is neither learning nor exterior magnificence that constitutes its merit, but the love of God. That is the basis of our worship; and we are mere phantoms of virtue, if we are not convinced of this truth.

I consider Religion as a chain, of which God himself is the first link, and whose length is that of eternity. Without this band every thing falls to pieces, every thing is overturn-

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ed: Men are animals only worthy of contempt; nor hath the Universe any thing interesting in it. It is neither the sun nor the earth which constitute its merit, but the glory of being shut up in the immensity of the Supreme Being, and of subsisting only through JESUS CHRIST, according to the words of the Apostle: *All things were created by him and in him . . . and all things subsist in him.**

Take care there be nothing in your work, but what is worthy of your subject; and when, in your way, you meet with any famous Unbeliever, or celebrated Heresiarch, overthrow him with that courage which truth inspires, but without ostentation or bitterness.

RELIGION is so beautiful a cause to maintain (as uniting in its favour every testimony on earth and in heaven) that it ought not to be defended but with moderation. Efforts of wit and genius have nothing in common with truth. "It is enough to shew Religion as it is in itself," said St. Charles Borromæo, "to prove its necessity." Those men who were for having no worship at all, were either reduced to eat acorns, or abandoned themselves to the greatest enormities.

I have now made a study of Religion for upwards of forty-five years, and I am every

* *Omnia per ipsum & in ipso creata sunt . . . et omnia in ipso constant.* Col. i. 16, 17.

day more struck with it. It is of too elevated a nature to be the work of man, whatever Irreligion may pretend. Fill yourself with the spirit of God, before you write any thing, that you may not give us empty words. If the heart agree not with the pen, while it expresses sacred truths, the Readers are seldom affected. Penetrate their souls with the same fire, which God himself brought down on earth, and your book will produce wonderful effects.

What hath rendered the little book *de Imitatione Christi*, or *the Following of Christ*, so valuable and so moving, is that its Author (GERSEN, Abbot of *Vercelli*, in Italy) has transfused into it all that charity, with which he was himself so divinely inflamed.

GERSON is often confounded with GERSEN: it is however easy to demonstrate, that neither GERSON, nor THOMAS A' KEMPIS, was the Author of that inimitable book. It affords me, I own, an infinite pleasure, that so excellent a work should come from an *Italian*. In the fifth chapter of the fourth book there is an evident proof, that it was not written by a *Frenchman*. The Priest is there said, when he has on his sacerdotal Vestments, to bear *before him* the cross of Christ. Now every body knows that the Chasuble or upper Vestment in *France* differ from those of *Italy* in this, that the Cross in the former is on the

back. I have no design however to write a dissertation, but shall content myself with assuring you, &c.

Rome, Feb. 6, 1749.

LETTER XIII.

To Count ALGAROTTI.

THE POPE is ever great, and ever entertaining for his *bons mots*.—He was saying the other day, that he had always loved you, and that it would give him very great pleasure to see you again. He speaks with admiration of the King of Prussia; and it must be owned, that he is a Monarch, whose history will make one of the finest Monuments of the eighteenth Century. See here and acknowledge my generosity! For that Prince makes the greatest jest possible of the Court of Rome, and of us Monks and Friars.

Your last letter is replete with Philosophy. I have shewn it to some of our common friends, and they found in it the fire of the Italians, and the phlegm of the Germans. This mixture does wonderfully in the eyes of men of sense and genius.

Cardinal QUERINI will not be satisfied, unless he have you with him for some time at *Brescia*. He one day told me, that he would
invite

invite you to come and dedicate his Library. He is enriching it to the utmost of his power, to the end, no doubt, that it may be worthy of you.

You will give new life to *Bologna* at your return thither. The Muses are not asleep, though less animated than formerly. It must be a wit like yours, that can electrify the Academicians.

ROME does not make me forget that city, where I formerly spent some time. The remembrance of the learned I knew there, renders it always present to my mind. If the will of the Pontiff did not keep me here bound with cords, I would go with pleasure, and end my days there, as I see nothing in the course I have to finish, that could be more agreeable, or more to my advantage. I should then possess myself, and be perfectly content, though the possession would be but very small. The domain of my knowledge is of so little extent, that when I reduce myself to my own being, I am confined to the most simple mediocrity.

Physiology comes and tells me that I neglect her. My answer is, that I am the greater loser. But what would you have me to do? Theology is become my sovereign Mistress, and I am obliged to obey her without reserve. They who know her not, take her to be a Chimæra, or a phantom; for my part, as I
consider

consider her under every relation, and in her whole extent, I confess her to be the true light of the soul, and the life of the Elect. Whatever emanates from God; whatever hath a relation to God, or speaks of him; cannot be a futile or indifferent object. There is no harm in preaching to a Philosopher, who seldom goes to hear a sermon, *and who will not have become a great saint by residing at Potsdam.*

You are there three men, whose talents might be of great use to Religion, if you would change their direction, viz. YOURSELF, Monf. de VOLTAIRE, and M. de MAUPERTUIS. But that is not the *ton* of the age, and you are resolved to follow the fashion.

Waiting for that prodigy, which God can operate any moment, though there be little appearance of it at present, I have the honour to be with the highest esteem, &c.

LETTER XIV.

To M. l'Abbe LAM L.

I HAD a desire once more to see FRESCATI, that delightful abode, where a thousand *jets-d'eau* uninterruptedly darting up towards the sky, are a lively image of the elevation and depression of frail mortals: I have tired
both

both my legs and my eyes with walking, and making observations. The country is only agreeable, in proportion as we open the two great books of Botany and Astronomy, one of which is above our heads, the other under our feet. It is surprising to see how the soul elevates itself to the height of a star, and then falls down on a grain of sand: how it expands itself through the immensity of the heavens, and how it folds itself up again: how it analyses light, how it anatomises an insect, how incessantly it is desiring, and how limited its faculties are. So that we may say with *Dante*: "That the soul is the greatest wonder of the Universe."

The study of nature is necessary, in order to know the Author of it. Hence *Newton* says, that it is absolutely impossible for an Astronomer, or an Anatomist, to be an Atheist. The air is not seen, though we feel its influence on every side; and thus it is an image of God himself, who, though invisible, every moment gives us notice of both his presence and agency.

I have really recovered a new life in the country, to employ it more than ever in study. Death, said an Ancient, ought to find an Emperour on his feet; and I add, a Consultor of the Holy Office with his pen in his hand. You will

will agree with me, that I do not place myself amiss.

This last moment draws near to us every second, and time is almost nothing. Past, present and future come so close together, that there is not time to distinguish them. Scarce doth the year begin its course, when it is at an end.

I never wrote a single word; I never made a single comma; which I did not consider as a point cut off from my life. This way of seeing things is the best means to keep off ambition; and therefore I believe she never will come and knock at my door. I despise Fortune too much for her ever to make any advances towards me. I consider it however as very fortunate for me, when I can assure you of the attachment with which I am, &c.

Rome, Oct. 12, 1749.

LETTER XV.

To a Carmelite Nun.

IT seems to me, Rev. Mother, that God, by a predilection, has made choice of mountains, to signalize his glory and mercies. I see in sacred scripture the Mounts *Sinai*, *Thabor*, *Olivet* and *Calvary*, as the most privileged places of the whole Universe, for the wonders wrought

wrought on them : and I see also in Church-history *Monte-Cassino* and Mount *Carmel*, as the springs from whence have flowed two Religious Orders, that do honour to Religion by their penitential lives.

St. THERESA, your illustrious Reformatrix, is one of those great souls, whom God raised up for the good of Christianity. She is a Father of the Church for her learning and writings : a model of penance for her austerities. Not a single cloud obscures, in the least degree, any of her actions. Ever with God to hearken to him, ever with the faithful to instruct them, ever in the same degree of perfection, she is a prodigy of knowledge and sanctity.

Her works are not sufficiently known ; but the finest, undoubtedly, is that wonderful Harmony, which reigns among so many illustrious young women, of whom she is the stock and the model.

You have no instructions to receive, Rev. Mother, but from that great Saint. She has said every thing, she has foreseen every thing, she has taught every thing. Nuns cannot have a better Director ; and they will apply to her, if their piety have none of those too sensible attachments, which hurt true devotion.

Consult therefore St. THERESA, and not Brother GANGANELLI, the most insignificant

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personage I know. I only glean after those who have made a plentiful harvest; and all the correspondence I can have with you, is to desire you to pray for me. The prayers of the Carmelite Nuns are the most agreeable perfume that can mount up to the throne of God. But not to interrupt any longer the silence prescribed by your rule, I shall content myself with mentioning nothing more, than the respect with which I shall be, while life endures, your very humble, &c.

Convent of the Apostles, June 19, 1749.

L E T T E R XVI.

To Cardinal VALENTI, Secretary of State.

MOST EMINENT,

THIS Letter is the supplication of a poor Friar, who intreats you in behalf of an object, less than nothing in the eyes of a great Lord like you; but who is worthy of all your attention, if you consider him in the light of that Christian Philosophy, which brings all men upon a level, and which directs all your actions.

The person I speak of is *Dominick Baldi*, who has been long in your service, and who has been turned away for a mere start of passion. As he came from the place where I
was

was born, and as I know he has many good qualities (and particularly that of being most sincerely attached to you) I make bold to entreat your Eminence to restore him to your favour.

You have a great soul, my Lord; and I am sure of success, if you will but hearken to it: your own heart will be my best intercessor with you—Men are not Angels—Servants have their faults; and Masters have equally theirs also.

I would have waited on you to solicit in person this favour; but probably I must have stayed some time in the Antichamber, on account of the people and business with which you are surrounded; but really I am not at leisure to lose my time. So many burdens of every kind are layed on me, that I stand in need of all my spirits to support me under them.

If you vouchsafe to hear my prayer, my gratitude shall be as lasting, and as extensive, as the profound respect with which I am your Eminence's most humble, &c.

Rome, the 21st Instant.

LETTER XVII.

To the same.

I AM proud that an Atom has fixed the attention of an EMINENCE; and that a poor wretch, who had nothing but my mean

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recom^d

recommendation, has again been taken into your service. This act of goodness does you the more honour, as it shews you to be a great man, without being prepossessed against any one; that is, a PHÆNOMENON. I have the honour, &c.

Rome, the 22d Instant.

LETTER XVIII.

To the Prelate CERATI.

CHAINED down by my state of life, tormented with business, dragged away by time, I cannot so order my daily work, so as to join you. Out of the four and twenty hours I have only six for myself: so fully am I employed. I wish to God, that all those, whose time hangs so heavy on their hands, could make me a present of the moments, which are burdensome to them! It should not be to live longer, but to give myself up to study at my ease, without fear of losing my tongue.

You are happy in being at FLORENCE, where court is paid only to Monuments, Libraries, and the Litterati.—There is no fear of meeting with a bad reception from them.

I will speedily send you the Memorial you desire. I use all possible moderation in it, both because it is agreeable to charity so to do, and because works written with passion, though

though they have truth on their side, never do any good.

It is to no purpose to boast to me of the pleasures of gardening; I cannot apply to it: all I know are the meadows and the fields. When I stand in need of a walk; chance leads me through a thousand charming by-paths, where I take a singular pleasure in losing myself.

The POPE does no more than what he ought to do, in vindicating the memory of Cardinal NORIS.* It would be a cruel thing, if a man was to be a heretic, because he is an *Augustinian* or *Thomist*: that is to say, because he follows a doctrine solemnly approved by the Church.—But when a man is hurried on by Fanaticism, he reasons no longer; he sees nothing.

The good Bishop of *Spoletto* continues to enjoy the best state of health: and writes to me in as cheerful a manner, as if he was only twenty years old. He is like the Pope (BENEDICT XIV), who is never in the dumps. He complains of the too great dissipation of the Hermits, who live almost under his eye. It is an evil which prevails in almost all the Communities: studies, now-a-days, are performed merely from extracts. Whoever has but the

* A learned Divine of the last century, who maintained the doctrine of St. AUGUSTIN regarding *Grace* and *Predestination*, and whose writings some *Schoolmen* were for having condemned at *Rome*.

epidermis

epidermis of the sciences, fancies himself a great Doctor. I know not what this may lead us to; but I fear we shall insensibly fall back again into the ignorance of the tenth Century. Knowledge, like the moon, after shining with a full orb, shews only one half, and then ends in hiding itself entirely.

Sleep, which I am not willing to lose, tells me, that we must part: my comfort however is, that my friendship for you never sleeps; and that I am by night, as well as by day, irrevocably your very humble, &c.

Rome, July 8, 1749.

L E T T E R XIX.

*To Count ****.*

S I R,

I Was too much your Father's friend, and I am still too much yours, not to endeavour to recall you to yourself, at a time when you have gone so surprisingly far from yourself. Is it possible that the dear Child, whom I knew in his Father's house so sweet-tempered, so well-behaved, so virtuous, should have really forgotten what he was, and have become passionate, haughty, and indevout? It is with all the difficulty in the world that I am made to believe it: but I have it from so many hands,
and

and from those who keep you company, that there is no longer any room left for a doubt.

Come and see me, I beseech you, and, with the effusion of a heart which tenderly loves you, I will tell you, not what repentment may inspire, or prepossession may suggest, or the bitterness of reproaches may utter, but whatever the warmest affection can dictate, in order to withdraw you from the abyss, into which bad company hath precipitated you.

You shall not find in me either an imperious Monitor, or an irritated Pedagogue, but a friend, and a brother, who will speak to you, as he would to himself, with the same mildness, and the same temper. I know that youth is a boiling age; and that there is the utmost difficulty in guarding against the world, when a man of fortune is left to himself. But honour, reason, decency, religion! Ought not all these to speak louder than the passions and sensual gratifications?

What is man, my dear friend, if he consults only his own corrupted heart? Alas! I should find in myself, as well as you find in yourself, enough to lead me astray, were I not to hearken to conscience and duty: for nothing falls to the share of any of us, but lies and corruption.

I wait for you with the greatest impatience, that I may take you into my arms and embrace you. Do not be frightened at the sight
of

of my cloister or my garb: it is precisely because I am a Religious man, that I ought to have the more charity. We will weep together for the misfortune of having lost a Father, of whom you stood so much in need. I will endeavour to give you such advice, as may enable you to make him live again in your conduct of life. Affront not his memory by any irregularities.

There is nothing yet lost, if you will but hearken to me: for I am confident that the plan of life, which I shall trace out for you, will replace things in the order in which they ought to be. Do not apprehend that I shall send you to do penance either among the *Capuchins* or the *Carthusians*: I do not like extremes. Heaven will inspire us: God never abandons those who return to him. I will stay at home all day to-morrow in order to receive you.

LETTER XX.

To the same.

IS it possible, my dear Sir, that you should not only not come to see me, as I earnestly entreated you; but that you should even deny yourself, when I came to see you. Oh! what would your Father say, to whom you made a promise, at the very moment of his

his death, that you would place an entire confidence in my advice, and that you would make it your duty to cultivate my friendship? Once more again, what would he say? Am not I the man, who have so often carried you in my arms; who with the greatest pleasure saw you grow up; who gave you your first instructions; and for whom, on a thousand occasions, you have testified the greatest affection?

Would you have me go down on my knees to beg you would restore me your friendship? I will do it: nothing is difficult or troublesome, when a friend is to be brought back to his duty.

Had you not a noble heart, and a penetrating understanding, I should despair of any change in you, and of the efficacy of my counsels: but a fine soul, and an uncommon sagacity have fallen to your share. Can you really imagine, that I want to have the pleasure of scolding you? None but bigots find a satisfaction in flying into a passion. I have happily read enough of the Gospel, which is both my rule and yours, to know how JESUS CHRIST received sinners, and how careful people ought to be of putting out the still smouldering match, or of crushing the already broken reed. I have not forgotten that *John the Evangelist* mounted on horseback, notwithstanding his extreme old age, to seek a young man whom he had brought up, and who had run away from him. Moreover, have you not
I long

long known me for a man, who is neither of a surly disposition, or governed by humour; but for one who can compassionate the frailties of human nature? The more you shun me, the more guilty I shall conclude you to be. Hearken not to your companions, but let your own heart speak, and I shall immediately see you: my own presser me never to give you up. I will persecute you by loving you; and I will not suffer you to breathe, till we meet together.

It is because I am your friend, that I seek after you at a time, when almost all your relations will not suffer your name to be mentioned to them.

If you dread my remonstrances, I will not speak a word; being thoroughly convinced that you will be your own accuser, and not allow me time to speak. Try, at least, one visit; and if that turn not out agreeably, I consent that you shall never see me more. But I know your soul, and I know my own; and I am very sure, that after that interview, you will not be for quitting me any more.

I naturally ought to have a greater ascendancy over your mind, I who have known you for twenty years past, than all the young people who are about you, whose sole aim is to make you spend all your substance, and are your friends, only to ruin your reputation and health.

If my tears can affect you, I solemnly protest that they are actually trickling down while
I write

Let. xxi. P. CLEMENT XIV. 59

I write this, and flow from no other source, than what is the most valuable in the Universe—Religion and Friendship. Come and dry them up: it will be the only way to prove, that you still remember your Father, and that you can feel for the sufferings of a Friend.

Rome, Feb. 1, 1750.

L E T T E R XXI.

To the Abbè NICOLINI.

THE PICTURE you draw, Sir, of infidelity, alarms me without surprizing me. Besides that this was foretold in the sacred scriptures, even to the most minute tittle, the mind is capable of going wrong in every thing, when the heart is once corrupted. From a desire that there should not be a God to punish crimes, a conclusion is drawn, that there really is none: *The fool said in his heart, there is no God.** Deism insensibly leads on to Atheism. When a man has no longer any Religion, he has no longer a compass to steer by; it is the only support to which we can rationally trust.

Notwithstanding the frightful consequences which flow from the new Philosophy, I am not for irritating those who make a profession of it. There are some unconvinced, who merit compassion; because, after all, Faith is a gift of God. JESUS CHRIST, who thundered

* *Dixit insipiens in corde suo: non est Deus.* Pl. xiii. *Vulgate.*
cut

out against the Pharisees, says nothing to the Saducees. Unbelievers will be more easily brought back by mildness, than by severity. We assume with them a tone of pride, which hurts them sensibly, in as much as it often happens, that the answers given them, have much less of wit, than there is to be found in their conversation and writings. The most insignificant Ecclesiastic takes upon him to attack them, without reflecting, that though his zeal be commendable, his knowledge which corresponds not to it, may do more harm than good.

Neither declamations nor invectives operate conversions. We must make use of examples, reasoning and moderation, and begin by owning, that there are truly incomprehensible mysteries in Religion, and that every thing cannot be explained. There is a chain which reaches from earth to heaven, and there is no confounding an Infidel, but by keeping hold of the links. Vain declamations are no reasons. To engage with men expert in the art of sophistry, learning, method and precision are requisite.

When I meet with people tinctured with the new Philosophy, which pretty often happens, I begin by gaining their confidence, and speak to them in the most civil manner. This they feel, if they have any education, and it lessens at least their prejudices.

All that impetuous zeal, which is for calling down fire from heaven, only excites hatred.

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The Church is reputed to have a persecuting spirit, merely because many of her Ministers shew too ardent a zeal. A good cause will maintain itself; so that Religion, in order to gain respect, has only to present itself with its proofs, its tradition, its works, and its meekness. Christianity of itself overthrows whatever is a sect, whatever favours of a revolt, whatever breathes animosity.

I have often an occasion of seeing men, who have a real detestation for all the Religious; and these are the people I am eager to receive in the most gracious manner. If I had leisure or a capacity to encounter with the new Philosophy, I have the presumption to think, that not one of the Philosophers would complain of me. I would lay down principles that could not be denied; and should I meet in my way with any of those too famous men, who make open profession of Infidelity, I would shew them, in the most civil manner, that they have not taken the Holy Books in their right sense, or that they have no good reasons for denying their authenticity.

I think, indeed, that I should not convert them, since it is God alone who enlightens and changes the hearts of men; but at least they would not be in such a fury against the Defenders of Religion—We must endeavour to gain something, when we cannot gain all.

If God suffers that there should be Unbelievers, we ought to bear with them, the more
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so, as they enter into his designs ; for it is by their means that Religion shews greater strength, and the righteous are exercised in Faith.

It is no way surprising that ages of superstition should bring on an age of Infidelity : but they are no more than passing storms, which serve only to clear the sky, and make the face of heaven appear more serene.

In proportion to the increase of Infidelity, the Ministers of the Gospel ought to be attentive to render Religion respectable by their love for study, and the purity of their manners—But here is a great deal that teaches you nothing. My pen has insensibly hurried me away without my perceiving it. It is a fault I often reproach it with, but which it cannot correct. I beg you will excuse it in favour of my intention, and in consideration of the pleasure I enjoy in assuring you of the respectful and sincere attachment with which I am, &c.

It is some time since I heard from Monsignor CERATI. I am the more uneasy on that account, as he was to have given me an answer with respect to a very interesting affair.

Rome, Feb. 28, 1750.

LETTER XXII.

To Cardinal CRESCENCI.

MOST EMINENT,

YOU have solved the case of conscience as it ought to be solved, agreeably to the
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Let. xxii. P. CLEMENT XIV. 63

the opinions of the most excellent Doctors, and above all to that of St. THOMAS, whose suffrage is of the greatest weight.

The men, of whom your Eminence speaks, were not condemned by the Holy Office, as having really had an intercourse with the Devil, but for having made use of the most sacred words of the Mass and of the Psalms, to play their mad pranks. It is well known that our modern Sorcerers are not supernatural Agents, and that *Dæmonomania* (though, according to scripture, the Devil be a real Being) is almost ever an effect of superstition, or the work of a distempered brain.

I kiss your hands with the most profound respect, waiting for the time, when we are to kiss your feet, if the prophecy, attributed to St. PHILIP-NERI, take place, as every one says it will.

Br. L. Ganganelli.

Rome, March 3, 1750.

L E T T E R XXIII.

To a Gentleman of RAVENNA.

I Never could have expected, Sir, that you would have addressed yourself to such an obscure Religious as I am, to pronounce on a family affair. There are here many learned Lawyers, who will decide it excellently.

Abstracting from my incapacity in this regard, I do not like to give my opinion on
secular

secular affairs. I call to mind that *St. Paul* forbids every Minister of the Lord to intermeddle in any temporal business. A man, who is dead to the world, ought not to concern himself about the world. Every Religious Society, that follows not that maxim, will perish sooner or later; as every intriguing Monk or Friar, who thrusts himself into families, for the purpose of prying into their secrets, regulating marriages or wills, is as despicable, as he is dangerous.

We have too many duties to fulfil, to find time for meddling with other people's business; and we should at this day be held in detestation, if we had dared to do so. We formerly made noise enough only to know whether we had the use alone, or the property of our own Commons, without now meddling with the property of people in the world. *St. FRANCIS* would curse us (he who preached up nothing but disinterestedness and poverty) were he to see us employed in settling secular affairs.

All that I ought or can do, is to exhort you to concord and peace, and not to shew a criminal avidity for the goods of this transitory life, which will leave us nothing behind it, but our works. Let us take care they be good, that we may not appear empty-handed before God. I am, &c.

Rome, March 1, 1750.

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L E T T E R XXIV.

To Cardinal QUERINI.

MOST EMINENT,

I Like to see a Library in your Eminence's possession, because one may be sure that it will not be covered with dust, or suffered to lie still. From the manner in which you speak of it, and the discernment of which I know you to be master, it will be worthy of the admiration of the Curious. I shall forever remember having spent one day with your Eminence, Cardinal PASSIONEI, and several other men of learning: and that day will be the finest, and most valuable Ephoca of my life.

I saw what was most learned in *Europe*, and I drank at the fountain-head of the two finest rivers in the intellectual world. The most important questions were there discussed without ostentation, obstinacy, or pride. None but the half-learned, and half-wits make a parade of obstinacy and vanity. But what struck me still more was, that genius, which is not always found joined with erudition, issued from the bosom of knowledge, like a flash of lightning from the firmament.

I could have wished to have seen our modern Philosophers near these two great men; and the rather so, as they would have been charmed with their moderation. Some time ago I put Cardinal PASSIONEI in mind of this anecdote; and his memory, which is ever

K immense,

immense, and ever at his command, repeated, in a summary way, all that had been then said.

I could very gladly, my Lord, wish to accompany you to *Monte-Cassino*. You must there appear with rays of light, like MOSES on Mount *Sinai*. It is your centre, and the cradle, where you acquired the greatest lights, to perpetuate the chain of so many illustrious men, who have been formed there.

I should think, my Lord, (if I may presume to own so much) that your last letter to the *Protestant* Ministers, is a little too dry. Your Eminence knows better than I do, how necessary union is, when the minds of men are to be gained over. Nothing can be added to the profound respect, with which I am, &c.

L E T T E R XXV.

To the Rev. F. ORSI, some time after made a Cardinal.

REV. FATHER,

I Twice called at your Convent without having the good luck to find you at home, though you are a most sedentary Religious. My design was to thank you for the volume you sent me. I felicitate ITALY for the happy production, with which you have enriched it. Monsieur *Fleury* stood in need of a Writer to fill up the voids of his history: for it must be confessed (notwithstanding the respect I have for his memory) that he has slightly passed over

over several important facts. Perhaps he had not the necessary notes on some articles—But a person ought to think twice before he condemns so great a man.

I cannot however pardon him for telling us scarce any thing concerning the Church of RAVENNA, so famous in the annals of history for a multitude of events relative to its EX-ARCHS. There is sometimes a danger in aiming at being too concise: sketches are given instead of pictures.

We reproach Mons. *Fleury* with being too zealous for the *Gallican Privileges*:* and the French will accuse you, Rev. Father, of maintaining, with too much ardour, the *Ultramontane* opinions.

Such is the difficulty of writing, so as to please all governments. Judicious people, however, allow both the French and the Romans their different claims, as there is nothing in this dispute which regards Faith. Every country has its opinions, as every individual has his fancy.

I wish your labours may meet with the great reward they deserve, not for your glory,

* The *Gallican Privileges*, or the *Liberties of the Gallican Church*, are grounded on these two maxims, viz. 1st, That the power given by Christ to his Church is purely spiritual; and extends neither directly nor indirectly to temporal concerns. 2d, That the plenitude of power, which the Pope has, as Head of the Church, is to be executed according to the canons received by the whole Church: and that he himself is subject to the judgment of a General Council, in the cases mentioned by the Council of Constance. *Fleury Instit. au Droit Eccles.* P. 2. c. 35.

but for that of the Church ; as you stand not in need of the purple, to render you illustrious. For my part, I look on myself as the most honoured of mankind, when you vouchsafe to receive with cordiality the sincere and respectful sentiments, with which I am irrevocably, &c.

Rome, June 11, 1750.

LETTER XXVI.

To a PRELATE.

MY LORD,

SINCE I first began to write, my hand ought to have been worn out by this time; but it is more vigorous than ever, when I am to trace out the sentiments with which you inspire me. Though fully employed, I have nevertheless done whatever you ordered.

I have seen the person, and have overcome the opposition made at first to what you desired: the poor orphan will be taken care of. The misfortunes of others render me singularly eloquent: it is then that my soul, my heart, and mind speak all at once.

Monks and Friars are reproached with doing no good to any but themselves: were this really the case I would never be either: but it is after all a mere calumny, which I will not undertake to refute. There are human miseries in Cloisters solely because men are there; and we find men every where. This hinders not however many virtues being seen in Cloisters. I am ashamed
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of myself (I solemnly protest) when I consider some venerable personages with whom I live. They are taken up with good works from morning to night. The world forms a judgment of Religious Communities only from a few scandals, which sometimes unhappily break out, without being willing to weigh the talents and virtues, which are perpetuated in them.

When men can be brought to honour the Religious state, it will become very honourable; and in it will be found men *powerful in works and words*, when ever it shall be thought proper to seek after them. Emulation is absolutely necessary in a Cloister to keep up a love for study: ambition and scandal are the ruin of it. An ambitious or hypocritical Religious, who makes a profession of humility, while he is puffed up with pride; a man meanly clad, and who only seeks after riches; a pretender to devotion, who gives himself out as a servant of God, while he is no more than a slave to his passions, is a monster both in Church and state.

When I reflect that there are Religious men, who damn themselves for a miserable superiority, liable to a thousand vexations and troubles, I am at a loss to define man; and I only say, that it is damning one's self for a very trifle.

Oh my Cell! my books! my work! what should I suffer, were I forced to quit you, to be whirled round in the vortex of business
and

and honours? the very title of MAJESTY is no indemnification to a man for the loss of his liberty, when he becomes a Monarch.

I was taught from my tender infancy, that the honour of having an immortal soul, is the greatest glory that can be enjoyed, and I have happily ever remembered it.

I would not say so much to all the world, for there are few capable of comprehending it; but you, who relish the inestimable pleasure of existing and thinking, perfectly understand me. I embrace you with my whole heart, and am without reserve your servant and friend.

Rome, Nov. 6, 1750.

LETTER XXVII.

To Monseigneur HENRIQUEZ.

MY LORD,

YOU condescend to consult me, whereas it is I who stand in need of consulting you. Your learning and piety are well known, and every body acknowledges you to be an excellent guide, and a most learned Doctor.

To obey you however, I will tell you that the matter in trust must be given to PETER, (notwithstanding he has had the misfortune to change his belief) though designed for him by JOHN, solely in consideration of his attachment to the Catholic Religion. It is only necessary to acquaint him with the intention of his Benefactor, when he was so kind

kind as to leave him that sum. But I do not think that the Trustee can deprive him of it, on account of his change of Religion.

Your Lordship tells me, that there are some people who pretend that it may be given to a Monastery; but I presume to say (though a Friar myself) that it would be a wrong application of it: First because it ought to be given the person, to whom it belongs: secondly, because, in every division of effects, the preference ought to be given to the families: thirdly and lastly, because the poor, who have no means of subsisting, are principally to be assisted.

Providence is the resource of Religious Communities, and that, rather than human means, ought to be their support. No Religious Order is any farther deserving of esteem, than as it imitates JESUS CHRIST.—But recourse is often had to temporal views in order to preserve a Monastery from decay, without reflecting, that a true Christian has no abiding city; and that nothing happens without the will of God.

I submit however my opinion to yours, as I am never obstinately attached to my own sentiments. I expose them according to the dictates of my conscience, and I take all possible care that it may be enlightened; for there is nothing so bad, but what may be done (even under a persuasion of doing good) where there is no other guide to direct, but an ignorant Devotion. I have the honour to be, &c.

L E T.

LETTER XXVIII.

To the Abbess of a Monastery.

REV. MOTHER,

FROM the account you have sent me, it appears that you do not know how to shew resolution and firmness on proper occasions. What will become of the Rule, if your Nuns are carried away with dissipation, and you suffer them to lead you as they please? Dissipation, and above all the *Parlour**, are the ruin of Nunneries. There is nothing but retirement, and a due employment of time, that can keep up any order in the different Religious Communities. The Cloister becomes an insupportable yoke, when the world is seen, and we keep its company: the more we see of it, the more are we disgusted with our state of life.

It is my advice, that you should often call together the whole Community in your own apartment; and that, like a good Mother, who loves her children, you should speak to them, with effusion of heart, on the necessity of complying with their duties. I would then have you use your endeavours in order to persuade them, in a proper manner, that your conscience reproaches you with being too easy and condescending; and that if you are obliged to shew some appearance of severity, it is because you have a soul to save.

* A room in a Nunnery, where the Nuns are allowed to speak to Externs through an iron grate.

When

When the Nuns perceive that you are not governed by humour, but by a fear of failing in your duty to God, they will hearken to you with respect; otherwise they will be of the number of the foolish Virgins, without either oil or light in their lamps, when they are to go and meet the Bridegroom. This would be the most afflicting misfortune that could happen: and it would be then, after having exhausted every resource of prudence and charity, that recourse must be had to the lawful authority of superiors to introduce a Reformation.

But I presume, Rev. Mother, that you will not come to that extremity. There will be grumbling against you for some little time; but the anger of Nuns is a cloud which passes over like a shower, unless there be cabals and parties formed: for in that case it is God alone who can disperse them.

It is difficult to oppose a Superior in a Nunnery, who intreats, conjures, and humbles herself; who makes use of tears, rather than reproaches, in order to move and persuade. Ah! would to God, that were the ordinary language of all Abbesses! For Alas! there are but too many, who inebriated with a chimerical Nobility, without any other merit than a multitude of whims, and a deal of pride, live separately from the Nuns, and spend one part of their days at the toilet and in the parlour. They are *foolish Virgins* (and perhaps moreover may they not deserve that name) who are the ruin

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and scandal of Communities, in which they live like drones in a bee-hive, only to eat the honey, and to put every thing in disorder.

You have reduced me, Madam, to a cruel trial by consulting me: for I have no talent for the direction of souls, more particularly of Nuns. My sentiments are the same as those of our Father St. Francis (you will excuse my being so ingenuous): He used to say, " God has deprived us of wives by inspiring us with a desire of entering into Religion: but I fear the Devil has given us sisters to be our plagues." He knew how difficult a thing it was in general to direct Nuns, though there are some very tractable, and very sensible. Not even a single Community can be found, wherein there is not some one worthy of the highest elogiums.

After what I have said, Madam, I take the liberty to beg that you would apply no more to me, especially, as I shall not have time to answer you; and because I cannot say more than what your Rule tells you. Talk little to your Directors, but say a great deal to God: and peace will flourish again in your Abbey. I wish it for your sake, and for the honour of Religion, as I am with all possible respect, &c.

Rome, Nov. 10, 1750.

LET-

L E T T E R XXIX.

*To the Abbè LAMI, Author of a Periodical Paper
at FLORENCE.*

I Always see your sheets with pleasure, my dear Abbè: but I could wish you would specify the grounds of the censures you pass. Instead of saying, for instance: "The style of such a work is incorrect; and that there are trifles in it, which spoil the beauty of the book:" you ought to shew them, and point them out. A Rule always stands in need of an example

How would you have an Author amend, or the public adopt your way of thinking, if you pass your censure in a vague manner, without shewing the passage, where the Writer hath been guilty of neglect?

There is not a book, of which it may not be said, that it contains some oversights or affected phrases. When a person speaks thus only in general terms, he gives room for suspicion that he has but just cast an eye, in a hurry, over the work, of which he gives an account; and that he wanted to get rid of his task.

It is also another omission, not to shew the finest passages in a book. The good taste of a Journalist requires, that he should pay an attention to this article. If a work be not worth reading, it would be better to let it pass unnoticed, than to use invectives against the

. I. 2 Writer.

Writer. It is an act of cowardice to criticize a work with bitterness, for no other purpose, than to set the public a laughing at the expense of the Author.

It were to be wished that ROME would follow the method of PARIS, and that we might here see several periodical works appear successively. We have only a pitiful *Diario* (Journal) which contains mere fiddle-faddle, and teaches nothing. The function of an enlightened Journalist is as necessary, as it is honourable, in a country where literature is cultivated. No one knows better than I do, what a country owes to a Writer, who reduces himself to a state of captivity every week or every month, in order to give an analysis of the books that are printed, and to make known the genius of his nation. It is the least expensive, and most expeditious way to diffuse learning, and to teach people to form a right judgment of what they read.

I should have no idea of French Literature; but for the French Journals which some friends have the complaisance to send me. When a man is severe, but never biting; when exact, but never punctilious; when just, but never partial, he fulfils his task to the satisfaction of the public. Mine is done, whenever I can renew to you the sentiments of esteem and affection, with which I am, &c.

Rome, March 2, 1750.

LET-

LETTER XXX.

*To Count ****

IT is incredible, my most intimate friend, how much your three visits have comforted my soul. The tears you shed in my presence; the confession you made to me, clapping your cheek to mine, pressing my hands, protesting that you never would forget the eagerness with which I sought after you, promising me, in the strongest manner, to repair your past life, and to labour seriously to enter again into the favour of God—all this will never be effaced from my memory and heart. I all along used to say to myself: he has had too Christian an education not to return again to his duty; I shall see him; his going astray is only a storm, which will soon blow over. The calm is returned, God be praised; for it is him alone, my dear friend, and not me, you are to thank.

Since you desire a plan of life drawn up by me for your direction, I will trace out for you, in a plain manner, what my weak lights, and strong friendship can inspire me with: and it shall be short. The commandments of God, those first and sublime laws, from whence all others emanate, are reduced to a few words. When precepts are clear and grounded on reason, as well as productive of our own happiness, they stand in no need of commentaries or dissertations.

You

You will read every morning the parable of the prodigal son, and recite the *Miserere*, or the 50th psalm* with a contrite and humble heart: and that shall be all your prayers. You will read some pious book during the course of the day; not like a slave performing his task, but like a child of God, who is returned to his Father, and who looks for every thing from his mercy. Read not for a long time together, for fear of taking a dislike to reading. Contract the happy custom of hearing Mass as often as you can: and never omit to do so on Sundays and Holidays. Keep yourself in the posture of a suppliant, who begs pardon, and hopes to obtain it.

Make it a point of duty every day to bestow some alms on the poor, to repair the injury you have done them, by giving to criminal pleasures and superfluities, what belonged to them. Renounce all that company, which has withdrawn you from God, yourself, and your true friends: and form new connections; such as honour, decency, and religion may own. It is an easy matter to get rid of our companions in debauchery, without being rude to them. A person tells them civilly of the plan of life he is determined to pursue: he is for engaging them to conform to it: he talks to them of the regret he feels for what is past; and the good resolutions he has formed respecting the time to come: after this

* 51st in the English translation.

he fees them no more : or ſhould they appear again in his company, it is a proof they have changed their conduct : and then, inſtead of ſhun-ning them, he receives them with greater pleaſure than ever.

Often walk out, left too great retirement plunge you into melancholy. Contrive alſo to have always with you either a man of mature age, or a virtuous young man. Go out alone, as ſeldom as you can help it ; eſpecially at firſt, before your reſolutions are well ſtrengthened. It may happen, that indulging wandering thoughts, and ſoon growing tired of yourſelf, you may ſeek out ſuch occaſions, as will plunge you again into the precipice.

Take ſome amuſing, but inſtructive book, to keep up a modeſt cheerfulneſs. Grief is a rock to young people, when on their converſion. They draw a parallel between their former diſſipation, and the ſerious life now preſcribed them : and the concluſion is, that they return to their former irregular courſes.

Keep an exact account of your debts and your income ; and, by your frugality, you will be able to pay your Creditors—A man is always rich, who can deny himſelf ; as he is always poor, who refuſes himſelf nothing.

Settle ſomething for life on the woman you ſeduced, (provided always that ſhe keeps at a diſtance from you) that want may not oblige her to continue in an irregular courſe. Make known your intentions to her by writing ; at the ſame time, aſk her pardon for having debauched

baunched her; conjure her to forget creatures, and to attach herself henceforward only to the Creator.

When an occasion offers, refuse not to engage at a small game for company's sake; it will be an innocent amusement; and by thus complying, you will not expose yourself to the raillery of worldlings, who seek every pretext of ridiculing piety.

Dress like other people, according to your rank, without being either a fop or a floven. True Devotion dreads extremes: it is always counterfeit, when it affects dirty cloaths, hanging down the head, an austere look, and a whining language.

Send away the servants who have been accomplices in your intrigues, and flarers in your iniquities; though it would be proper to edify them, after having scandalized them. But it is to be feared, that knowing your weakness, they may lay snares to bring you back to the ways of perdition—You are yet too young not to surround your heart with a double fence and a double ditch.

Live with your new servants (whose good conduct and fidelity ought to be well attested) as a master who understands the duties of humanity; as a Christian, who knows that, in the sight of God, we are all equal, notwithstanding the inequality of conditions. Set them a good example; watch over their behaviour, without being either a plague to them, or a spy; and you will gain their affection

tion by your mildness and benevolence—Nothing can give greater pleasure, than to make those who are about us, happy.

I exhort you to visit the Chapel, which Cardinal CIBO (whose memory I infinitely respect) built for himself in the inclosure of the *Carthusians*. Rather than blend his ashes with those of his illustrious Ancestors, which are inclosed in the most superb tombs, he chose to be buried among his Domestics, whose Epitaphs he himself composed, reserving for his own only these words full of humility: HERE LIES CIBO, AN UNCLEAN WORM.*

This sepulchre is totally concealed from the sight of men: but God, who sees every thing, will know how to shew it at the last day: and that circumstance will be an overwhelming reproach to those proud ones, who are vain, even in their graves.

You must think of some employment. A man always does ill, when he is doing nothing. Sound your capacity; consult your taste; interrogate your own soul; but, above all, address yourself to God, that you may know what is fittest for you, either in the Military or Civil line. You are no longer qualified for the Ecclesiastical state. No one ought to carry into the sanctuary, the remainder of a heart polluted with the commerce of the world; unless the Lord should manifest his will in an extraordinary manner: a thing indeed very

* HIC JACET CIBO, VERMIS IMMUNDUS.

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rare,

rare; and the instances of it are much more to be admired, than imitated.

Your friends will think hereafter of marrying you; and my advice is, not to defer it too long. Marriage, when entered on with purity of heart, preserves young people from a multitude of rocks and shelves: but do not rely on me to look you out a wife. I made a promise to God, at the very time I embraced the Religious state, never to meddle with marriages, or last wills and testaments. A Monk or Friar is a man buried, and ought to give no signs of life, but in spiritual concerns: for the soul never dies.

Your kinsman, a man so discreet, of such integrity, and so obliging (with whom I have happily reconciled you) has it in his power to find out a proper match for you. When a person settles for life, Religion and Reason ought to be more consulted than inclination. Marriages, grounded solely on love, are seldom attended with lasting happiness. That passion is admirable in Pastorals and Romances; but of no use in practice.

I say nothing of your expences or table. With the principles I lay down for you, they cannot but be moderate. Often invite to dinner some virtuous friend. I do not like to see you alone; and you must be so, as little as possible; except in the times of prayer and reading. *Woe be to him, that is alone,** says the scripture.

* *Vae soli.* Eccl. 4. 10.

Go only now and then to your country seat. If you live there constantly, and especially at this time, you will bury your good resolutions, as well as your education. Rural society only leads to dissipation; and however little we keep there, it ends at last in becoming rustic, ignorant, and clownish. Hunting, love, and the bottle too often employ the whole time of Gentlemen, who live continually in the country. The town polishes the manners, adorns the mind, and hinders the soul from contracting rust. Be not over nice with respect to the hour of your getting up, and going to bed. Order is necessary in every state of life; but restraint and monotony too often only contract the soul.

If you see Religion in full, as it ought to be seen, you will find there none of those puerilities, which a false devotion has introduced. Never open any of those Mystical and Apocryphal books, which, under pretence of nourishing piety, only amuse the soul with trifling practices, and leave the mind as much without light, as they leave the heart without compunction. The treatise on TRUE DEVOTION, by the celebrated MURATORI, will secure you from all the dangers of false Credulity. I advise you to read that book over and over again, that you may profit by it.

Do not take counsel indifferently of every one: for in the maladies of the soul, as well as in those of the body, every one is for giving his advice. Shun Bigots as much as the

giddy and dissipated : both one and the other will hinder you from arriving at the end we propose. I rely not on your conversion, till you have tried yourself for a long time. It is no easy thing to pass from a life of licentiousness to the practice of virtue. For this reason I desired you to take our honest *Franciscan* for your Director : he was your Father's friend and mine. He is an excellent Master of a spiritual life : and if he keeps you for some time from partaking of the sacred mysteries, it is only to assure himself, on good grounds, of your change ; and to follow the constant practice of the Church. Fear not his being severe : he joins the tenderness of a Father to the firmness of a wise director : he will not, like some ignorant Confessors, overburden you with exterior practices. If you have sinned through pride, he will prescribe practices of humility : if through sensuality, he will employ those of mortification ; judging, with reason, that the wounds of the soul cannot be cured by a few prayers repeated in a hurry, but by labouring at a reformation of the heart. For want of this method, the greatest part of sinners spend their whole lives in offending God, and in confessing their sins.

Above all, let there be no excess in your piety, nor run into any extremes : that would be the way soon to relapse again into vice.

This, my dear child, my dear friend, is what I thought myself under an obligation of sketching out for you. I could not do it
with

with greater tenderness, were I to write it with my blood. You would make me die of grief, if the resolutions, you lately took in my presence, were to come to nothing. What encourages me is, that you are without guile, that you love me, that you are thoroughly convinced of my sincere attachment to your welfare; and lastly, that you have experienced an irregular life to be an assemblage of vexations, remorses and torments.

Hearken to the voice of a Father, who cries out to you from the bottom of his tomb, that there is no happiness here below, but for the friends of God; and who summons you to keep the promise you formerly made him, of living, with the assistance of heaven, like a good Christian.

I am more yours than my own, &c.

Convent of the Apostles, Nov. 20, 1750.

P. S. I shall certainly reconcile you with all your family, except, perhaps, with the Marchioness R——, who, I believe, is too much of a devotee to pardon you. I expect you on Saturday to take chocolate with me, and to communicate to you a letter from poor *Sardi*, an old servant of your Mother, and who is really in want. It will not take you up much time to come from *Viterbo* to *Rome*, especially if your horses can keep from falling.

L E T.

LETTER XXXI.

To PRINCE SAN-SEVERO, a Neapolitan.

PRINCE,

I Return you most humble thanks for the civilities you heaped on Mr. *Westler*, on account of a letter of recommendation from one so little as I am, of no note either among the Grandees or the learned. He is quite proud of the kind reception he met with. He never speaks, without enthusiasm, of your contrivances for advancing the progress of Physiology, and the glory of Physiologists. There are always some new discoveries, equally useful and curious.

NAPLES is the fittest city to exercise the genius of the learned. It presents, on every side, such a variety of *phænomena*, that one cannot help taking notice of some of them. Its mountains, its subterraneous passages, its stones, its waters, and the fire, with which it is, in a manner, penetrated, are so many objects which one could wish thoroughly to examine.

I am not surpris'd, Prince, that the King himself should be pleas'd with your labour and your success. Every Monarch, who is sensible of his own glory, knows how that of the learned (when he protects them) is strongly reflected back on himself. If geniuses, capable of great things, found encouragement amongst us, ITALY would, once more, see men of the greatest abilities issue from her womb. The
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germ of talents is still there: and it only wants cherishing in order to flourish in a glorious manner.

But the Artists begin to lose that creative genius, which heretofore wrought prodigies. The finest paintings, as well as the finest statues made now-a-days, seem to be only copies: one would say, that the pencil is forced to work against the grain. There is a coarseness in the features, instead of the delicate softness admired in our first painters; and we have not, at present, that expression, which constitutes the very life of painting.

We are richer in Authors. We have still some, who, for energy of style, and beauty of images, may rank with the ancients, such as Abbè *Buona-fede* of the Order of *Celestins*.

For this we are obliged to our own tongue. It engages us to cultivate Literature, as you engage, by your talents, every one to tell you, that there is nothing more pleasing than to assure you of the sincere respect and admiration, with which, &c.

Rome, Jan. 17, 1751.

L E T T E R XXXII.

To a Friar of his acquaintance, made Provincial.

I AM so little affected with dignities, that I have not courage enough to pay my compliments to those, who are invested with them. They are an additional servitude to be placed to all the other miseries of humanity,

nity, and the more to be dreaded, as they inspire pride. Man is unhappy enough in not distinguishing between himself, and some trifling honours (which can be compared only to the bark of a tree) and in forgetting, at the same time, an immortal soul, to feed on some chimerical prerogatives, which last only for a few days.

Even in Cloisters, where every thing ought to be disinterestedness, self-abnegation, humility, men pride themselves on certain employments, as if they had the command of a Kingdom.

I make these reflections to you the more willingly, as your turn of mind places you above all honours; and as the authority you have now acquired, is solely to be exercised to promote the happiness of others. I am persuaded, that you will blend meekness with severity: that no cloud will be seen on your brow, nor unevenness of temper in your conduct; that you will ever be the Brother of those, whose Superior you are become; that you will endeavour to employ them, according to their inclination, and their talents; and that you will make no other use of spies, than for the purpose of discovering those, whose modesty makes them conceal their merit.

You will therefore do honour to yourself, in proportion as you discharge the duties of your Office. Every one will wish for the moment of seeing and possessing you, while the visits of some Provincials are as much
dreaded

dreaded as a storm. Above all, my dear friend, take care of the aged and young people; so that the former may meet with assistance, and the latter encouragement; for this ought to be your study. Here are two extremes, which, though they appear very distant, almost touch one another; since every young man grows older each step he takes. Observe moderation in every thing; and reflect, that it is better to carry mildness to an excess, than to give yourself over to too much severity.

Speak with dignity of religion, and never speak of it but on proper occasions. Those are always shunned, who are forever preaching. The sermons of JESUS CHRIST to his Disciples are not long, but they are *spirit and life*. Words have much greater force, when they come like a dart. Let there be nothing affected in your carriage. There are some who fancy that a man in office must be formal in every thing: but those who imagine so, have weak intellects.

I shall say nothing to you against duplicity, though unhappily too much practised among Superiors in Religious Orders. I flatter myself, from the good opinion I have of your merit, that you never will write any thing to the prejudice of another, without speaking to him several times, and previously telling him of your intentions. Dread finding any person culpable; but when you meet with such, humble yourself with this thought; “ that

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man can do no good of himself." Be affable, and of easy access; a deal is lost, in the minds of those we govern, by coldness and reserve. In a word, be what you wished a Provincial to be, when you were an inferior: though we too often require of others, what we would not do ourselves. Make a distinction between faults, from the motives and circumstances; and know that, if there are some which require punishment, there are also others, which ought to be overlooked; because every man has his imperfections.

Trust few with your secrets; but when you do trust any, let it not be by halves: for the rest is guessed at, and there is no obligation of keeping the secret. Have no predilection for one rather than another, unless for eminence of merit. In that case we are authorized by the example of JESUS CHRIST himself, who testified a particular affection for St. *Peter*, and St. *John*.

Lastly, make the Visitation of the houses like a benign dew, so that they may regret the time, when you will be no longer in office, and may say of you: *He went through doing good.**

Love me, as I do you, and consider this letter, as an emblem of my heart.

My compliments to all our common friends, and especially to our Venerable old man, whose good advice has been of great use to me, and to whom my gratitude is immortal.

Rome, Jan. 31, 1751.

* *Transit benefaciendo.*

LET.

L E T T E R XXXIII.

To the MARCHIONESS R***.

MADAM,

YOUR refusing to change your sentiments and dispositions towards the Count, your dear kinsman, after the submissive and affecting letter he wrote to you, and the visit he paid you, is certainly enough to throw him into despair.

Is it thus God acts towards us? And what would you have the public think of your piety, when it sees you so cruelly bent on rejecting the prodigal child? I, Madam, who have not your virtue, have run after him, from the moment I heard he was gone astray; and I hope God will reward me for it.

You cease not repeating, Madam, that he has lost a deal of money; and, in a word, that he is a *bad young man*. But what is the loss of gold itself, that it should give you so much concern? You ought only to feel for the wrong use he has made of his good qualities; and to reflect that, if he really be a *bad young man*, he stands the more in need of the advice and example of the good.

Religion enjoins no such wrong practice, as to abandon a young man, because he has gone somewhat astray.

Ah! Madam, how do you know that this *bad young man* will not to-morrow be pleasing in the eyes of God, while your services will

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not

not please him? For, after all, a single grain of pride is enough to spoil the best action. The *Pharisee*, who fasted twice a week, was rejected; and the *Publican*, who humbled himself, was justified.

An universal Charity, an uninterrupted Charity, is what I will never cease repeating; and this perfectly agrees with the Morality taught in all the Christian schools, and every pulpit.

If the mercy of God depended on certain pretenders to devotion, sinners were very much to be pitied. False devotion knows only an exterminating zeal; whilst God full of patience, meekness and long-suffering, waits for the repentance of all those who have transgressed his laws.

The very blood of JESUS CHRIST claims your kindness towards your dear kinsman; and it is setting no value on it, to refuse him the entrance of your house. How do you know, Madam, that his salvation depended not on the faults of which he now repents? God often permits a man to fall into great disorders, to awake him from his lethargy. You cannot but know, that there is more joy in heaven for the conversion of one sinner, than for ninety-nine righteous, who stand not in need of repentance. Besides, will you preserve resentment in your heart, while the Angels rejoice? That indeed would be frightful piety.

I tremble for all those pretenders to devotion, who affect so much severity; since God himself

himself has declared, that he will treat us, as we have treated others. Be so good as to read *St. Paul's* Epistle to *Philemon*, in behalf of *Onesimus*, and you will then know, whether or not you ought to pardon.

It is not for us to determine, whether the heart of a man, who appears seriously concerned for his past misconduct, is changed or not. Though God alone knows it, we ought always to presume that it is so. Would you take it, Madam, to be very just in your neighbours, who are witnesses of the good works you perform, were they to pretend that you acted solely from a motive of pride? Let us leave it to the searcher of consciences to pronounce on the motive that actuates us. The brother of the prodigal son stands condemned in the eyes of Religion and Humanity, for not being properly affected by the return of his brother.

Were I your Director, (though the direction of souls has no analogy either with my employments, or my taste) I would prescribe, in order to appease your anger, that you should write to the person, who is so odious to you; that you should often see him; and even with this additional condition, that you should forget what is past.

If we regulate our piety by humour, we are only phantoms of virtue; and I most surely, Madam, presume that yours is grounded on charity; for I never judge unfavourably of my neighbour.

If

If my letter, contrary to my intention, should appear to you a little harsh, be so kind as to reflect, that I have spoken to you in that manner, less for your kinsman's sake, than for your own: for your salvation is at stake. Will you refuse to pardon him, when it is to be presumed that God himself has pardoned him!—I cannot think it.

I have the honour to be with respect, Madam, &c.

Rome, Feb. 5, 1751.

LETTER XXXIV.

To the Chevalier DE CABANE.

YOU therefore still continue, Sir, your resolution of going and burying yourself at La Trappe, and to put it out of my power to write any thing more to you for the future, except your Epitaph. As it is your final determination, I will not be so obstinate, as to continue to oppose your design; the rather so, as you have tried yourself a long time, and are past the age of life, when people take inconsiderate steps.

The worldlings will laugh at you: but at whom do they not laugh? I know not any person, any work, any proceeding, or even virtue, which have not been censured. And this ought to be a comfort to the Religious orders under the hatred borne to them, and the contempt with which they are spoken of.

At

At their first appearance they were too much extolled : a counterpoise was necessary to retain them in humility. The intentions of the Founders were certainly good, when they formed the different Institutes, we see in the Church. Even the very form of dress, they gave their Disciples, and which the world looks on as whimsical, shews their good sense and piety. They judged that it would be a means to prevent the Religious from mixing in company with seculars, and to exclude them from all profane assemblies. It was natural that men who embraced a kind of life different from the practices of the world, should have a particular dress,

Here then they are justified with regard to that point : and Ah ! how easy would it be for me to apologize for them in all other respects, were I not myself a Religious man ! Let any one read their Rules : let him examine their particular practices ; and he cannot but own, that whatever is recommended, and practised in Cloisters, leads to God.

If they have degenerated from their first establishment ; it is, because all men are frail : and that, after a certain period of time, the greatest fervour grows cool. But what was a scandal, never became a rule among the Religious Orders. In every house there are found some, who enter their protest against every deviation from the rule, and against every abuse.

Those

Those who are continually crying out against Monks and Friars; those who wish their possessions seized on, and that they were banished from every state, certainly do not know, that they were called, into the different Kingdoms, by the very Princes who endowed them, and loaded them with favours. They know not, that, if the foundations of Princes are not sacred, there is nothing in the world to be spared: that lastly, these Monks and Friars, so cruelly mauled, gained by the sweat of their brow, by their vigils, and by their toil, the bread that feeds them.

The greediness they are accused of, is a mere calumny. The BENEDICTIN Monks acquired their possessions by clearing the fields, and the Vine-yard of the Lord, in ages, when corruption and ignorance made the greatest havock. The first Disciples of St. DOMINICK, St. FRANCIS of *Assisium*, St. FRANCIS of *Paula*, never asked any thing of the Monarchs, at the time they were their greatest confidants; and when they might have obtained every thing.—Their present poverty proves this assertion.

I know that some Monasteries, by their misconduct, have merited a reformation: but the blame of that falls neither on the Monastic Rulers, nor on their Founders. A man who lives in a Cloister, as he ought to do, cannot but excite the esteem, and deservedly gain the affections of all good people. For what is a true Religious man, but a citizen of heaven; one
detached

detached from the earth, who makes a sacrifice to God himself (in the person of his Superior) of his senses and his will; one who continually desires the coming of the Lord; one who instructs and edifies for the good of his neighbour; one who shews, in an ever-open countenance, the joy of a good conscience, and the charms of virtue; one who prays, labours, studies for himself and his brethren; one who places himself under the feet of all the world by his humility, and above all men by the sublimity of his hopes and desires; one who possesses nothing, but a soul in peace; one who asks for nothing, but heaven; one who, in a word, lives only to die, and dies only to live again for all Eternity?

This is what you are going to become, my dear Sir, except what regards instructing others, since you will no longer have any intercourse with mortals. That is the only thing which hurts me: for I am particularly desirous that every one should be useful to his neighbour.

Time, which is a heavy mass of lead for the greatest part of mankind, will not be burdensome to you. Each minute will seem a step towards heaven; and night will appear to you as light as day, by your then conversing with God: *Night shall be as light as day.**

You will not hear the bell, that is to call you to the Office, merely as a bell, but as the

* *Et nox, sicut dies, illuminabitur.* Ps. 138. *Vulg.*

Voice of God : you will not obey your Abbot simply as a man, but as a person, who holds the place of JESUS CHRIST himself, and speaks to you in his name : you will not consider penance as a restraint, to which you must submit, but as a holy kind of sensuality, which will be your delight.

You will omit none of the most minute Regulations, which retain the mind in subjection, and oppose self-will : for a Religious man keeps up his fervour, and prevents his state of life from becoming irksome by no other means, than by exactly practising whatever is recommended to him. You will moreover, Sir, preserve the liberty of the sons of God, by doing with a good heart, and a good will, whatever you will appear to do barely as an obligation.

I shall be charmed to see you, as you mention your coming ; for I have no greater satisfaction than the company of true servants of God ; and the more so, as they are, at this day, extremely rare. Nothing can be added, &c.

Rome, March 15, 1753.

L E T T E R XXXV.

To the Bishop of SPOLETO.

MY LORD,

WHAT you wrote to me concerning the Relics of saints, does honour to your discernment and your Religion. There are two shelves to be avoided, when a man is truly a Ca-

Catholic, viz. that of believing too much, and that of not believing enough. Were credit to be given to all the Relics, which are shewn in different countries, we should often be necessitated to believe, that a saint had ten heads, or ten arms.

This abuse, which has drawn on us the name of *superstitious*, has happily taken root only among the ignorant. We know in ITALY (thanks be to heaven; and the Pastors often enough inculcate it) that the Mediation of JESUS CHRIST alone is absolutely necessary; whereas that of the saints is only *good* and *profitable*: for thus it is the Council of *Trent* expressly teaches.

The Relics of the Blessed in heaven deserve all our veneration, as precious remains, which are one day to be gloriously re-animated: but while we honour them, we profess that they have no virtue of themselves; and that it is JESUS CHRIST, (of whom they are, in some sort, fragments) and the Holy Ghost (of whom they are the true temples) who communicate to them an impression entirely heavenly, capable of operating the greatest miracles.

Notwithstanding this, the worship we owe to God, is frequently distracted by that which we pay to the saints. Hence it is wisely ordained in ROME, never to place any Relics on the altar, where the BLESSED SACRAMENT is exposed, for fear of dividing the people's attention.

Our Religion (in itself so spiritual and so sublime) is unjustly taxed with encouraging abuses, of which the least footsteps will never be found in Cathedrals and ancient Monasteries.

Did we vouchsafe to hearken to the ignorant, who take no pains to be instructed, there would not be a single statue, but what has spoken; nor a saint, who has not raised the dead to life; nor a dead person, who has not appeared again: but the enemies of the Catholic Religion falsely impute to the Church of Rome all the apocryphal facts, which superstition ceases not to hand about. The common people are a set of mortals, to whom preaching is in vain: they never can be cured of their obstinacy, when once persuaded of any thing contrary to the public doctrine of the whole Church.

I lately made an English gentleman own, that the Protestants take a deal of pains to attribute continually to us absurdities which we reject, and that there was something of dishonesty in their manner of condemning us.

ITALY has all along had Pastors who were men of learning, and who were concerned for the credulity of weak minds, and at the want of faith in pretended wits. A man of sense will never judge of the Religion of a country, from what the vulgar may believe; but from the points of doctrine taught in the Catechisms and in the public Instructions.

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It would be something very singular that ROME, the Mistress and Mother of all the other Churches; that ROME, the centre of truth and unity, should teach absurdities! It is vindicated after a noble manner in the work you have transmitted to me. I exhort you to publish it, in order to close the mouths of the enemies of the Holy See; and to let all the world know, that if there be superstitious practices in *Italy* (and perhaps more than in other places) they arise from a livelier imagination in the common people, and consequently from an imagination more apt to seize on, without reflection, whatever strikes their mind. Take care of your health, notwithstanding the zeal which eats you up; and vouchsafe to believe me with infinite respect, my Lord, &c.

Rome, March 17, 1751.

L E T T E R XXXVI.

To Cardinal QUERINI.

MOST EMINENT,

THE WORK I have just read over by your orders, is a production of the age, in which there are more paradoxes than arguments; more objections than solutions; more raillery than proofs; more warmth than learning; more superficies than solidity. Men of no thought will look on it, as a wonderful perfor-

performance : men of sense, as a pitiful one; but as these latter form the smaller number, the book will be in repute, and make a great noise.

Few people are competent judges of a book. If there be any thing attractive in the style, it is admired, it is spoken of with raptures, without reflecting, that the colouring is the least merit of a picture.

It must be acknowledged, my Lord, that we live in a very whimsical age. Never was there less Religion, nor was there ever so much talk about Religion : never was there more wit, nor was wit ever so much abused. People are for knowing every thing, without studying any thing : they are for deciding on every thing, without examining any thing to the bottom.

I cry not out against the age by way of re- crimination. It may hate Monks and Friars as much as it pleases; and did not this hatred proceed from a hatred of Religion itself, I would never reproach it on that account. There may be some reason to complain of our too great number, as also of an engagement, sometimes too hasty, in a profession, which is to last for life—It is however proper, that people should enter therein young, to imbibe the Spirit of the Institute.

If many Religious knew how to accuse themselves, they would own that they had given occasion to complaints and murmurs by their haughty behaviour, and dissipated life. For
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Let. xxxvii. P. CLEMENT XIV. 103

why should we dissemble or offer to hide what every one knows? But it is an act of injustice to require, that all the Religious should be bound one for another, and that the fault of an individual should be considered as the fault of all.—The sin of a brother is not that original sin, which is common to all.

You see, my Lord, that I make ample use of the permission granted me of letting my pen run on different subjects, when I have the precious advantage of writing to your Eminence. Being of the Order of St. *Benedict*, your Lordship knows that the Religious have not always time to pursue the same object. They are only the attachment and respect due to you, of which sight is never lost; and it is with both these sentiments that I am your Eminence's, &c.

Rome, July 3, 1751.

LETTER XXXVII.

*To the Rev. Father SIGISMOND of FERRARA,
General of the Capuchins.*

REV. FATHER,

I AM extremely thankful, that your Apostolic excursions have not hindered you from thinking of me. I could have wished to accompany you, as I am sure I should have found, in such a journey, both instruction and edification. I should, with you, have admired how much the family of our holy Founder
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was increased, and how abundantly virtues were perpetuated in your Order.

There is no sort of good, which the CAPUCHINS have not done; nor can they be accused of having done any thing that was bad. The alms they receive, are a salary justly due to them; since they labour, with indefatigable zeal, both in the country and in the towns, for the support of Religion, and the propagation of the Faith. There are CAPUCHINS in all the four parts of the globe; they are protected by the most barbarous princes, and have gained the love of all nations.

I executed your commission at the time appointed. I promised you to do so; and my promises are inviolable, because Religion and probity are concerned in them. Your garden, most Rev. Father, is one of my favourite walks. I prefer it to the most magnificent parks. One seems there to breathe an air uncontaminated by the depravity of the age.

I have the honour to be, most Rev. Father, with all possible veneration, &c.

Convent of the Apostles, Aug. 7, 1751.

LETTER XXXVIII.

*To Madam B***, a Venetian Lady.*

MADAM,

IT is doing me too much honour, to consult me concerning your magnificent translation of *Locke*. Is it possible that a Lady of your rank

rank should apply herself to the deepest Metaphysics in the bosom of a city, as truly immersed in pleasures, as it is in water? Here is the strongest proof that our soul disentangles itself from the senses, when it is disposed to shake off matter, and that consequently is of a spiritual nature.

I have read over and over again, with the nicest attention, the valuable Manuscript, in which you have so nobly displayed the beauties of our language, and turned, with so much elegance, the dry field of Philosophy into a beautiful flower-garden. The English Philosopher would be proud, could he see himself dressed after the Italian manner with so good a taste.

I could have wished, if possible, that your Ladyship had omitted that passage, where *Locke* seems to insinuate, that matter may think. This reflection is not that of a profound Philosopher. The faculty of thinking can only belong to a being, that is necessarily spiritual, and necessarily thinks. Matter will never enjoy the privilege of thinking, any more than darkness that of giving light: one and the other imply a contradiction—But some people are fond of venting absurdities, rather than not say something extraordinary.

I felicitate my country more than ever for having had, at all times, Ladies of learning. It would be proper to form a collection of their works, and their rare abilities. The translation of *Locke* would there hold one of the first

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places, especially as you have found out the secret of employing, from time to time, the poetic style, in order to remove the wrinkles of Philosophy, which is apt to knit its brow, and express itself in grotesque terms.

I exhort you, Madam, to print the work, were it only to prove to foreigners, that the sciences are still in honour amongst us; and that the fair-sex in *Italy* is not so much taken up with what is frivolous, as people are pleased often to say they are.

How came you to find me out in the crowd, where my small merit has placed me? There are a great many Academicians, and especially at *Bologna*, whose judgment might be more relied on than mine. A man is not a Philosopher for having taught Philosophy, and particularly that of *Scotus*, the captious subtilty of which is nothing but a continual *Ergotism*.

There is more substance in one page of our Metaphysicians of the last age, than in all the books of *Aristotle* and *Scotus*. The same cannot be said of *Plato*, who, in an age like this, would have made an excellent Philosopher, and probably a true Christian. I find him full of matter, and noble views. He carried his sight up to the Divinity itself; nor was it obscured with any of those clouds which are met with in the writings of the ancients.

I wish, Madam, people may not find, in the last sheets of your translation, some puns which disfigure it. What of itself is majestic, stands in no need of trifling ornaments to set
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it off. *Cicero* would be no longer what he is, should a person attempt to make him speak like *Seneca*. Excuse the liberty I take—But you love the truth; and this qualification is greater in my eyes, than whatever else renders your name illustrious.

If you can diffuse a taste for Philosophy in *Venice*, you will perform a great miracle. It is a country, where wit abounds, even among the mechanics. But pleasure is there a fifth element, which puts a stop to emulation. Both repose and time are there consecrated to it, except in the order of Senators, who, for the business they have to do, may be called the slaves of the nation. The people study nothing but mirth and jollity, even when at work. But I perceive that I shall insensibly be talking of government; and my letter will soon be guilty of high treason. I know how touchy the most Serene Republic is with regard to its usages and customs, as well as its laws.

I will therefore, Madam, confine myself to tell you what will meet with no contradiction, and what will agree with the sentiments of the whole Senate; which is, that no one can sufficiently assure you of the respect due to your understanding, birth and virtues, and of that with which I have the honour to be, &c.

Rome, Jan. 10, 1753.

LETTER XXXIX.

*To the Rev. Father LEWIS of CREMONA,
a Religious of the Schools of piety.*

REV. FATHER,

TO take BOURDALOUE for your model in preaching, is to aim at immortality. We wanted an Orator, with your talents and spirits, to reform the style of our pulpits. We are rather Poets in our sermons than Orators, and, unfortunately, oftener pantomimes, than pathetic speakers; though the word of God demands the most noble species of eloquence, and the greatest circumspection in the manner of delivering it.

It is a miracle to me, when I consider how you have translated some volumes of BOURDALOUE. His Holiness, I make no doubt, will, with transports of joy, applaud your labour—I know how desirous he is of seeing a reformation in our manner of preaching. He is not indeed for *Frenchifying* the *Italian* eloquence (as every language has its idioms and phrases): but he wishes, that a style, which ought to be that of the Gospel, was more Christianized, and not disfigured by becoming burlesque.

The mouth of a preacher is really the mouth of God. What then must we think of a man who utters nothing but buffooneries and trifles? Whoever finds not in the sacred scripture, and the writings of the Fathers,

thers, wherewith to move his hearers, is unworthy to mount a pulpit. There are no finer images of the greatness and mercy of God, than those found in the Psalms and Canticles: There are no histories more affecting than those of *Joseph*, *Moses*, and the *Macabees*: There are not more striking instances of divine justice, than those of *Nadab* and *Abiud*; and that of *Belshazzar*, who saw an awful hand write in a dreadful manner, his sentence on the wall.

There are no strokes of eloquence, in all the books of the whole world, like the reflections of *Job*: they are enervated, and lose their force when a paraphrase is attempted. Let any one only collect a few of the finest passages of scripture, and adapt them properly to his subject, his discourses will be enravishing. St. PAUL, a man the most pathetic, and most sublime, uses no other language, but that of the scripture in his Epistles; and they challenge our admiration.

The greatest part of our old Collections of sermons ought to be burnt, in order to form the taste of our young preachers. It is there they seek out apocryphal and doubtful facts; citations from heathen authors, and contract a style truly ridiculous. Sentiments of compunction or terror, which arise from the exclamations, grimaces and gestures of a preacher, make only momentaneous impressions. They are no more than a clap of thunder that startles, and causes people to make the sign
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of the cross; but does not hinder them from laughing the next moment.

If your method, Rev. Father, can be introduced among us, you will be the restorer of Christian eloquence; and all who are judges of it, will bless you.

I had for my Director a Religious man, full of the spirit of God, who used to sigh, whenever he heard certain preachers. When he preached to us himself, it was his heart that spoke; and, indeed, his hearers were always very much affected.

I shall see you with the greatest pleasure, whenever you are so kind as to honour me with a visit: to hearken to you, will then be my whole business.

I endeavour, in the midst of my daily occupations, always to have some moments for myself and for my friends. The soul requires that respite, to return again to work. The sciences are mountains, which cannot be climbed, without sometimes stopping to take breath.

Be careful of your health, less for your own sake, than for ours, who want to read you, hear you, and admire you. It is with this desire, so agreeable to the wishes of Religion and our country, that I have the honour to be, with all the fulness of my heart, your very humble, &c.

Conv. of the Holy Apost. March 1, 1753.

As to what regards the new modelling of the *Breviary*, which you mention to me, it
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were much to be wished that the Holy Father would set seriously about it. But I do not agree with you in what relates to the division of the psalms. Were I consulted, I should be for having the *Beati immaculati*,* continue to be repeated every day. It is a perpetual protestation of an inviolable attachment to the law of God, and which is better in the mouth of the Ministers of the Lord, than some obscure and enigmatical psalms, often unintelligible to the generality of Priests.

I would therefore leave the little hours as they are. You will tell me, that it is to be feared, that our prayers will be said merely by rote. But are we not exposed to the same inconvenience with respect to the prayers at Mass, when they are said every day?

The notes I have received on the *Imitation of Jesus Christ*, are admirable.

* Psalm 118, Vulg.

LETTER XL.

*To Count ****.*

I AM, my dear Friend, a Library in your debt; but you are to pay for it. I promised to give you a list of what books might be necessary for you; and I now fulfil my promise. The list shall be only a short one, as it is not a multiplicity of books that makes learned men. To read much is of little consideration;

deration; but to read well is of essential importance.

The first book, and which I place at the head of your Library, is the GOSPEL, as the most necessary, and most sacred. It is reasonable, that the book, which is the principle and basis of Religion, should be the ground-work of your reading.

It is there you will learn to know what we owe to God, and how great are the wisdom and goodness of our Mediator, in whom we hope, and who has reconciled heaven and earth by his blood.

This book has been in your hand, almost ever since your infancy; but as you then gave little attention to it, it will now make an impression, entirely new, on your soul. The Gospel, when attentively read with the respect due to it, really appears to be the language of God. We find not there that oratorical emphasis, which characterizes the Rhetoricians, nor those syllogistical arguments, which point out the Philosopher: all is simple and plain; all adapted to the capacity of man, and, at the same time, all is divine.

I recommend particularly to you the Epistles of St. PAUL. Besides inspiring you with an aversion for false teachers, who, under the appearance of piety, destroy the spirit of it; they will penetrate you with that universal charity, which includes all, and which, better than all the masters in the world, makes us good parents, good friends, and good citizens,

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We learn, in the school of this Apostle, the whole oeconomy of Religion, *its length, its breadth, its depth, its height*; in a word, the *super-eminent knowledge of Jesus Christ*,* who would be universally adored, were he better known; and by whom the intellectual and material worlds were made.

You must be perfectly acquainted with the PSALTER, as a work of the Holy Ghost; a work that inflames, while it enlightens, and, for sublimity of style, surpasses all the Poets, and Orators.

You must not overburden yourself with reading. The sacred books are not to be read, without great recollection of mind, and respect: for besides that every passage may afford a subject for ample meditation, the word of God challenges a respect quite different from that, which is shewn to the word of man.

You will take care to procure St. *Augustine's Confessions*, a work written with his tears: but a work, on which your heart, more than your understanding, must feed. You will join thereto the Collection of the finest passages of the Fathers of the Church, in order to convince yourself, that Christian eloquence alone truly elevates the soul, and that it is a thousand times more sublime, than all profane discourses, as having God for its subject, the source of whatever is great.

The IMITATION of Christ contains too much unction, and is too instructive to be left out.

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* Eph. I, 18, 19.

It is a production of *Italy*, whatever all the Differtators may say to the contrary (for GERSEN, Abbot of VERCELLI wrote it); and in it the soul finds whatever can edify. Make frequent use of that little book, as of a work that abounds with consolation, adapted to every situation of life.

Feed on the *Introduction to the Christian Doctrine* of F. Gerdil, the *Bernalite*; it is a book you cannot read too often. Mix the history of the Church with that of the Empires and Nations, so as not to confound your memory or ideas. The understanding must be kept clear, in order to form a solid and exact judgment of what we read. When you are more master of the French language, I advise you to read BOSSUET'S *Discourse on Universal History*, and PASCHAL'S *Thoughts on the truths of Religion*.

The *Annals of Italy*, by the immortal MURATORI; the *History of Naples*, by Giannone; the *Campaigns of Don Carlos*, by Buonamici; the *Periodical Sheets of Abbè Lami* (not to learn to decide, but to form your judgment) are so many works which you must read.

I say nothing of the books which treat of Natural History and Antiquity; these are subjects, with which an unacquaintance cannot be allowed.

You will call to mind, my dear Friend, that *Cicero*, *Virgil* and *Horace* trod the same soil that we inhabit; that they breathed the same air which we breathe; and therefore, as their country-

countrymen, we ought, from time to time, to read their writings, especially as they are every where strewed with sentiments and beauties. You went very well through your studies, and it will be an easy matter for you, every now and then, to enjoy the agreeable conversation of those authors.

I do not interdict you the reading of our modern Poets, with this proviso, that you use precaution in reading them, and throw not yourself, right or wrong, into every Labyrinth, Grotto or Grove you find there: these are not places for a Christian soul. I would not have any one stay long with the Goddeses of Fable: they are indeed, in themselves, mere fictions; but too often lead to realities.

I should be better pleased to see in your hands *Pliny's* Letters, the Thoughts of *Marcus Aurelius*, and those of *Seneca*: we there imbibe sentiments of humanity, which we cannot feel too much.

This, my dear Friend, is the Library to which I confine you, because I think books ought to be used, and not kept for mere shew. You may add however the Letters of Cardinal *Bentivoglio*.

I allow you neither Legends, nor books of Mysticism. You will find an account of the principal Saints in Church History; and the stories told of them, in *Apocryphal* books, will answer no other end, than to make you doubt of the miracles they really performed, and to diminish the respect due to them. Great men

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ought not to be exhibited but as great men; and truth stands in need of itself alone to gain respect.

I mention not any books of Philosophy, as I do not design to send you to school again to adopt systems, and enter into disputes. I should be apprehensive of your embracing some whimsical opinion; whereas to judge impartially, we ought not espouse any one sentiment of the schools.

Philosophy has given birth to more sophisms than arguments: and, to become a true Philosopher, it is enough to have an exact knowledge of the earth and of the heavens; and a clear and precise idea of our duties, our origin, our destination. Employ your mind on these great objects in the midst of your exercises and your reading; and when you are determined on a state of life, means will then be pointed out to you, by which you may be informed of whatever is relative to it.

Good night: my pen can travel no farther: my head, fatigued with a piece of work, that hath lasted the whole day, obliges me to stop. My heart alone is still full of life and vigour, when I am to assure you, how much I am, &c.

Rome, Dec. 31, 1751.

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L E T T E R XLI.

To Cardinal PASSIONEI.

MOST EMINENT,

I F knowledge gained were to be restored like stolen goods, your Eminence would see me bring back all I know, as belonging to your Lordship: and would then be far from commending me for my pretended learning. Almost every Saturday, I go to your Eminence's magnificent Library, and fill myself as much as I can, with the excellent things I meet with there. I set out quite poor, and return home very rich: and thus it is, that private thefts constitute my whole reputation and merit: so that it is to your books, my Lord, and not to my own genius, I owe thanks.

I join, my Lord, in the pleasure which all those feel, who hearken to your Eminence in that delightful Hermitage, where science presides, virtue shines, and friendship forms the conversation. It is decreed that Brother *Ganganelli*, is to have no more than desires with respect to that object; his work is never to allow him to go and lay himself down under the shades of your Myrtles and Orange-trees. That would be something too sensual for a Friar of the Order of St. *Francis*, who ought to know nothing but mortification and poverty.

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I have nevertheless, my Lord, this comfort, that I happily feel the purest pleasure in performing the task imposed on me; and that the respect, which I could shew you at *Frescati*, neither could be more profound, or more extensive, than that with which I have the honour to be here, &c.

Rome, May 8, 1753.

LETTER XLII.

To Mr AYMALDI.

THE last memoir you transmitted to me, is like those uncultivated countries, in which, by chance, one meets with some agreeable spots. I am unraveling it with all the patience becoming a Religious, and the greatest desire of obliging you. There would be too great a voluptuousness in study, did we find therein nothing but flowers. Every man who works in his closet, ought to consider himself as a traveller, who one while meets with flowery paths, another while rugged ways.

The little publication of Father *Nocetti* the Jesuit, on the Rainbow, is very neat and elegant. There is found in it that brilliant and poetic imagination, which embellishes the thoughts and style. The Jesuits have all along cultivated the *Belles Lettres* with success. Works of that kind are refreshing streams to me, which recal my animal spirits, when I am exhausted with long and painful

painful labour: I smell at them, and am revived. You know that Erudition is the grave of the *Belles Lettres*, unless, from time to time, we allot to them a few hours, not entirely to forget them. "I am really so absorbed in profound studies (said formerly my Master in Theology) that my mind has not a smell fine enough for neat and elegant works." The taste itself is blunted, when nothing is given it to taste.

I will see the Rev. Father General of the *Dominicans* (*F. Bremond*) concerning your affair, and I hope I shall succeed. Besides that he is of an obliging temper to all, he has a particular kindness for me; and I will moreover put him in mind, that as St. FRANCIS and St. DOMINICK were very great Friends; and also St. BONAVENTURE and St. THOMAS of *Aquino*, it is fit that the same happy harmony should subsist between their disciples.

Adieu: take care of your health; for there are great odds to be layed, that in the Pontificate of a man of learning, your merit may lead you to something great. I desire it, much less for your own sake or mine, than for the honour of the Holy see. I have that of being, &c.

Rome, May 12, 1753.

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LETTER XLIII.

To Dom GAILLARD, Prior of the Charter-house at Rome.

REV. FATHER,

AS you open your heart to me with regard to what passes in your Community, I will open mine to you with equal candour: and will tell you, that it were to be wished, that in an order so rigid as yours, the superiors were a little more affable and of easier access: that they would not let a week pass, without visiting the Religious in their Cells; that they would insinuate themselves in a friendly manner into their affections; and lastly, that by salutary counsels, and endearing encouragement, they would help them to bear the yoke of solitude.

The Kingdom of JESUS CHRIST is not a reign of Despotism. To make men slaves is as contrary to Religion, as it is to humanity. A vow made to obey superiors does not carry along with it an engagement to respect their humours.

It is commonly thought, that the place of a Superior is a place of authority; and that he who enjoys it, has nothing to do, but to command, and make the Religious tremble and obey: whereas the head of a Community is a man, who ought to make himself all to all, study the different characters, and sound their dispositions, in order at last to know what is hurtful to one, what does good to another,
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and what each individual is capable of performing.

One Religious man stands not in need of talking, because he is naturally silent: continued silence is death to another, because he is a man of conversation: and it is then that a Superior must have different ways of acting, and excuse one rather than another, for any small breach of the Rule. No Religious Order can have any other spirit but that of JESUS CHRIST, who, ever meek and humble of heart, treated his Disciples as his brethren and his friends, calling himself their servant, and performing the offices of one.

The Rule would be a real Step-mother, were it to punish without mercy those who, through too great a liveliness or slowness of temper, should be guilty of some omissions. There are some Religious, whom a Superior ought more frequently to visit, because they are oftener tempted, and support retirement with greater difficulty. So that, without a spirit of discretion and penetration, a Superior is no more than an Idol, whose government is despicable. There is only one manner of directing followed; and there ought to be almost as many different methods, as there are persons to be directed and governed. One, if the Superior take it in head to reprimand him, goes backward in the way of salvation; and another makes gigantic strides towards it, if no fault be overlooked in him.

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The Order of the *Carthusians* merits all possible veneration, for never having stood in need either of any mitigation or reformation since its first institution; but I must own to you, that I always thought the Priors had too gloomy and too severe an air; and as they alone went to the General Chapter, they were both judges and parties.

They ought not to trouble a poor Monk for speaking a word by stealth, as they themselves often receive visits, enjoy the liberty of writing to their friends, and of going out.

A man becomes the Inquisitor of his house, when he is for punishing every thing, and overlooking nothing. There are little altercations in Communities, as well as in private families, which continue only, because a Superior has not the sense to despise them.

Visit your brethren in a quite friendly manner, and say not a word of what is past; you will then find them ashamed of their caballing. Nothing disarms anger like mildness. You will teach them that you know how to overcome yourself, when you cordially embrace them; and this will edify. There is nothing so dangerous for people in office, as to be always unwilling to own that they have been mistaken.

Accustom yourself to bury the faults of your Religious in your own house, without informing the General of them. This conduct irritates those against whom a man turns informer, and plainly evinces that he has not a talent for governing.

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Such is my way of thinking. Should I be mistaken, you will do me a pleasure to prove it; and if your reasons are good, I will submit: for I am neither prejudiced in my own favour, nor am I obstinate.

It is my heart that has spoken to you throughout this letter, and it is that which assures you of the sincerity of the sentiments, with which I am, &c.

Rome, June 21, 1754.

L E T T E R XLIV.

To the same.

THE nap taken at noon in Italy, my most dear and Rev. Father, would not have alarmed you so much, had you called to mind, that when a man is at Rome, he must live as the Romans live: *cum Romano Romanus eris*.*

Is it then a scandal, is it a misfortune, that a poor Religious man should lie down for half an hour, in a country where he is overpowered with excessive heat, to return again to his exercises with greater activity? Reflect with yourself, that silence is best kept at that moment of time, you who reckon among the capital sins a single word uttered, when it is forbidden to speak. Look at Jesus Christ, when he finds his Apostles asleep: *What!* said he with the greatest kindness, *could you not watch one hour with me?*†

* With a Roman you must be a Roman. † Matt. xxvi. 40.

But how do you reconcile the obedience you require of your Religious, with that you yourself refuse to the sovereign Pontiff? You cannot but know, that all the Cloisteral rules derive all their force only from the approbation of the Popes; and if he, who now reigns with so much wisdom, is pleased to dispense with your Religious in certain practices, he is absolute Master to do so. No one will dispute the Legislator's right to modify the law.

To mitigate some austerities, which depend on time, place and circumstances, is not to meddle with what is essential in the vows. *The letter kills, but the spirit gives life**; but there are some Superiors, ever of an uneasy temper, and ever afraid of the least syllable of the Constitutions being omitted. Let me beg of you to make yourself easy, both for the sake of your Religious, and for your own health. While you continue to consult me, I shall always answer you in the same manner: it is not enough to alledge conscience, we must seek to enlighten it. I embrace you with my whole heart, and am, &c.

Rome, Sept. 21, 1754.

* 2 Cor. iii. 6.

LETTER XLV.

To a RELIGIOUS setting off for America.

THE seas then are going to separate us; but such is the lot of human life, that some are thrown to the extremities of the world,

world, while others remain always in the same place. This however is certain, that my heart follows yours; and wherever you are, there will it be found.

If you had not laid up an ample provision of piety, I should tremble for you during a passage, where every word uttered will not be edifying, and in a country, where every example you see, will not be a model of virtue. America is the terrestrial Paradise, where the forbidden fruit is frequently eaten. The serpent is there perpetually preaching the love of riches and pleasures, and the heat of the climate makes the passions boil up.

We are sufficiently unhappy here below, in not knowing how to keep within the bounds of duty, when we see no other Superior but God; unless a lively faith be the principle of our actions: and such is the situation of the Religious in America: seeing no longer any one to direct or command them, they are lost, unless the Gospel alone bears sway in their heart.

I am persuaded that you will often beg of God the gift of fortitude, to enable you to stand out against all dangers. Whatever dispositions the Negroes have for gross vices, good may be done among them, when a man knows how to gain their confidence, and impress them with a certain degree of fear.

Reflect that God will be as near you in America, as in Europe; that his eye sees all; his justice will judge all; and that it is for him alone we ought to act. Lay down a plan of a
labo.

laborious and regular life; for if idleness once get the better of you, you will be invested with every vice, and no longer be able to defend yourself against them.

Never allow yourself to utter any word, that may be construed contrary to Religion or good morals. Those who seem to applaud you for it, will in reality despise you, as an unfaithful servant, who makes a jest of the master, whose bread he eats, and whose livery he wears.

God keep you from amassing. A Priest, who loves money, and especially a Religious man, who has made a vow of poverty, is worse than the wicked rich man, and is deserving of more rigorous treatment.

As to the rest, be sociable, and gain on your Parishioners by a deal of civility, to the end they may see, that you are governed by true piety, and not by humour.

Never meddle in temporal affairs, unless it be to make up law-suits, and restore peace. I will pray for you to him, who commands the waves, calms the tempests, and never abandons those that belong to him, in whatever country they are. My comfort is, that there is no distance for souls; and that by the bands of Religion and the heart, we are always neighbours.

Adieu and Adieu again; I embrace you in the most tender manner.

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L E T T E R XLVI.

To the Prelate CERATI.

YOUR happiness is too great, my dear Prelate, in dividing your time between *Pisa* and *Florence*: in one of those cities your mind is at ease; and in the other your knowledge finds food and nourishment.

When I reflect that *TUSCANY* was the Restauratrix of the arts and sciences, I have a singular veneration for her, and my heart leaps with joy whenever I hear her name mentioned. The advantage of a most happy situation, and a most agreeable climate, rendered her worthy of that glory. One breathes there a sweet air, which seems to give new life to the soul; and at every step, we perceive the fine arts had reason to be pleased with their residence.

I knew an old man of the most embellished sense, and the most voluptuous intellect, who ordered his time so well, as to pass the spring at *Pisa*, the summer at *Sienna*, the autumn at *Leghorn*, and the winter at *Florence*. He went alternately to these four cities to imbibe the wit of the inhabitants, and diffuse his own; and to taste the sweets of the most agreeable commerce. Our manner of conversation begins to degenerate; and a person could not well now find in it that something interesting, which our Fathers introduced into theirs. It is to that amiable trifling way of the French that we owe this change.

Every

Every age has a genius which characterizes it: the same luxury which corrupts our manners, corrupts also our discourse and our writings: there is scarce any life in our conversation, in our books, or our paintings. It is a species of elegance, as slight as the intellect which produces it; and unhappily Religion itself feels something of this frivolous turn. People think that they may strip off from Christianity whatever displeases, as they strip off the trimmings of a coat.

You see these evils, you groan at the sight of them; and you have good cause to do so.

I have the honour, &c.

Rome, Sept. 2, 1754.

LETTER XLVII.

To the Abbè de CANILLAC, Auditor of the Rota.

I Passed by your house, my Lord, that I might have the honour of returning, with my own hands, a volume of Monf. BUFFON. Oh! the excellent book! The excellent writer, had he not been the partisan of a system! He has an energy of style and thought, that transports and astonishes.

To ask me what I think of the *Gallican* privileges, is to shut my mouth. Besides, where is the importance of that question, if the French, as well as the Romans are Catholics, notwithstanding their different sentiments
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Let. xlviii. P. CLEMENT XIV. 129

with respect to this article? In former times both Popes and Kings were wrong by turns: and BENEDICT XIV. is luckily the fittest Pontiff to make what is past, forgotten. What you vouchsafe to recommend to me, shall be done, as soon as possible, and with a zeal equal to the respect, with which I am, &c.

Rome, June 6, 1754.

L E T T E R XLVIII.

To the Marquis SCIPIO MAFFEI.

MR. MARQUIS,

THE young Religious, whom you recommended to me, is proud of such a prerogative, nor am I less proud of your excellent letter. I will keep it as a charm to communicate to me some sparks of your learning and genius. I would gladly say a thousand things; but I am as much afraid of you, as of a spirit, and cannot speak. I call to mind the immensity of your knowledge, the merit of your publications; and the remembrance of them makes me so insignificant, that I dare not appear before you.

ITALY will for a long time boast of having given you birth; and, if VERONA is sensible of her own glory, she will erect statues to your memory. But what renders you infinitely superior to these vain honours is, that you are the humblest of men, and know your own worth less than any other.

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I would

I would never pardon time for making you grow old, without respecting your merit, were I not convinced, as well as you, of a life in heaven that awaits us. We know that heaven is the centre and abode of all light, and that the knowledge there acquired in a moment, cannot be compared to the weak glimmerings we enjoy here below.

I shall pay every possible regard to the young man, you have taken under your protection. He shall now be my son, as he was heretofore yours, by the interest I will take in forwarding him in the sciences and the practice of piety. He will find the same helps in our Order, as I myself found to improve and form my mind; and on this occasion I may say, without a design of flattering my Brethren, that helps can no where be more abundant. A taste for good books prevails; emulation is kept up; application is uninterrupted; and the incomparable SCIPIO MAFFEI is particularly esteemed. He lives in our hearts as much as he lives in his writings: this is what I can assure him, as I am more than any other, &c.

LETTER XLIX.

To Monseigneur CARACCIOLI, Nuncio at Venice, who died afterwards Nuncio in Spain.

MY LORD,

I Have the honour to send you the Decision of the Holy Office, which, I am certain, will be agreeable to your way of thinking. I
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used therein my utmost zeal, to prove to you the infinite esteem I have for your virtues. Would to God, the Church had all along had Prelates as exemplary as you, my Lord, are! This is what the *Venetians* often say, and what transports me with joy, when I have the happy occasion of assuring you of all that respect with which I am, &c.

Rome, Oct. 21, 1750.

L E T T E R L

*To Count ***.*

IF scruples once beset you, my dear Friend, you are lost: you will either return to a life of dissipation, or you will serve God like a slave. Remember that the Jewish law was a law of fear, but that the new law is a law of love. The earthen vessel to which our soul is united, allows us not to possess angelical perfection.

'Tis degrading Religion, to busy one's head about mere trifles. While there are men who pray, distractions will naturally arise in prayer; and there will be faults in their conduct, as long as they act: because every man is subject to error and vanity: *every man is a liar.**

There are none but Bigots, who take scandal at every thing, and see the Devil every where. Fulfil the law without labour of mind, or effort of imagination, and you will please

* Omnis homo mendax. *Pf. cxv. Vulg.*

God. Nothing retards souls so much in the progress of virtue, as injudicious scruples. Too much retirement favours illusions, and society dispels them; keep good company instead of staying alone at home. Moreover be not discouraged under temptation. Temptation is a trial, which teaches us to distrust ourselves, and affords us an opportunity of meriting the favour of God.

Come to see me, and we will together try to find out from whence the scruples, which torment you, arise. There is nothing I wish for more, than to see you a good Christian; but it would break my heart, were you to become scrupulous: every thing then would hurt you, and you would be insupportable to yourself.

I always forget to mention your good Kinswoman. It is thus my distracted thoughts, from time to time, play me a very sad trick; but the heart has no share in them. The Marchioness, more vexed, than moved with my remonstrances, is at a loss what to do. If Devotion once sets down to calculate, when a reconciliation is proposed, we must look for nothing but suspected demonstrations. However, as of a bad debt we get what we can, so you must content yourself with the very small civilities your good Kinswoman will shew you.

Persevere, my dear Friend; persevere: I am edified at your courage, and am charmed that you are pleased with the Guide I gave you. Is he not really a worthy man, and one who will

will lead you safely to God? He has a wonderful skill in discovering the interior of persons, and a soul the best calculated for gaining their confidence.

I approve your setting something apart for charities; but I do not like that people should give drop by drop, and that they tie themselves to regular alms, so as to have nothing for those who are in extreme want. I had rather snatch a family or two from the jaws of misery, than scatter here and there a few crowns, which bring comfort to no body. It is moreover very proper to have a sum in reserve for extraordinary cases: by that means there is a remedy at hand for the most urgent occasions of distress.

Fall not into that trifling Devotion, which, without examining either birth or extraction, is for reducing every one in want, to dress and eat like the lowest class of people.

Charity never humbles any one, and knows how to proportionate itself according to circumstances and conditions. To give with pride, is worse than not giving at all. Season your charities in such a manner, that you may appear more humbled, than the person that receives them. Religion is too grand to approve of the behaviour of those mean souls, who oblige with haughtiness, and make people feel the importance of the services done them.

Content not yourself with giving; but also lend, according to the precept of the Gospel, to him in need. I know nothing more contemptible

contemptible than money, if not employed to assist our neighbour. Can the insipid pleasure of heaping up a few crown-pieces be compared to the satisfaction of making others happy here, and securing to ourselves happiness hereafter in heaven.

When you are frugal without avarice, and generous without prodigality, I shall consider you as a rich man, to whom salvation is not impossible. Prevent the wants of others without waiting till you are asked : charity puts us on guessing, that they may stand in need.

Adieu : I think it needless to repeat at the end of this letter, that I am your best friend and most humble servant. You do not certainly doubt it? If you did, you would affront me in a most sensible manner.

Rome, April 19, 1752.

LETTER LI.

To the same.

YOU ask me how it happens, that there are certain days, when given over to melancholy, without knowing any cause, we are a burden to ourselves? And I answer you :

First, it is because we depend on a body, which is not always in an equal state of health. —Secondly, because it is the design of God to make us sensible that our happiness is not to be found in this life, and that we never shall be at ease, till we leave it. It was this that made

made the Apostle sigh after those good things that are eternal. There are mists both in the moral and physical world; and the soul has its clouds like the sky.

The best way to get rid of these troublesome thoughts, is to be fond of work. A man that is seriously employed, has no time either for sorrow or vexation. Study is the element of the soul. "You will neither be troublesome to yourself or others, says *Seneca*, if you love study." It is inconceivable how many bad quarters of an hour there are in the course of a man's life, against which labour secures him. You never will be happy here below, unless you know how to deaden the feelings of your misfortunes. He that has not any uneasiness of mind at present, either has had, or will have some, because sufferings and pains are what we inherit from our first Father; nor can we absolutely secure ourselves from them. I am with my whole heart.

Rome, April 27, 1752.

L E T T E R LII.

To MY LORD FIRNIANI, *Bishop of Perugia.*

MY LORD,

THE POSTULANT * you directed to me, seems to prefer the *Augustinian* Order to that of the *Franciscans*; and so far was I from being displeased at it, that I went with him

* A person who desires to be admitted into any Religious Order.

myself

myself to a Religious, a friend of mine, who will take all possible care of him, and after a trial, will give him the habit of St. *Augustine*.

It values not in what Convent a person be placed, provided he has a true spirit of piety. All the Religious Orders, in my eye, are one and the same family; and luckily I have no attachment for my own Community, that can be a prejudice to any other. Moreover the *Augustinians* have at all times united learning to virtue, and one who has a real call, cannot but there receive excellent lessons.

The Father *Capuchin*, who told your Lordship so many fine things of me, scarce saw me. He judged of me, as of an optical deception, which is thought something at a distance, but is nothing near at hand. I will oblige him to recall what he has said, when he returns to *Rome*, because he will then see me nearer. It is the best way I know to correct men of the good opinion they may entertain of me. I recommend myself to your prayers, which I believe to be very efficacious with God; and I have the honour to be, &c.

Rome, Aug. 26, 1753.

LETTER LIH.

To the Prelate CERATI.

MONSIGNOR,

I Have just now seen your good and old Friend, Monsignor BOTTARI, and I found him, according to custom, buried in the most profound

profound reading. From that state he passed to the most picturesque conversation, which afforded me singular pleasure; for he never speaks, but he paints. Every thing is sentiment, every thing a picture; and every thing characterizes the books and persons he points at.

We conversed for a long time on the Roman Antiquities, and our different Libraries, which more or less excellent, form a wonderful collection. Two sensible Englishmen partook of our entertainment, and talked so as to be hearkened to. That nation travels to great advantage, and improves by every thing it sees. The English are said to lay hold of the substance of things, while the French content themselves with the surface. But I leave you to determine whether, with respect to the commerce of life, it is not better to be agreeably superficial, than gloomily profound.

It was a saying of Cardinal BENTIVOGLIO, that, "when a man wanted to think, he ought to see the English; and the French, when he wanted to converse." I open my Cell both to the one and the other with the greatest pleasure; though I own to you, at the same time, that there is something in the French vivacity, which particularly attracts me. There is a pleasure in meeting with one's self; for you know that I am neither dull, nor a man of few words.

You must have read the book, that Father MASSOLENI, of the *Oratory*, sent you. You
T will

will find it as interesting, as neatly bound. I see you over head and ears in that work, without being able to quit it. The studious man really enjoys pleasures, which surpass all those of the world. But hush! This is a secret known only to the studious, and must not be divulged.

I have the honour to be, &c.

Rome, Nov. 13, 1753.

LETTER LIV.

To a Franciscan Friar.

I Find something in myself, that puts the pen in my hand, and whispers in my ear that I must write to you, and let you know, that it is a long time since I enjoyed that sweet pleasure; and that it is my friendship for you, which now procures me that happiness.

It must be owned, as St. AUGUSTINE tells us, "That there is something sweet in friendship;" and that, "Whoever knows not the sweetness thereof, ought to exclude himself from society." The Saviour of the world canonized it by his particular attachment to St. JOHN; and we see that the greatest saints have cultivated it with a most religious attention.

Continue, therefore, ever to be my good friend. Though the world says that Monks and Friars love nobody, I have found, in the Cloister, the most sincere and obliging hearts:

hearts: but I shall not be believed, for people are resolved that we must be in the wrong. But what of that, provided we taste no less the sweetness of friendship; and I am no less your servant and friend.

Rome, Dec. 29, 1754.

L E T T E R LV.

To Lady PIGLIANI.

YOUR keeping your two Daughters with you is not a concern of no consequence: the quality of a Mother imposes on you the most important duties. The world will be continually thrusting itself in between you and your children, if you take not care to keep it off; not with that austerity, which excites murmurs, but with that prudence, which gains confidence.

Your Daughters will be no more than hypocrites, if you overload them with instructions, or if you make them uneasy; whereas they will love Religion, if, by your examples, and mildness, you can render it amiable to them.

Persons of twenty years of age, are not to be governed like those of ten. Different ages, as well as the different conditions of life, require different treatment, and different lessons.

Keep up, as much as you can, a taste for good books and work; but with that liberty and ease, which ties not down to a minute; and with that discretion, which knows how to

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make

make a difference between living in a Cloister, and in the world.

Marry your Daughters according to their fortune and rank; and force not their inclination, unless they should want to marry with spendthrifts or debauchees. Marriage is the natural state of mankind: to dispense therewith is an exception from the general rule.

Without being in love with the maxims and practices of the world, make not yourself ridiculous with respect to its usages. Piety becomes a subject of raillery, when shewn with any external singularities: the wise woman shuns being pointed at—When our birth demands a particular dress, we must wear it; but always with that decency in form and manner, which is agreeable to modesty.

You will take care that the young Ladies frequent company. True Devotion is neither rude nor unsociable: injudicious solitude irritates the passions, and it is often safer for young people to see choice company, than to be alone. Inspire cheerfulness, that they may not appear to drag along piety—Let your recreation consist in taking a walk, or sitting down a little to play a moderate game; and when they are to apply to study, neither mention such as are profound, nor the abstracted sciences, which serve only to make the sex vain and talkative.

Above all things gain their love: it is the greatest pleasure, to which a Mother can aspire, and the greatest prerogative she can enjoy,

Let. lvi. P. CLEMENT XIV. 141

joy, since she is thereby empowered to do what good she pleases.

Take care that your servants have religion and honesty: they are capable of every vice, if they have not the fear of God. We ought to act towards them neither with haughtiness nor with familiarity, but to treat them as men, and inferiors. Justice is the mother of order: every thing is in its place, when a person behaves with equity.

Never punish but with pain to yourself, and always pardon with pleasure.

Frequent your Parish-church, that the sheep may often meet with their Pastor. It is a practice agreeable both to the holy canons, and ancient usage.

Your own prudence and discretion will teach you the rest. I rely much on your sense and your good disposition, as you may be truly assured of the respectful consideration with which I have the honour to be, &c.

Rome, Nov. 15, 1754.

L E T T E R LVI.

To Count ALGAROTTI.

MY DEAR COUNT,

COntrive matters so, in spite of your Philosophy, that I may see you in heaven; for I should be very sorry to lose sight of you for an Eternity.

You

You are one of those rare men, both for heart and understanding, whom we could wish to love even beyond the grave, when we have once had the advantage of knowing them; no one has more reasons to be convinced of the spirituality and immortality of the soul than you have. The years glide away for the Philosophers, as well as for the ignorant; and what is to be the term of them, cannot but employ a man who thinks.

Own that I can manage sermons so, as not to frighten away a *bel Esprit*; and that if every one delivered as short, and as friendly sermons, as I do, you would sometimes go to hear a preacher. But barely hearing will not do; what is heard must pass on to the heart; it must germinate there; and the completely amiable ALGAROTTI must become as good a Christian, as he is a Philosopher: then should I doubly be his servant and friend.

Rome, Dec. 11, 1754.

LETTER LVII.

To Monsignor ROTA, Secretary of the Decipherer's Office.

I Believe, Monsignor, that it will be proper to fix a rallying hour, that we may be able to meet with one another: I beg you would be so kind as to let me know it, and I shall most certainly take care not to fail coming.

There is nothing I regret with more concern, than the time lost in Anti-chambres.

Time

Let. lviii. P. CLEMENT XIV. 143

Time is the most precious gift God has bestowed upon us; and man throws it away with a profusion as cruel, as astonishing.

Time, alas! is abandoned to pillage, every body comes, and snatches away a piece from us; and in spite of all my attention and desire to preserve it, I see it slip through my hands; and scarce can I say, "it is going", but it is already gone.

I expect your orders to wait on you at your own house, and to assure you, that if there be any moments to see you, there is not one, in which I am not with equal attachment and respect, Monsignor, your very humble, &c.

Rome, Jan. 3, 1754.

L E T T E R LVIII.

*To the GONFALONIER of the Republic of St.
MARINO.*

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

ALthough you be no more than petit sovereign of a very small state, you have a soul that puts you on a level with the greatest Princes. It is not the extent of Empires, which constitutes the merit of Emperors: a Father of a family may have many virtues; and a GONFALONIER of St. MARINO great reputation.

I find nothing so delightful as to be at the head of a small Canton, which one can scarce find in the map, where discord and war are
unknown,

unknown, and where there are no storms, but when the sky is darkened; where there is no other ambition, than that of maintaining one's self in silence and mediocrity; and where all things are in common from the custom kept up of helping one another.

How this little corner of the earth pleases me! What a happiness is it to live there, and not in the midst of that tumult which disturbs great cities; not in the midst of Grandeurs, which make the little ones sigh; nor in the midst of luxury, which corrupts the soul, and dazzles the eyes! It is a place, where I would with pleasure fix my *tabernacle*, and where my soul has long been through the friendship I bear to you. There is not a heavier burden than Sovereign power: but yours is so light, that it hinders you not from walking; especially when I come to compare it to those Monarchies, which cannot be governed, but by multiplying one's self, and having one's eyes every where.

Every thing is a snare for a Prince at the head of a vast kingdom. At the time he thinks people are making court to him, they are seeking to deceive him. If he follows irregular courses, he is flattered in them. If he be a man of piety, those about him play the hypocrite, and make a farce of Religion. If he be cruel, he is told that he is just: and thus he never hears the truth.

He must often descend into his own heart to find out truth. But how much is he to be pitied,

pitied, if it be not found there ! The only reason why History is filled with the reigns of so many bad Princes is, because they chose to live remote from truth. She is the only true friend that Kings have, when they are disposed to hearken to her ; but here they are often deceived : for they consider her only as a troublesome monitor, that must be kept off or punished.

For my part, as I have loved her from my most early infancy, I think I shall continue to love her, were she to say the harshest things to me. She is like those bitter medicines, which, though disagreeable to the taste, restore health. She is certainly better known at St. MARINO, than any where else. In great Courts she is only seen obliquely ; but you see her straight before you, and receive her with joy.

I shall not send you the book you want to see. It is quite a shapeless production, badly translated from the French, and swarms with errors against Faith and Morals. Nothing however is talked of but *Humanity*, which now-a-days is a fine word artfully substituted in the place of *Charity* ; for *Humanity* is no more than a heathen virtue, whereas *Charity* is a Christian one. Modern Philosophy likes nothing that belongs to Christianity, and thus it shews to the eyes of reason, that it is pleased only with what is defective.

The ancient Philosophers, who had not the lights of faith, nor the happiness of knowing the true God, wished for a Revelation : and

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the modern ones reject that which no body can disown. But here they betray themselves: for had they an upright heart and a pure soul; had they the *Humanity* they pretend to have, they would receive, with transports of gratitude, a Religion, which condemns even wicked desires; which expressly enjoins the love of our neighbour; and promises an eternal reward to those who have assisted their brethren, and have been faithful to their God, their King and their Country.—A virtuous man cannot hate a Religion, which preaches nothing but virtue.

Therefore, when I continually see flowing from the pen of those writers, who anathematize the Christian Religion, the words *Legislation*, *Patriotism*, *Humanity*, I say, without fear of a mistake, these men are making a jest of the public; and inwardly, they have neither *Patriotism*, nor *Humanity*.—The mouth commonly speaks from the abundance of the heart.

It is on this ground I would gladly have attacked the new Philosophers, had I thought myself strong enough to engage with them. They might have cried out against my way of reasoning, because I should have pressed them closely; but they would not complain of my want of temper. I would have spoken to them, as a most tender friend; like one as zealous for their happiness, as for my own; like a writer of truth and an impartial man, who would acknowledge their talents, and have often

often done justice to the excellency of their understanding. I have presumption enough to think they would have liked me, though their Antagonist.

I shall not execute this plan, because I enjoy not here that happy tranquillity, which is breathed at St. MARINO: it is there a person enjoys a quietude, that has something heavenly.

This ease, however, must be baneful to the sciences and the *Belles Lettres*, since there are not seen, in the immense catalogue of famous men, any Writers Citizens of St. MARINO. I advise you to spur on your subjects, while you are in place. But make haste; for it is not of your reign that it was said: *and of his reign there shall be no end.** Your countrymen have natural parts; you have only to promote their exertion.

Here is a letter as long as your Dominions, especially if you consider the heart that dictated it, and in which you have often a good place. It is thus people write, and it is thus people love one another, when they have been at College together. Adieu.

* Luke i. 33.

LETTER LIX.

*To Count ***.*

I Was not willing to advise you, my dear Friend, to apply to the Mathematics, till you were well grounded in the principles of Religion. I feared that by giving yourself up to that

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science,

science, which admits only of what is demonstrated, you might become like so many Mathematicians, who are for subjecting our mysteries to Demonstration. The Mathematics, notwithstanding their great extent, have nothing but what is very finite, if we come to speak of God. All the lines that can be drawn on earth, all the points at which it is possible to terminate these lines, are no more than *Infinitiesimals* in comparison of that immense Being, who admits of neither parallels nor ratios.

The Mathematics will give you a just way of thinking. Without them, a certain method necessary for rectifying our thoughts, classing our ideas, and settling a sure judgment, is wanting. It is easy to perceive, in reading a book (though it treats of a moral subject) whether or no the author was a Mathematician: I am seldom mistaken in this point. The most famous Metaphysician among the French, could never have composed *The Research after Truth*,* nor the learned LEIBNITZ his *Theodicea*, had they not been Mathematicians. One discovers in their publications that Geometrical order, which makes their reasoning close, strong, and above all, methodical.

Order is something so beautiful, that in all nature there is nothing but what bears its stamp; and without it there is no Harmony. So that the Mathematics may be said to be an Universal Science, which connects together all

* Father Malebranche.

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the others, and exposes them in their finest relations one to another.

The eyes of a Mathematician are generally certain and sure; they analyse and decompose with justness. Whereas a man deprived of all knowledge of the Mathematics, sees things in a vague and almost ever in an uncertain manner.

Strive therefore to acquire this science, so worthy of our curiosity, and so necessary in itself; but so as not to be too much taken up with it.—We must always endeavour to be masters of ourselves, to whatever kind of study we apply.

Had I your time and your youth, I would acquire a more extensive knowledge of GEOMETRY. I have all along had a predilection for that science. My turn of mind makes me seek with avidity whatever is methodical, and I set little value on those works, wherein nothing but Imagination is found.

We have three principal Sciences, which I compare to the three essential parts of our frame: Theology, which, for its spiritual nature, is like our soul; the Mathematics, which for their combination and justness, express our reason; and Natural Philosophy, which for its mechanical operations, represents our bodies: and these three Sciences, which ought to be in perfect harmony, when each keeps within its own sphere, necessarily elevate us towards their Author, the source and plenitude of all light.

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I formerly, while at *Ascoli*, set about a work, the design of which was to shew the perfect agreement which subsists between all the sciences. I pointed out their source, their end, and the relation they had one to another: but the exercises of the Cloister, and the Lessons I was obliged to give, hindered me from finishing it. I have some pieces of it, which I will look out from among my papers; and, if they will amuse you, you may read them. There are some ideas in it, and some sight of things: but it is only a rough sketch or draught of a work, which you must fill up, while you read, as you are capable of doing it.

Philosophy, without Geometry, is like Medicine without Chemistry. The greatest part of our modern Philosophers are guilty of false reasoning, merely because they are no Geometricians. They take sophisms for truth, and if they lay down any true principles, the consequences they draw from them are false. Study alone does not make a man learned; nor does the knowledge of the sciences make him a Philosopher. But we live in an age; when people are imposed on by sounding words; and a man thinks himself a genius, when he strikes out any thing new or singular. Trust not those writers, who are more taken up with style than matter, and who venture any thing for the pleasure of surprising.

I will send you, the very first opportunity, a treatise on Trigonometry; and, if necessary,
I will

Let. lx. P. CLEMENT XIV. 151

I will prove Geometrically, that is, to a demonstration, that I am ever your best friend.

Rome, June 22, 1753.

L E T T E R LX.

To a Religious of the Conventual Friars-Minors.

YOU are in the wrong, Rev. Father, to imagine that I take no concern in our General Chapters. I am sensibly interested in them; not indeed like one ambitious of promotion, but like a friend of our Order, who earnestly wishes that learning and piety may enjoy the first places in it. A Superior, who is barely a man of learning, may do a deal of harm; and he, who has nothing but devotion, may do still more. “Where there is no learning, nothing can be done:” this is a judicious reflection of *St. Theresa*. Besides learning and piety, a Superior stands in need of wisdom and discretion; for the difference between teaching and governing is very great. It has even been observed, that no Writers whatsoever, even those who give the finest lessons to Monarchs, are fit for administration. Good sense has often been of more use than great parts, or even genius, towards governing men with prudence. A man of too great parts has too many ideas, and he is ever changing.

I exert all possible zeal, to get those chosen superiors, who are the fittest for government, but without any view to myself, and without intrigue.

intrigue. I choose no other Empire than my Cell; and scarce can I there keep my imagination and thoughts in order. Man is so often tossed about by his own desires, that he does not always do what he would, though he be at liberty to act, or not to act.

I shall propose at the next meeting what you desire; and I presume it will be agreed to, as far as one can answer for a multitude of opinions, and different dispositions. Truth ought naturally to drag all men along with it; but it shews itself in so many different aspects, that every one forms his judgment from the light in which he sees it.—The view varies according to our ideas and our interest.

Be convinced that I am, as heretofore, ever ready to oblige you, ever your servant and good Friend.

LETTER LXI.

To Cardinal SPINELLI.

MOST EMINENT,

THE book will be approved of, as it deserves. Whatever certain Fanatics may allege against it, it contains nothing, but what is very orthodox, and very practicable. If a Pharisaical spirit is suffered to go on, we shall have nothing in the Church, but trifling practices of Devotion; and Religion, which in itself is so beautiful and sublime, will become a circle of superstitions.

People

People are generally not much captivated with what tends to the reformation of the heart; they take a pleasure in growing old, without rooting up their bad habits, relying on some prayers, which they patter over in a hurry, and think sufficient to carry them to heaven.

It is not surprising that the world should seduce us: but it is inconceivable how men, who value themselves on opposing its maxims, do not guard souls against this seduction. There are *Pharisees* in every age, and will be to the end of the world. They build up *white sepulchers*, instead of erecting temples to the Eternal; and lull the Faithful asleep, by amusing them with practices, which neither influence the understanding or heart.

It were to be wished that every one had your Eminence's eye. What abuses would be reformed! What false practices suppressed! When a Pastor nourishes his mind with nothing but the sacred scripture, the Councils and Fathers, there is no fear of his Diocese falling into superstitious practices. MURATORI said that "trifling devotions were like balls for taking out spots in cloaths, which remove the spots only in appearance, to make them larger."

Though overpowered with labour, I will give your Lordship a proof, by undertaking what you have imposed on me, that I never will decline the happiness of convincing you of that sincere respect, with which I am, &c.

Rome, July 3, 1752.

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L E T-

LETTER LXII.

To the Abbé LAMI.

I KNOW not where I am in the midst of the disorder that reigns in my cell and in my head. Every thing is in confusion: I must write to an Author as methodical as you are, to clear up such a Chaos.

Your last letter on Poetry would have been a master-piece in my eyes, had you but characterized the Poetic genius of each nation. The *Italians* are not Poets after the manner of the *English*; nor the *Germans* after the manner of the *French*. In the first principles they resemble each other; but they differ in warmth and enthusiasm. The *German* Poetry is a fire that gives light; the *French* a fire that crackles; the *Italian* a fire that burns; the *English* a fire that blackens.

In our poetical pieces we heap too many images one upon another; we ought to use them more sparingly, if we would have them excite a livelier sensation. Nothing awakes a reader better than surprising him; but this cannot be done, when the things capable of producing that effect, are too much multiplied.

Happy that temperate genius, which equally in Poetry, as in Prose, manages with delicacy the Episodes and situations! I soon grow tired of a garden, where I find nothing but cascades and groves; whereas one enchants me, when I find in it only here and there verdant alcoves, and pieces of water-works. Violets gain infinitely

initely by being only half seen through a thick foliage. A flower that conceals itself from sight, excites the greater curiosity.

Beauties are only relative. If every thing was equally grand, the eyes would soon tire with admiring. Nature, which ought to be the model of every writer, varies its landscapes in such a manner, that they never fatigue the sight. The finest meadows are found in the neighbourhood of the most simple Valley, and often a delightful river runs at the foot of a lonesome hill.

Repeat these lessons, my dear Abbè, in order, if possible, to correct our Poets of that effusion of beauties, which are no more than so much gold heaped up without order or taste. Your sheets are as much esteemed, as your genius is admired; and when a Journalist has acquired that double glory, he may talk like a master, well assured that attention will be paid to what he says.

When I was a young scholar, I lost one of my companions, to whom a sympathy of nature had intimately united me. Alas! After many a solitary walk together, many a reflection on things we did not then understand, but which we were desirous of understanding—he died: and I thought nothing could better mitigate my grief, than to address to him some verses; being convinced, even at that age, that we only changed life, when we seemed to die.

I praised, above all, his candour and his piety; for he was really an example of every

virtue. But this elogium, as I was then made sensible, was faulty on account of the paintings, with which it was overcharged. I introduced into it all the beauties of the country, and did not allow my readers time to breathe.—It was a tree choaked with too much wood, and a luxury of leaves, so that no fruit was seen on it.

From that moment, I never again attempted verse. I contented myself with reading the Poets, and I endeavoured to find out their faults and their beauties. What vexed me was, that my work, being full of imperfections, would never be handed down to posterity, and that my Friend, on every consideration, deserved the honour of immortality.

Never will he be blotted out of my heart; and thus it is friends have a resource in sentiment, when their mental abilities are not capable of making a return of friendship—This is my case with regard to you. Abstract from my thoughts, and think only on the attachment I have vowed to you; and you will find, that, if I am not a good speaker, I am at least a true friend, and a good servant.—Make a trial of me.

Rome, Dec. 10, 1755.

LETTER LXIII.

To Baron KRONECH, a German Gentleman.

I Know not which to admire most in you, Mr. Baron, your understanding or your pleasing manner. Nothing can prove better than
your

Let. lxiv. P. CLEMENT XIV. 157

your example, how much the GERMANS are possessed of the qualities requisite for friendship. All of them, with whom I have been acquainted, had the best of souls.

If you continue to employ yourself in what is useful, you will be an honour to your nation, and to all who know you. I felicitate myself, that mere chance procured me the pleasure of your agreeable conversation. I have all along been a gainer by being communicative, having thereby met either with persons, who merited the warmest attachment; or unhappy beings, who stood in need of helps and counsel.

There is something so sweet in obliging, that a person cannot go too far to meet those in his way, when led on by this motive. I wish this letter might have no end, for the pleasure I take in talking to you; but I must recollect what I owe to my choir-duties, my ordinary labours, and the fear of tiring you. Accept therefore without ceremony the vows I make for the sight of you here again, that I may once more tell you how much I have the honour to be, &c.

L E T T E R LXIV.

To M. DE LA BRUYERE, *the Chargè des Affaires of France, at the Court of Rome.*

SIR,

I Went to your house with a design of stealing at least an hour of your time, to turn it to my own profit; but there was no getting into
into

into that valuable cabinet, from whence you correspond with that of VERSAILLES, in a manner so much to your own honour, and to the advantage of your amiable nation. I came quickly away (I who am no farther a Politician, than not to be one) and on my return home, I said to myself, I must never be seen at your house again, till I am sent for.

Did I know, however, the hour you destine to your favourite Ladies, the *Belles Lettres*, I would strive to get to the speech of you. Something would come from your excellent memory, and your lively imagination, which would embellish mine; and then my company would be worth something.

I always regret having heard only half of that certain Manuscript read, where Rome, represented such as she is, gives full satisfaction to curiosity. Flowers and fruits are there blended together, and form the prettiest basket that can be presented to persons of taste. My soul is eager to hear the rest: and I think you are too polite not to gratify it.

You could not choose a happier Epocha to paint Rome to advantage, than the reign of BENEDICT XIV. He seems to give new life to this city in the eyes of Foreigners, and the sciences assume a new lustre to make their court to him. So true it is, that nothing is wanting but a Monarch to give life and motion even to things inanimate.

If by chance you should have an hour with which you do not know what to do, send for
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Ganganelli; and he will give proof that neither study, business, nor visit, can detain him, when proof is to be given of the zeal with which I have the honour to be, &c.

L E T T E R LXXV.

To the same.

S I R,

YOU are really too generous in granting me three hours of your time, and leaving them to my choice. To-morrow, since you give me leave, I will come and enjoy the benefit of your courtesy. It is to no purpose for me to tell my intellect to dress in *gala*, and set itself off in an elegant taste; I am sure it will be able to do nothing, but admire you. Its timidity, joined to its small acquisition, will hinder it from exhibiting any brilliancy. Expect, therefore, to be at the whole expence of our entertainment—You alone will be vexed at that, for your modesty is equal to your learning.

Notwithstanding the pleasure I take in seeing you, I should still take more, had you yet with you the Duke de *Nivernois*, whose heart and understanding every one extols. He is a Nobleman who is learned only with the learned, and whose knowledge, as I may say, is interlaced with roses and jessamies.

I will let you see a production of one of our young Religious, which will convince you, that not only erudition, but even taste may
be

be found in Cloisters. When talents are exercised, as well as encouraged, we see plants, which had been looked upon as barren, produce the finest fruit.

I have the honour to be, &c.

Rome, May 3, 1753.

LETTER LXVI.

To Cardinal QUERINI, Bishop of Brescia.

MOST EMINENT,

YOUR Eminence does me too much honour, and has too great an opinion of my weak abilities, when you disdain not to consult me on the method of studying and teaching Theology.

There was formerly only one way of exhibiting this sublime science, which, springing from God himself, as from its source, spreads itself through the whole Church, like a most majestic and overflowing river; and this is called *Positive Divinity*.

The Professors contented themselves (out of respect, no doubt, for the sacred doctrine of Scripture, Councils and Fathers) with simply laying before the eyes of the Students the Morality and Dogmas of the Gospel. Thus were the Commandments of God formerly laid open before the eyes of the Jews, without any commentaries, and they fixed them in their memory, and in their heart, as what concerned them most, and was to constitute their happiness.

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The Church, in every age agitated by storms, (though seated on the holy mount, whose foundations are eternal) saw from time to time rise out of her bosom rebellious children, who learned the art of *Sophistry*; and it was their artificial language that obliged the defenders of the faith to make use of the *syllogistic* form.

Every body knows the Epocha, when certain Doctors bristled themselves up with *Enthymems* and *Syllogisms*, to drive, even from their very last entrenchments, the Heretics, who squabbled about the meaning of every text of scripture, and about every word in it. THOMAS, the *Angel of the school*, SCOTUS the *subtle Doctor*, thought themselves obliged to follow the same form; and insensibly their method, supported by their brilliant reputation, prevailed in the Universities.

As all things commonly degenerate, it was impossible to bring *positive Divinity* into use again; and the manner of teaching in the schools, which got the name of the *scholastic* method, ran entirely upon distinctions and words. By endeavouring to render every thing clear, every thing became obscure; and very often no answer was given to any thing, by endeavouring to answer every thing.

Besides that this *Ergetism* appertained only to Philosophy, it had the appearance of rendering problematical the most certain truths; and this was the more vexatious, as the questions agitated were in themselves ridiculous; and they

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split

split hairs even about the mysteries of Religion, whose sublime depth ought to stop every man that thinks.

Since the *scholastic* method however has the advantage of helping the memory, by giving a form to the arguments; since moreover the abuses with which it is reproached, never obscure the sacred truths, whose reign is as lasting, as that of God himself, it has been thought proper to retain it.

I have therefore, my Lord, always thought, that the *scholastic* Method, modified in the manner it is taught in the *sapienza* at Rome, and in the first schools of the Christian world, might still subsist without enervating Morality, or altering the Dogmas, provided the Professors were perfectly men of learning, so as not to take mere opinions for points of Faith.

Nothing is more dangerous than to give a thing as a matter of Faith, which is merely a matter of opinion, and to confound a pious belief with what is revealed. A true Theologian never uses any distinctions, but such as are solid and real; and draws his consequences only from such principles as are clear and precise.

A truth is no way better proved, than by the common doctrine of all the Churches; a point to which our modern Theologians do not pay sufficient attention. The Dogma of the Eucharist never appeared more solidly established, than when a perfect conformity of doctrine, with regard to that point, was shewn between the Roman-Catholics and the Greek Schismatics.

Theology,

Theology, therefore, in order to be solid and luminous, that is to say, to preserve its most essential attributes, stands only in need of a clear and simple exposition of all the Articles of Faith; and then it appears supported with all its proofs and authorities.

If a person, for instance, would establish the truth of the Mystery of the INCARNATION, he must prove, that as God can only act for himself, he must have had in view, at the creation of the world, the ETERNAL WORD, by whom the Universe and ages were made; and that, "when he formed *Adam*, as *Tertullian* expresses it, he already traced the lineaments of *JESUS CHRIST*." This agrees with the doctrine of *St. Paul*, who teaches in the most express manner, that every thing exists in that divine Mediator, and subsists through him alone. *All things were created by him, and in him . . . and things subsist by him.**

He next proves from the figures and the prophecies (which he shews to be authentic) that the INCARNATION is their object, and that there is nothing in the sacred books, but what directly or indirectly refers thereto. He then shews the time when, and the place where, this ineffable mystery was accomplished, by examining the character of the signs which accompanied it, of the witnesses who attested it, of the prodigies which followed it; and unfolds whatever Tradition has handed down on that subject.

* Omnia per ipsum & in ipso creata sunt . . . & omnia in ipso constant. *Col. i. 16, 17.*

It is then he shews the authority of the Fathers of the Church, the force of their reasoning, the sublimity of their comparisons; and he makes use of the *Scholastic* method to disentangle the sophisms of the Heresiarchs, in order to fight them with their own weapons, and to conquer them.

Thus *Positive* Theology resembles a magnificent garden, and the *Scholastic* a thick-set fence surrounding it, to prevent mischievous animals from getting in to lay it waste.

If, when I filled the Divinity-chair, I taught Theology exactly after the Scholastic method, the reason was, that being a brother of *Scotus*, I could not be dispensed with from teaching *Scotism*. It would ill become a particular to endeavour to change the manner of teaching in an Order, of which he is a member: it might be attended with some dangerous consequence, though no one ought servilely to embrace whimsical opinions.

As to you, my Lord, who in quality of Bishop, have an incontestible right over Doctrine, and can give it what form you please, I entreat you to recommend it to your Theologians, that they make use of the *Scholastic* method with discretion, for fear of enervating Theology.

I shall believe that they correspond with your lights, if I see them go to drink at the fountains, instead of barely copying manuscript treatises on Theology; and if they content themselves with expounding the doctrine
of

of the Church, without giving themselves up to disputes, or imbibing a party spirit.

That spirit, my Lord, is the more dangerous, as, under its influence, people give us their own opinions, instead of those eternal truths, which every one ought to respect; and abandon themselves to altercations, which, under pretence of maintaining the cause of God, extinguish charity.

Suffer none to deny the OMNIPOTENT EFFICACY of GRACE, in order to maintain Free-will; nor under pretence of enhancing that inestimable and perfectly gratuitous gift, allow any one to destroy our Liberty; or through too great a respect for the saints, to forget what we owe to JESUS CHRIST. All the Theological truths are so connected together, that they make only one; and some of them are covered with a mysterious veil, which it is impossible to remove.

The great fault of some Theologians is, that they want to explain every thing, and know not when to stop. The Apostle, for instance, speaking of heaven says: *that the eye hath not seen, nor ear heard what things God hath prepared for them that love him**: and the Theologians give us a description of heaven, as if they had been there. They assign every one of the Elect his rank; and they are ready to cry out *Herefy!* should a person dare to contradict them. A true Theologian stops where he ought to stop; and when a thing is not re-

* 1. Cor. i, 9.

vealed,

vealed, and the Church has not spoken, he never presumes to decide on it. There will ever be an impenetrable cloud between God and man, to the moment of Eternity.

The figures ceased with the old Law to give place to the Reality; but Evidence is not to be found till after death: such is the œconomy of Religion. It were to be wished, my Lord, that when we speak of God, we always spoke of him with a holy awe, not as of a Being, whom we dreaded, but as of a spirit, whose immense perfections excite the greatest respect and astonishment. Thus, instead of saying: "God would be unjust, or a liar; God would not be almighty, if such a thing happened:" we ought to accustom ourselves never to join such injurious words with that of God. Let us content ourselves with answering like St. Paul: *Is there injustice with God? God forbid.**

The name of God is so awful and holy, that it is never to be used in pieces of wit. Is it not enough for man to exercise himself with the *phænomena* of nature, to dispute about the Elements and their effects, without making God himself the subject of their contests?

This it is that has rendered Theology ridiculous in the eyes of Freethinkers, and perhaps has taught them to introduce the name of God in all their objections and sarcasms: For how can Theology, which is nothing else but an exposition of the Providence, the Wisdom, in a word, of all the attributes of the Infinite

* Rom. ix. 14.

Being,

Being, the Almighty Being, the Being by excellence, appear a futile science, were it exhibited with dignity? Will the knowledge of a grain of sand, the sport of the wind, of an insect, which man crushes under his foot, lastly of an earth, which itself must be destroyed, be superior to the knowledge of God himself? Of that God, *in whom we are, move and live*, before whom the Ocean is only a drop of water, the Mountains a point, the Universe an atom!

A Theologian must begin his course with that immense and supreme Being. After having demonstrated his Existence absolutely necessary, and necessarily Eternal; after having sought out, even in his bosom, the creation of spirits; after having proved that every thing emanates from him as from its first Principle; that every thing breathes in him, as in its Centre, that every thing returns to him, as to its End, he displays his immense Wisdom, his infinite Goodness, from whence results REVELATION, and the Worship we pay him.

Then the Law of nature, the written law, and the law of grace appear each in their rank, according to their respective merit, and in a chronological order. Then he demonstrates how God has all along been worshipped by a small number of adorers in spirit and truth; how the Church superseded the Synagogue; how she cut off, from age to age, the rebels, who attempted to corrupt her Morality or Dogmas, and how, ever powerful in works and in words, she

she was assisted by the greatest Doctors, and maintained in her purity, in the midst of the most frightful scandals, and the most cruel divisions.

It is necessary that those who study Theology should find real light in what is taught them, and not those false glimmerings, fitter to dazzle than enlighten; that they be led to the purest sources under the guidance of St. AUGUSTIN and St. THOMAS; and that whatever favours of novelty be laid aside; that they be inspired with the evangelical spirit of toleration, even towards those, who attack the Faith; and that it be inculcated to them, that the spirit of JESUS CHRIST is not a spirit of bitterness and tyranny.

It is not by using invectives against Heretics, or by shewing a bitter zeal against Unbelievers, that they are to be brought to the truth; but by shewing a sincere desire for their conversion: by never speaking of them, unless to shew our sincere love for them, at the very time we refute their sophisms.

It is necessary that a Professor in Theology should contrast the Theologians of Heathenism with those of Christianity, since that would be the most effectual way to overthrow Mythology, cover with eternal ridicule the superstitions of the Ancients, and raise on their ruins the doctrine of truth.

It is still more necessary that he should avoid being systematic. When eternal truths are to be taught, we are to hold solely to the Church,
Scripture

Scripture and Tradition, because we are deputed by the body of Pastors, to instruct in their name, and to exercise their authority.

Would to God this method had always been exactly followed! The Church would not have seen the most afflicting and obstinate disputes arise in its bosom. The Passions take the place of Charity, and the mutual hatred of Doctors produces the most melancholy effects.

Hence it follows, my Lord, that your Eminence cannot pay too much attention to the nominating of moderate Theologians, lest a bitter zeal do more harm than good. The spirit of the Gospel, is a spirit of peace; and those who are to preach it, ought not to be men of a turbulent disposition.

Might I presume so far, my Lord, I would intreat your Eminence to order a body of Theology to be drawn up, which might be for ever taught in your Diocese, and which certainly would be adopted by several Bishops. The liberty of the schools ought to be allowed to continue only relatively to Questions that are of themselves indifferent; for there is only *one Baptism* and *one Faith*.

The end of Theology was not to exercise the wit of young people, but to enlighten the mind, and elevate it to him, who is the plenitude and source of all light.

It is proper to provide the scholars with the best books relating to the Treatise given them. The most excellent manner of studying Religion, is to be perfectly acquainted

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with

with the sacred Writers, the Councils and Fathers—It is in their school we learn not to go astray; there we learn to speak of Christianity in a manner worthy of it.

I have nothing more to say, my Lord, but that a Professor in Theology ought to be a man of equal piety and learning. Eternal truths (as far as possibly it can be done) ought to pass only through lips perfectly holy. From thence results a blessing of heaven on the Master and the Scholars; and an *odour of life* for a whole Diocese. Italy has all along been happy in having Theologians, whose piety corresponds with the purity of her Theology.

Excuse, my Lord, my temerity, which would be unpardonable, had not your Eminence ordered me to give you my opinion. I submit it entirely to your Eminence's lights, having the honour to be with the most perfect obedience, and most profound respect, &c.

Rome, May 31, 1753.

LETTER LXVII.

To the Count de BIELK, a Senator of Rome.

EXCELLENCE,

I Will wait on your Illustrious Lordship as soon as possible, in order to examine the Manuscript your Excellency condescended to mention to me. A Religious man is no where more at his ease than at your Excellence's palace. He finds there a most delightful solitude,
choice

choice of books, and your amiable conversation. Nothing in the commerce of life is more agreeable than that Philosophic liberty, which, free from servitude, raised above grandeurs, acting without constraint, is independent of every thing, but duty.

Nevertheless you tell me that you are not happy. What then can you wish for to be so? Those haughty Romans, who inhabited the Capitol, where you reside, with all their fame and Philosophy, enjoyed not your tranquillity: they lived in the midst of storms, and you are in the centre of peace: they were always engaged in war, and Rome is now that city of which the Prophet speaks, and *whose confines are the borders of peace* *.

A man cannot be happy either in the midst of riches or noise, but only in the company of a few books, and of some friends. If we suffer ourselves to be governed by humour, we are lost.—It is the greatest enemy we have.

Your Excellence has so many resources in your own mind, that you ought not even to know what it is to be uneasy. For my part, all I know of it is only from the Dictionaries that explain the word, and truly, did it attempt to get into my cell, I would soon find a remedy: I would immediately come and improve by your knowledge, and often repeat the sentiments of respect and attachment, with which I am, &c.

Convent of the Apostles.

* Qui posuit fines tuos pacem. Ps. 147. Vulg.

LETTER LXVIII.

*To Count ***.*

WELL, my dear Friend, what are we doing? It is a long time since I have seen you: I do not deserve that privation. You know that I readily quit my pen, my work, and my books, when you pay me a visit.

Those who come to see us, neither stand in need of our studies, nor do they want to know our concerns: but that is what a great many studious people do not consider. When a person comes to see them, they are either taken up with themselves alone, or their own concerns, without reflecting, that they owe themselves entirely to their visitors.

I always made it my rule to receive kindly whoever honours me with a visit, though out of season: it is enough that he is my neighbour. Judge from hence whether or not you will meet with a kind reception.

There are now exactly ten days passed, since I saw the little Abbè. I fear; but I dare not tell you that—The art of holding one's tongue is a great virtue. Happy he who says nothing but what he ought to say! Accustom yourself to secrecy without affecting too much reserve: a mysterious man is intolerable in company: and a small share of sagacity makes it an easy matter to divine the thoughts of one, who assumes the appearance of a person who says nothing.

I am

I am not close; I however trust no one either with my correspondence or connexions. Never make use of cunning; it is a bad resource, and is moreover incompatible with probity, and is soon discovered.

I have heard the young lady spoken of, who is destined for you; and from the picture given me of her, I think she will make you happy: for I am told that she is neither a Devotee, a prude, nor a whim. I will tell you more when we meet; but let it be soon, to-morrow, to-day, just now. I am without any reserve, your servant and best friend, &c.

L E T T E R. LXIX.

To the Rev. Father CONCINA, a Dominican Friar.

IT is surprising, Rev. Father, no doubt, that in so enlightened an age as ours, there should be found Casuists capable of teaching the abominations you attack. Those who think your zeal too bitter, know not what Religion requires, when its morality or Dogmas are impugned. It is then you are to say to yourself: *Cry aloud without ceasing.**

All sorts of errors would insensibly creep into the Church, were no-body to cry out against them: but no sooner does a heterodox opinion appear, or is any loose morality

* Clama, ne cesses. *Ij. lviii. 1.*

broached,

broached, but the sacred trumpet is clapped to the mouth, and the Pastors, who are always on the watch, stop the evil in its source.

Your work gave me sensible pleasure: I found therein that holy vehemence, which characterizes the Fathers of the Church. I could have wished to come and see you; but your occupations, as well as mine, thwart the inclination I might have to assure you by word of mouth of the respectful consideration, with which I have the honour to be, &c.

Rome, March 7, 1753.

L E T T E R LXX.

To Cardinal GENTILI.

M O S T E M I N E N T,

I Will come to-morrow precisely at the hour your Eminence has appointed, like one zealous to prove, on every occasion, how much your Lordship's orders are respected by me. I cannot possibly bring with me the writing you mention, as it is not finished; but I will endeavour to supply the want of it by stretching my memory. It sometimes serves me pretty well. I am, my Lord, with the most profound respect, your Eminence's, &c.

Rome, March 7, 1752.

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L E T T E R LXXI.

To Monseigneur ZARUSKI, Grand Referendary of Poland.

MY LORD,

I Have in vain sought for the book you wanted; it is neither in our Library, nor in any other in Rome. A person must be endowed with your sagacity to find it. What work is there which you have not discovered? There is not a book in the world, but owes you homage, or one that can escape your researches.

You design to perpetuate the honour the POLISH nation has all along acquired, by signalizing yourself by an uncommon erudition. The COPERNICUSES for natural Philosophy, the HOSIUSES for Theology, the FALUSKIS for History, the ZAMOISKIS for the *Belles Lettres*, the Fathers of the PIOUS, or CHARITY-SCHOOLS for Erudition, the SOBIESKIS for the Art Military, will never be forgotten.

The Library which you have just opened for the benefit of the public, in concert with your illustrious Brother the Bishop of *Cracovia*, is filled with POLISH Writers, the most distinguished in every branch. It would be a pity, that so famous a Republic should not keep up a love for the sciences among its subjects, and that the natural genius of your worthy countrymen should remain without culture.

The wars, of which POLAND has so often been the dreadful Theatre, have made many
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an Author miscarry. They would have written with indelible ink the productions of their genius; but they wrote, in their own blood, the characters of their valour.

Circumstances almost constantly determine the lot of men: one stiffles his aptitude for the Sciences, by becoming a foldier; another becomes eminent for his erudition, by leading a private life: and Providence orders all for the best: *It reacheth from end to end mightily, and ordereth all things sweetly**.

I could wish, my Lord, that your love for the sciences and for books, inspired you with a desire of once more seeing Rome. You formerly came thither to learn; you will now come to give us lessons, and receive the respects of every body, but particularly of him, who is your very humble, &c.

Rome, July 9, 1755.

* Pertingit à fine usque ad finem fortiter, suaviterque disponit omnia. *Wisd.* viii. 1.

L E T T E R LXXII.

To a Friend of his, a Religious man, nominated to a Bishoprick.

AFTER having been an humble disciple of St. *Francis*, behold you now in the rank of Apostles! It is sufficient to tell you, my dear Friend, that you are to be elevated for no other purpose, but to become in reality the
servant

servant of all, and that you are to have no splendor, but that of virtue.

In the eyes of Faith there is no dignity on earth so much to be dreaded as the office of a Bishop. He is to watch night and day over the flock of JESUS CHRIST, and to bear in mind that he is accountable before his tribunal for every sheep that goes astray. He must reproduce himself, that he may never tire; he must multiply himself, that he may be every where; he must live retired, that he may study and pray.

There are two things so essentially required of Bishops, that they cannot be worthy of their dignity, if they possess them not in an eminent degree; *Purity*, which ought to make them like the Angels themselves (for which reason they are called by that name in the sacred scripture, as appears from the first chapter of Revelation) and *Knowledge*, which in the Gospel has merited for them the honour of being called the *Light of the world*. In quality of men without *reproach*, they ought not to lie even under any suspicion with regard to their morals and conduct; and they are moreover obliged to preserve others from corruption: and for this reason are they called the *salt of the earth**. In quality of men of learning, they ought to be the eye of the blind; the foot of the lame, the light of the world. It is not enough for a Bishop that he be a man of virtue, and that he consults men

* *Matt. v. 13.*

of learning to know what he is to do; he must of himself discern good from evil, truth from error; for he is the Judge of doctrine and manners: and if he has not the talent of judging, he will not have that of governing, but will suffer himself to be imposed on.

My comfort is, that you have had a solid education, and will see every thing with your own eyes: This is absolutely necessary not to become the dupe either of hypocrites or informers.

I make no doubt, but that you have already seriously meditated on the Epistle of St. *Paul to Timothy*, and that of St. *Peter* to all the Faithful. By the first you will have seen, that a Bishop ought to be *irreprehensible, sober, chaste, pacific*, not to live like those Christians, whose history is precisely that of the wicked rich man, in as much as they are dressed in *purple* and fine *linen*, and feed every day daintily, and suffer *Lazarus* to expire at their gate.

By the second you will have learned not to domineer over any Church-man intrusted to your care; for the spirit of JESUS CHRIST is not a spirit of domineering, but a spirit of meekness and humility; so that a Bishop ought to consider the Parochial Clergy as his equals in the order of Christian charity, though they be not so in that of the Hierarchy—His house ought to be their Inn.

Do not easily excuse yourself from announcing the word of God, bearing in mind that St. *Paul* says, he was not sent to baptize, but

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to preach. Manage so, that there be none of the Sacraments, which you administer not from time to time, to shew your Diocesans that you are at their service in sickness, as well as in health; at their birth, as well as at their death.

Above all, be exact in visiting the domain intrusted to your care, and let not your Visitations be storms that excite fear and dread, but benign dews that diffuse joy and fecundity.

If you find by chance a fellow-labourer who has sinned, spread over him the cloak of charity, to bring him back to his duty by mildness, and to hide the scandal, as far as possible. If what he has been guilty of amount to a crime, privately engage him to quit his place; but before he does that, assure him of a support and maintenance.

I will not tell you to have a paternal tenderness for the Religious; it would be an affront. You are indebted to them for all you are, and it was at their school that you, as well as I, learned whatever we know. Visit them often in a cordial manner; it is the way to excite among them a laudable emulation, and to make them respected. To honour men, whose lives are a perpetual labour, is doing honour to one's self.—A General, who should despise his Officers, would render himself worthy of the greatest contempt.

Suffer not the piety of the faithful to be fed with false legends, or amused with trifling devotions. Watch that they be taught to have

continually recourse to JESUS CHRIST, as to the sole and only Mediator, and to honour the Saints only with a reference to him. You are intrusted with teaching, and you ought to know what is taught.

Be nice in laying on hands, the more so, as *Italy* abounds with Supernumerary Priests, who, dragging with them ignorance and poverty, even to foreign nations, debase the dignity of the Priesthood, and disgrace their country.

Bestow no benefices but on known merit; and especially with regard to such as have the care of souls annexed to them: let them never be given to any who unite not knowledge with piety: and remember, that he who has laboured long, ought to have the preference to one who has been lately ordained.

Choose none for your associates in the government of your Diocese, but men who have grown grey in the ministry, and who command respect, as much by their age, as by their virtues. A Bishop who keeps company and advises only with young men is despised, seeing they may every instant engage him in quarrels. The Pope has no more than one Vicar-General, and consequently one will be enough for you.

Let *my Lord* be the least of your titles; and let those of *Father* and *Servant* be much dearer to you; for the figure of this world passes away, and all grandeurs with it.

Lastly,

Lastly, in the midst of riches and honours, keep no more than what is necessary to supply your real wants, and gain respect; bearing in mind that *St Paul* reduced his body to servitude, and that every Christian ought to mortify himself.

Above all things reside, and again reside. A Pastor, who withdraws from his flock without a reason, has no right to eat.

These are dreadful truths; but as we have no power to change them, we must either submit to them, or abdicate.

Let the Poor be your friends, your brethren, and even your guests at table. You cannot give too much. Alms are one of the most essential obligations of a Bishop; and these are to be bestowed in prisons, in private houses, in the public streets, and, in short, every where, in order to copy after our divine Saviour, who ceased not doing good all the days of his mortal life. But above all, give with cheerfulness: *God loves a cheerful giver**; and give so, as even to reduce yourself to want.

I have mentioned to you nothing concerning your domestic occupations, as I am convinced you will divide your time between prayer, study, and the government of your Diocese. No one tires with reading the *Scripture*, and *Fathers*, who knows their value, and lives not in dissipation; and who is sensible that the office of Bishop is a dreadful burden, and not a secular dignity.

* Hilarem datorem diligit Deus. 2 Cor. ix. 17.

Give

Give audience to every body; make yourself popular, after the example of our divine Master, who suffered the least children to come near him, and spoke to them with the greatest kindness. Frequently visit those of your Diocesans, who have suffered any misfortune; assist and comfort them.

It is an odious thing in a Bishop to be acquainted only with the rich and most distinguished people of his Diocese. The poor and inferior sort grumble, and not without reason; for very often, in the sight of God, they are men of the greatest worth.

If any dispute arise among the inhabitants of your Episcopal city, become immediately a Mediator. A Bishop ought not to engage in any law-suits himself; and those of others, he ought to labour to compromise.

Examine in person the Ecclesiastics, who present themselves for Orders, and take care that no childish questions, or such as are foreign to what they are obliged to know, be put to them. Watch that your Confessors observe the rules laid down by St CHARLES, in the tribunal of Penance.

From a pretence of business contract not a habit of seldom going to your Cathedral. The public is not satisfied with these excuses; they want to be edified; and who will pray, if a Bishop does not?

After a life so well spent, you will find yourself surrounded, at the hour of your death, with a multitude of good works. You know
that

Let. lxxiii. P. CLEMENT XIV. 183

that these follow us to Eternity; whereas pride, grandeur, and titles, will be lost in the darkness of the grave, and leave nothing in the soul, but a frightful void. Often read what is said to the Bishops pointed at in the Revelation, and tremble.

I think I have in this letter gone through all the duties of the Episcopate; it is your's to practise them. You will have, most assuredly, said to yourself, whatever I have just now been recalling to your mind; but you forced me to give you these counsels. They arise, I solemnly protest, from the warmest friendship, and the sincere desire I have to see you labour effectually for your own sanctification, while you labour for that of others. You are doubly obliged so to do, both as a Religious and a Bishop.

I will wait till you are consecrated, before I write to you with more ceremony. Adieu. I embrace you with my whole heart.

Convent of the Apostles, May 30, 1755.

L E T T E R LXXIII.

To the Abbè LAMI.

I AM charmed with your last sheet. Your Criticism is just and rational; and it is thus that censures ought to be passed without impatience, without humour, without partiality, according to the rules of justice and good taste. Rising talents have often been discouraged by too severe a judgment being passed
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on them. I know not any one work, ancient or modern, in which faults have not been found, when people were disposed to criticize every thing. Authors stand in need of the indulgence of the Journalists, and the Journalists themselves of that of the Public; because there is nothing perfect in an absolute degree.

I am obliged to you for the account you give us from time to time of the French publications. Those of the last age were more nervous; those of the present more pleasing. It is much the fashion for the beautiful to give place to the pretty: it is a diminutive derived from a substantive. The elogium you make of Cardinal *des LANCES*, is justly due to him. He edifies the whole Church by the splendor of his virtues, which in him are united to great knowledge. I should be well pleased, did he live at *Rome*; I would then endeavour to gain his good graces, that I might enjoy the benefit of his great learning. He is a Pupil of the Congregation of St *Genovefa* in France, famed for science and piety;—He some time wore their drefs.

There are every day some sonnets made here, not worth a straw; *PETRARCH* must be born again, to bring us back into the right road to *Parnassus*. The Academy of the *Arcadians* is still kept up, but only in the air, that is to say, on the Zephyrs, and the wings of butterflies; for they employ themselves only in light and sportive pieces.

Often

Often put your genius in the still; such fine things come from it, that you cannot torture it too much. Adieu: my friendship tells you the rest.

My most affectionate compliments to the Prior of the *Dominicans*. He always promises to come to *Rome*; but, like myself, he is glued to his books and his Cell.

L E T T E R LXXIV.

To a Gentleman of TUSCANY.

THE Education, my dear Sir, which you are for giving your children, will be no more than a Varnish, unless Religion be its basis. There are occasions to be met with in life, wherein probity alone is not of sufficient strength to resist certain temptations, and wherein the soul degrades itself, if not supported by the firm hopes of immortality.

It is necessary, in order to become happy and wise, that a man should see God, from his very infancy, as the first beginning and end of all things. Reason and Faith must inform him at the same time, that to have neither Worship nor Law, is to descend to the humiliating rank of brute beasts; and he must be convinced, that as truth is but one, so there can be only one Religion; and that, if authority did not determine our belief, every individual would have his own system and his own opinion.

You never will make your children true Christians by trifling practices of devotion.

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The Christian Religion is the greatest enemy to Pharisaism and superstition. The Church enjoins duties enow, so that we need not seek to multiply them. It is but too common to neglect what is strictly commanded for the practice of what is only of counsel: because people are fonder of hearkening to whims, than to reason; and pride is perfectly gratified with singularity.

You will take care to inspire the souls of our three young Gentlemen with the most elevated sentiments, and to convince them, that the greatest Pleasure man can enjoy, is to think, and be sensible of his existence. This is a sublime voluptuousness so worthy of a mind truly heavenly, that I consider the man as miserable, or at least in a state of apathy, who is a stranger to that happiness.

The CATECHISM is sufficient to teach them the revealed truths; but in an age of Infidelity something more is wanted than the Alphabet of Religion. You will therefore fill the minds of your children with those pure and bright lights, that dissipate the clouds of modern Philosophy, and the darkness of corruption.

A few, but solid, books will make your children learned christians. They must read them with a religious attention, less with a view to consign them to their memory, than to engrave them on their hearts. Your design is not to train up young men who are to maintain a *Thesis* in the schools, but men who are obliged,

obliged, as rational Beings, to be thoroughly convinced of the eternal Truths.

When youths have studied Religion from first principles, it seldom happens that they suffer themselves to be seduced by the sophisms of Irreligion, unless the heart be totally corrupted.

Watch with the greatest care to preserve their purity unstained, not by making use of Informers and Spies, but by having your eyes and ears every where, so as to resemble the Deity, who, unseen himself, sees all.

Children must not perceive that we mistrust them, or that we watch them; for then they are discouraged and grumble; they take a dislike to those they ought to love; they begin to have an idea of the evil they never before thought of; and it is then only they endeavour to deceive. Hence the greatest part of young students, and almost all who are brought up in seminaries, act solely from fear, and are never more happy, than when at a distance from their superiors.

Be less the Master of your children, than their Friend; they will then be transparent to your eyes, and will even tell you their faults. A hundred times have young people intrusted me with what gave them uneasiness, and with what they had done amiss, because I always treated them with kindness. They will give you the key of their hearts, when they see that you sincerely wish them well, and that it hurts you extremely to reprimand them.

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There are many reasons which induce me to advise a domestic education; but there are still more which hinder me from urging it. A domestic Education, generally speaking, better secures the morals; but it is so uniform, so tepid, so languid, that it discourages and prevents emulation. Besides, as it more narrowly inspects their conduct, it oftener makes hypocrites than hopeful youths.

Nevertheless, if you should find a Preceptor, who is mild, patient, sociable, and learned, and who joins condescension with steadiness, prudence with cheerfulness, temperance with amability, I would then tell you to make a trial at least, being persuaded that you would do nothing but in concert with him, and that you would not aim at being his Preceptor. There are but too many Fathers, who treat a Preceptor like a mercenary, and think themselves entitled to act the Master over him, because he receives a salary from them.

Trust not your sons, unless with a man whom you can confide in, as much as in yourself: but after that, hesitate not to leave him master of his own operations. Nothing so much disgusts a Preceptor, as to show any distrust of him, or to doubt of his abilities. Take care of the servants who are about your children; they are generally the corrupters of youth.

Let an amiable serenity ever shine on your forehead and in your eyes, and let every thing be done according to your wish without constraint

straint or fear—Nobody loves stormy weather; but every body is cheered at the sight of a fine day.

Join pleasure with every kind of study you propose to your children, by inspiring them with a strong desire of knowledge, and a great dread of remaining in ignorance.

You must contrive to let your children have intervals of rest from their labour, that their memory and minds may not be too much fatigued. When a person studies with a dislike, he takes an aversion to books, and only sighs after idleness and liberty.

Instruct, not by punishing, but by making them fond of your instructions; and to this end take care to divert them with some pieces of history, and some fallies of wit which may awake their attention. I knew at *Milan* a young man, who had been made so fond of study, that he took the days allotted for play, as a necessary repose indeed, but considered them at the same time as days of mourning. His books were his pleasure and his treasure; and it was a good Priest, who by means of his cheerfulness of temper and lively imagination, had fired him with a love for all works of taste and erudition. He would have become one of the first among the learned in Europe, had not death stopped him in his career.

Proportion their studies to their age, and attempt not to make Metaphysicians of them, when only twelve years old: that would not be bringing them up as young men, but as parrots,

parrots, who are taught to repeat some words.

It is with the Sciences, as with our food. The stomach of a child requires light nourishment, and it is by degrees that it is accustomed to more substantial and solid meats.

Never fail making some book of amusement succeed the more serious reading, and to intermix Poetry with Prose. VIRGIL is no less eloquent than CICERO, and his descriptions, images and expressions give imagination and elocution to those who have none. Poetry is the perfection of languages; and if we make no use of it when young, we shall never have a taste for it. It is impossible, at a certain age of life, to read verses long together, unless a person has really a taste for Poetry.

Moderate however the study of the Poets; for besides that they often take liberties contrary to good morals, it is dangerous to be too fond of them. A young man, who talks and dreams of nothing but Poetry, is insupportable in company; his passion for it may be reckoned a madness. I except only such, whose genius is fit for that alone; and then they are indemnified for that madness, by becoming DANTES, ARIOSTOS, TASSOS, METASTASIOS, MILTONS, CORNEILLES, RACINES.

Let your children be intimately acquainted with the general history of the world, that of particular nations, especially that of their own country; and let not this be a dry study, but accompanied with short and pertinent reflections, which may teach them to form a prudent

dent judgment on events, and to acknowledge an universal Agent, of whom men are no more than the instruments, and all the revolutions in nature, are effects combined and foreseen in the eternal decrees.

History is dull reading, if no more be known of it than dates and facts; but it is a book full of life, if we observe therein the sport of the passions, the springs of the soul, the motions of the heart; and above all, if we there discover a God, who, ever the master of events, gives rise to them, directs them, determines them according to his own will, and for the accomplishment of his sublime designs.

Our eyes of flesh see nothing in the Universe, but a veil which hides from us the Agency of the Creator; but the eyes of faith shew us, that whatever happens, has a cause, and that this cause is truly God.

Take care that some good treatise on Rhetoric, abounding more with examples than precepts, give your sons a taste for true eloquence. Shew them, that what is truly beautiful, depends neither on the modes nor the times, and that, though in different ages there be different ways of expressing things, there is only one right way of conceiving them.

Inspire them with an abhorrence of that puerile eloquence, which, consisting entirely in a play upon words, is shocking to a good taste; and convince them, that gigantic expressions or ideas never made part of a fine discourse. Although true Eloquence ought never to tire
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any one; man nevertheless is so whimsical, that he is sometimes cloyed with it: and on that account, we at this day see an affected, frivolous diction preferred to the nervous language of the Orators of the last age.

There are certain men, and certain Epochas, which in every branch of literature have fixed the taste; and the eyes of your children are to be perpetually directed towards those paintings, as towards the best models; but not so as to become slaves to them; for it is never allowed to be a servile imitator of any one.

I would have the mind tower, and be itself; whereas it is a mere copy, when it dare not attempt invention. We have only men of wit, but we should have men of genius, if we did not keep too mechanically to the beaten tracks. Nothing great is done by him, who knows only one road. An inventive mind is inexhaustible, when a man knows how to dare. "Be yourselves, think for yourselves," would I often say to young people under my care. It is disagreeable to spend whole years in teaching pupils nothing else, but the art of repeating what others have said.

When your children shall have come to the age of maturity, then will be the moment to speak to them, like a friend, of the nothingness of those pleasures, in which the world places its happiness; of the misfortunes they plunge their followers into; the remorse of conscience they excite; the damages they cause both to body and mind; lastly the precipices

cupices they sink under foot, while they seem only to strow flowers before us.

It will not be difficult for you, either by the energy of your expressions, or by some striking examples, to shew them the dangers of a life of pleasure; and to convince them, that the greatest part of the gratifications indulged beyond measure, were it not for idleness, would have nothing really attractive in them. For want of something to do, we form the most brilliant ideas of them, just as in our sleep a thousand agreeable Chimæras present themselves to our fancy.

When a son is persuaded that his Father only talks reason to him, and that his reprimands proceed from a tender affection, and not from humour, he hearkens to him; and his advice has the best effect.

Lastly, after this edifice is erected, the roof is to be raised, which I look upon as the greatest difficulty of all.—I mean the choice of a state of life. 'Tis generally the touchstone of Fathers and Mothers, and the most critical point in life for children

If you take my advice in this particular, you will allow them a whole year to deliberate with themselves on the state of life most proper for them, without ever speaking in favour of one profession rather than of another. The good education they have received, and the learning they have acquired, will successfully lead them to a happy issue; and there is the greatest

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room to hope, that they will then determine according to inclination and reason.

It will afterwards be necessary often to mention to them the advantages and dangers of each state, and to convince them of what importance it is, both with regard to this world and the next, to faithfully comply with the duties and obligations of the state of life they embrace. The Sacerdotal and Religious Professions will afford you ample matter to speak of the inestimable happiness relished in them, when a person has a real call from God; and the dreadful calamities experienced in those states, when a man has been so rash as to engage in either from human views and motives. The military life, as well as the Magistracy, present of themselves a multitude of obligations to be complied with; and in order to convince them of this, it will be enough to lay the respective duties of each before their eyes.

After these precautions, and especially after frequently imploring the assistance of heaven, your sons will boldly enter on the career of life they have chosen; and you will have the comfort of being able to say before God and man, that you have consulted both their inclinations and their liberty. Nothing is of worse consequence than for a Father to force the inclination of his Children; he exposes them to eternal regret, and himself to the most bitter reproaches, and even curses, which he has unhappily deserved.

Since

Since Providence has granted you riches, and given you birth in a distinguished family, you will bring up your sons according to their fortune and rank ; making them however feel some privations, and keeping them always within the bounds of modesty, to teach them that happiness is not to be found in this life ; and that the more elevated we are, the less proud we ought to be. You will take care to let them have money, both that they may learn from you not to be covetous, and be in a capacity of assisting the poor. It would be proper to see, with your own eyes, the use they make of their money ; and if you discover in them either avarice or prodigality, their allowance must be abridged.

In a word, my dear and respectable Friend, take more pains with the heart of your sons, than with the understanding : if the heart be good, all will go well.

Circumstances will teach you how you are to govern them. Appear sometimes easy, sometimes severe ; but ever just and ever civil. An even temper disconcerts young people, who will not do as they ought ; for in spite of themselves they feel that they have nothing to say in their own excuse.

Let them have a decent liberty, that their Father's house may not be the most disagreeable place they can be in. It is necessary that they should like it ; and that they find there, more than any where else, the sweets and pleasures which they are to expect from a Fa-

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ther, who is a friend of order, and kind by inclination.

My pen drags me along in spite of myself. One would say that it was sensible, and felt the sweet pleasure, that I myself feel, in speaking of your dear children, whom I love more than myself, and little less than you can love them. May God heap his blessings on them: they will be, whatever they ought to be; and the education they will receive from you, will bud forth for eternity. There are we to reap the fruit of the good advice given to youth, and there good Fathers meet their worthy children, to be eternally happy with them.

Rome, Aug. 16, 1753.

LETTER LXXV.

To the Prelate CERATI.

IF this letter conveys to you all I feel, you will not find it light; for I load it with all the esteem, affection, and admiration I am master of, to convince you more than ever, how much I respect you, and how much I love you.

I have seen the *Augustinian* Friar you directed to me, and I found him, as you said, filled with the Fathers of the Church. He has them on his lips, he has them in his heart; and he is, of all men in the world, the person who gives the greatest pleasure in turning over like a book, when his full worth is known.

St.

St. AUGUSTINE, very justly, is his hero, on account of his being the Universal Doctor, a master of all the sciences, and their particular favourite. Much commendation has been given to that incomparable man: but hitherto far short of his merit. I therefore, not long ago, advised an Ecclesiastic, who consulted me how he was to make his Panegyric, to say not a word of his own, but to extract the whole from the writings of that Father; being persuaded, that to give AUGUSTINE his due praise, a man must be AUGUSTINE himself. He took my advice; and his whole Elogium was composed of the most sublime and moving passages of that illustrious Doctor. The whole was well connected, though interrupted with exclamations and flights which affected the audience.—When will our Rhetoricians and our Preachers be taught, that true eloquence does not consist either in wit or words; but that it is an expression of the soul, the boiling up of a heart that burns, surprises and effects the greatest things?

There are certain moments in which great Orators seem to have no longer any style or words, from an apprehension of debasing the sublimity of their subject, by studied phrases.

Some distil their genius to extract eloquence; but this operation yields nothing, but forced thoughts, and bloated phrases; whereas, had they left the energy of the heart to act alone, they would have had mouths of gold.

I find

I find nothing in most of our modern books besides mere *Elegance*; but that is far from *Eloquence*. *Elegance* pleases, and *Eloquence* drags along; and, when natural, it amalgamizes itself with all the beauties of nature and wit, to shew them to the greatest advantage, and according to truth. In a word, *true Eloquence* is like that scrap of your own composition, which you shewed me some time since, wherein I discovered the very features of *Demosthenes*, notwithstanding the immense interval which ages have placed between you and him.

Nothing is more admirable than to approach the Ancients, and to keep close to them, notwithstanding the distance of time, as if we were their Cotemporaries: for it must be owned, that they have reaped and carried in all the harvest, and that we only glean after them.

Some time ago it happened, that I had composed a scientific discourse, at the desire of a friend, to be prefixed to a treatise on Geometry. I rallied every faculty of my whole soul; and in the heat of a piece of work, which lasted more than a week, I imagined I had brought forth something very interesting and quite new. But I cannot express to you how much I was afterwards surprised and confounded, to find all my thoughts scattered in a few pages of the Ancients. Nevertheless I had not plundered them; but the minds of men being circumscribed in a circle, all generations

rations are nearly alike in their manner of thinking; the tints only are quite different.

There was lately presented to me one *Sagri* from your schools at Pisa; and it seemed to me, that it was possible to make a great man of him. But into what hands will he fall? The moment a young man quits the College, is the instant to determine his fate.—It is then every thing miscarries, or every thing succeeds with him. I have seen some, who had borne away every prize, and who were cited with pleasure as real geniuses of the first rate; and notwithstanding this emphatic admiration of them, they became less than nothing. Criminal pleasures invested them, or they betook themselves to mechanical employments; or their mind, which had made an effort, felt the effects of that laborious operation, and could do nothing more. It is a forward fruit which charms by its colour as well as novelty, and withers while it is admired, and just going to be gathered.

What pains are to be taken, before the mind is perfected! All I know is this, that mine thinks itself accomplished, when, by a communication of ideas, it partakes of yours, and affords me an opportunity of reiterating to you my sentiments of attachment and respect.

Rome, Aug. 27, 1754.

L E T.

LETTER LXXVI.

To Cardinal QUERINI.

MOST EMINENT,

THE various reflections your Eminence makes on the different ages that have rolled away since the commencement of the world, are worthy of a genius like your own. I seem to see Reason weighing all these ages; some are like lingots, others like leaves of tinsel. In reality there are some so solid and others so light, that they form the most astonishing contrast. Ours, without contradiction, bears the stamp of lightness beyond any other: but it pleases and seduces, especially by the good offices of the French, who have communicated to us an elegance which we find agreeable in spite of ourselves.

Our Forefathers would have grumbled, and with reason: however did they live in our time, they would suffer themselves to be carried away with it like ourselves; and contrary to their inclination, the lightness of our discourse and our pretty agreeable manner of writing would amuse them.

The Roman grandeur does not take up with such pleasing trifles; but the Romans of these days are no longer the majestic people they formerly were. French elegance has passed the Alps; and we received it with pleasure, at the very time we criticized it.

Your

Your Eminence, as being very fond of the French, will have easily pardoned their genteel engaging way, though detrimental to the dignity of the Ancients. It is not amiss that in all ages taken collectively, there should be sparks and flames, lilies and blue-bottles, showers and dews, stars and meteors, rivers and brooks; this is a perfect representation of nature: and to form a right judgment of the universe and the different ages, the different points of view are to be united, and made one object of sight.

All ages cannot be like one another; it is their variety that enables us to judge of things; without this diversity, a comparison could not be made. I know a person would rather choose to live in an age, which offers nothing but what is grand; but here it may be properly said, that we must take the times as they are, and not continually regret what is past, by hanging to the char of the Ancients. Let us have their good taste, and we shall have nothing to fear from our own futility.

One cannot, without dread, consider that gulf from whence ages issue, and that into which they again precipitate themselves. What a number of years, days, hours, minutes, seconds are swallowed up in eternity, which, ever the same, continues immutable in the midst of changes and revolutions! It is a rock in the middle of the sea, against which all the waves dash to no purpose. We are like grains of

D d sand,

land, the sport of the wind, if we do not immoveably hold fast by that support. It is that which fixes your Eminence, and engages you to undertake so many luminous works, which all Europe admires, and in which Religion glories.

I never tire with reading the account of your travels, and above all your description of *Paris* and of *France*. Besides that the Latin may be compared to St. *Jerome's*, there are admirable reflections on whatever your Eminence saw. What an eye have you! It penetrates the essence of things, the substance of writings, the souls of Writers. You had the happiness to see at *Paris* several great men, then alive, the precious remains of the age of LEWIS XIV; they must have convinced you that, that age was not extolled without reason.

Nothing enlarges the soul like travelling: I read all the voyages and travels I can, that I may send my thoughts at least a rambling, while my body is sedentary. This is certain, that I am often at *Brescia*, that city, my Lord, which you enrich with your example and your precepts, and where you every hour receive homages. To these I join, with my whole soul, the most profound respect, &c.

Rome, Dec. 10, 1754.

LET-

L E T T E R LXXVII.

To Cardinal BANCHIERI.

MOST EMINENT,

I Have not as yet seen the *Ferrarese* your Eminence vouchsafed to recommend to me; but I have already mentioned him to the Guardian of *Ara Celi*, who will do all in his power to prove how much he values your interesting yourself in behalf of that Convent.

I could wish my occupations would allow me to travel to *Ferrara*, that city so famed for many events, and which has the happiness of possessing your Eminence, and the ashes of *Ariosto*. My first care should be to pay them a visit. Some poetic sparks might issue from them to seize on me, and enable me to assure you in verse, as well as prose, that nothing can equal the profound respect with which I am, &c.

Rome, Jan. 7, 1755.

L E T T E R LXXVIII.

To a Prebendary of MILAN.

A PANEGYRIC ON St PAUL, Sir, is no small undertaking. It requires a soul as great as that of the DOCTOR OF THE GENTILES to celebrate him in a worthy manner. His eulogium is that of Religion itself: he is so much interested in it, and connected with it, that it is impossible to praise him separately.

D d 2

The

The same spirit, the same zeal, the same charity is found in that great Apostle, as in Religion itself. How rapid must be your pen, if you desire to describe his travels and his Apostolic labours? He runs as swift as thought, when a good work is to be undertaken; and he breathes forth nothing but JESUS CHRIST, when he announces the Gospel. From the manner in which he multiplies himself, one would think that he alone formed the whole Apostolic College. He is at one and the same time both on land, and at sea, ever on the watch for the salvation of the faithful, ever desiring the palm of martyrdom, ever springing forward towards eternity. Never was there so good a citizen, so good a friend. He forgets nothing; he remembers the most trifling services done him: and his heart never once beats, but it is a wish after heaven that has enlightened him, a movement of love for JESUS CHRIST, who converted him, an act of gratitude towards the Christians, who had assisted him.

A Panegyric is a species of composition, which is not to resemble a Sermon: flashes of lightning are requisite, but such as may shine on a ground-work of morality, which is to be the basis of the discourse. There are no instructions, where there are nothing but praises; and whoever confines himself barely to instruction, does not celebrate his Hero.

The skill of the Orator consists in drawing from the elogium itself luminous reflections,
which

which may tend to the reformation of manners. Above all things, my dear Friend, never make the panegyric of one Saint at the expence of others: nothing is a stronger proof of the barrenness of the Orator's genius. Every illustrious personage has his peculiar merit; and it is an affront to a servant of God (who ever considered himself the least of all) to enhance his glory to the prejudice of another Saint.

Let there be no digressions foreign to your subject. Never lose sight of its being St. *Paul* whom you are to praise; and remember that it would be missing your aim, if you dwell upon any thing but his elogium.

Let nothing be languid in a Panegyric: every thing is to be rapid; and especially in that of the great Apostle, whose zeal never rested. It is necessary that your hearers should see him and hear him, and that they may say: 'tis he himself; there he is! You must display with him the whole power of Grace; you must, like him, strike down those who abridge the absolute power of God over the human heart: you must thunder like him against false Prophets, and against the Corruptors of the doctrine of morals. In a word, you must give a succinct idea of his different Epistles, while you represent them burning with the flames of charity, and irradiating with the lights of truth.

Force no comparisons; they must arise from the subject: employ no useless words; they must

must all be instructive: no forced phrases; they must all be natural. It is your heart that must be the Orator in this discourse, and not your wit or understanding: reserve that for the Academies, when you have any elogium to pronounce there: but the dignity of the Pulpit, the sanctity of the Temple, the Eminence of the subject are infinitely above antitheses, fallies of wit, and puns.

Human Eloquence was made for praising human actions: but a divine Eloquence is required to praise divine men. The garlands which are to crown the Elect, are not to be gathered from the Poets, but from the Prophets. I am more than I can express, &c.

Rome, Oct. 13, 1755.

LETTER LXXIX.

To the Abbè LAMI.

OH! my dear Abbè, I am not at all of your way of thinking with regard to the book you criticize with so much severity. It certainly is not such an indifferent performance as you would make it appear. There are in it principles, views, details, beauties which render the work interesting. A few instances of a negligent style do not totally disfigure a book. The style is no more than the outer bark; and sometimes a tree is good, though the bark be of no value. Unluckily in our age people are more taken with words, than with

with things : too often do the phrases or turn of expression make the fortune of a book. I have run through a multitude of Pamphlets printed at *Paris*, which had nothing to recommend them but a rapid, seducing style. A man asked himself what the Writer meant to say, but he could not tell. It is not surprising, that in a country, where people are so very fond of dress, and of every thing tinsel-like, that they should have a passion for a production written in an elegant style.

There are some subjects, which stand in need of themselves alone to captivate the attention : whereas there are other subjects, which would not be read at all but for a brilliant style : that is their pass-port. A skilful Writer ought to know that difference.

I should be pleased, would you analyse two works, which have lately appeared here. *Self-conversation*, and *The Elements of Metaphysics*. The former is particularly interesting, because it elevates the soul on the wrecks of the passions and the senses. The second is no less so, in as much as it renders palpable the spirituality and immortality of the soul. They are two Metaphysical productions presented in different lights. *Self-conversation* is so clear and plain, that any body may understand it : the *Elements* so deep and abstruse, as to forbid the greatest part the reading of them.

I consider your sheets as a person appointed to awaken the Italians, and to hinder them from sleeping over the sciences and literature.

ture. In a hot climate a man often requires to be roused in order to pursue his studies. The mind grows drowsy, as well as the body, unless care be taken to spur it on; and in that state a man has not a sufficiency of spirits either to read or think.

FLORENCE has ever been a city famous for literature and taste; and I fear not its degenerating, while you continue to enlighten it. A periodical work executed with discernment, diffuses light into men's minds, keeps up emulation, and supplies the reading of a multitude of works, which a person has not time to read, or has it not in his power to procure.

When I read a Journal, that gives an account of the publications in Europe, I learn to know the genius of different nations; and I perceive that the *Englishman* neither writes like the *German*, nor thinks like the *Frenchman*. This variety, which distinguishes the different nations in their way of writing and thinking, makes me believe that the moral world is really a copy of the natural world, and that the case is the same with the minds, as with their faces, which have no resemblance one to another.

Adieu. I leave you to throw myself among the thorns of Controversy, where I am sure not to find the flowers which are seen in your writings.

Rome, Nov. 5, 1755.

LET-

L E T T E R LXXX.

To a PARISH-PRIEST in the Dioceſe of Rimini.

IT is a great piece of raſhneſs in you, my dear Paſtor, to preſume to cenſure your Father and mine, and the Father of all the Faithful, the GREAT LAMBERTINI, for whom all the Churches have the moſt profound veneration. Beſides that he is celebrated for his vaſt and ſublime knowledge, for the quickneſs of his underſtanding, and his conſummate prudence, he is moreover the Head of Religion, the Sovereign Pontiff, to ſpeak evil of whom is blaſphemy. You are not ignorant that St. PAUL begs pardon of the High-prieſt of the Synagogue, though then expiring, for having called him a *whitened wall*.*

The treaty which BENEDICT XIV concluded with Spain, and by which the Spaniſh Clergy are no longer to come to Rome, has prevented, I know not how many, young Eccleſiaſtics from becoming vagabonds, and leading a licentious life. Nothing is more proper, than to ſee thoſe, who are deſtined to the Miniſtry, ſtudy under the eyes of their own Biſhops, who by that means learn to know them, and never loſe ſight of them.

Moreover, ſo many reaſons are requiſite juſtly to condemn a Sovereign, that unleſs a perſon knows what paſſes in the Cabinets of Princes, the nature of events, the conſequences an affair may draw after it; and unleſs a man can

* *Acts* xiii. 3.

penetrate into the souls of those who act, and put others on action, his judgment cannot fail of being very criminal.

Ah! Who are we, to condemn the Vicar of Christ, and especially when we are ignorant of the motives he acts on, and know not what he may have foreseen? When the case is doubtful, the prejudice is in favour of the Judges. How can people justify the liberty they take of censuring the conduct of the Sovereign Pontiff, on no other grounds than faint appearances? It is certainly affording arms to the Protestants, and being essentially wanting in respect towards him, whom God has placed on a throne to see and judge, and to whom he has commanded us to hearken, as to himself: I go further—It is endangering one's salvation.

There are no circumstances, nor any moment of time (however our heart or our opinion may suffer by it) wherein it is lawful to rise up against the steps taken by the Sovereign Pontiff, unless a person be a member of his Council. He sees what you do not see; and, if he does not inform us of it, it is because he is often tied down by such considerations, as stop both his pen and his tongue. There is a Christian Policy, which, without ever hurting the truth, does not tell every truth, and wraps itself up in a necessary silence, when it is of advantage not to speak. How will you preach in your Parish the respect due to the Head of the Church, if people hear you using invectives against him? Let us even suppose that he has
done

done wrong; you ought, like a Christian, like a Priest, like a Rector, to excuse him in public, and to impose an eternal silence on those who should dare to blame him. Such are my sentiments relative to the Sovereign Pontiffs. They are the anointed of the Lord, his *Christs*, who are never to be spoken against: *Touch not mine anointed ones, and treat not my Prophets with spite.**

I flatter myself that you will get the better of your prejudices, and that you will approve of my reasons; for you have a good understanding, and an upright heart. It was a warmth of imagination, that induced you to condemn BENEDICT XIV, all whose steps are weighed in the balance of the sanctuary, and in the very sanctuary of truth itself. I embrace you, my dear Rector, &c.

Rome, May 14, 1755.

* *Nolite tangere Christos meos: & in prophetis meris nolite malignari.* Pl. civ. 15. *Vulg.*

L E T T E R LXXXI.

To Mr MECKNER, a Protestant Gentleman.

I AM sorry, my dear Sir, to hear you perpetually repeating against the Church of Rome, a multitude of thread-bare objections, long since reduced to dust by M. Bossuet, a French Bishop, in his *Exposition of the Catholic Faith*, and his excellent work of the *History of the Variations of the Protestant Churches*.

E e 2

It

It is impossible to follow a Protestant step by step; because instead of waiting for an answer to the question proposed, he puts another, and never gives a person time to breathe.

If you talk to me all at once about *Purgatory*, the *Eucharist*, the *Worship of Saints*, it is impossible for me at the same instant, to give an answer concerning those three points.—Controversy must go on reasoning, if we desire to understand one another; and consequently demands, that one subject should be thoroughly discussed, before we proceed to another. Without that, we shall only beat the air; and meet with the fate of all *Ergotists*, who after a deal of argumentation, conclude with remaining obstinately attached to their own sentiments.

You agreed to the method in which I proposed to proceed, viz. to prove from the Gospel itself, and from the Epistles of St. *Paul*, which you admit as an inspired work, every truth you contest; and to shew you that they have been ever taught by an interrupted Tradition.

Had it not been so, you would know the day, and the date when we introduced any innovations; unless you have a mind to persuade us, that the whole Church, in the twinkling of an eye, notwithstanding the dispersion of its members, changed its belief, without being sensible of any change itself. But what an absurdity would it be to imagine such a thing!

The

The reproaches you continually cast, my dear Sir, on the Church of Rome, respecting the *Celibacy*, prescribed to the Priests, and the *Cup* taken from the Faithful in the participation of the sacred mysteries, fall of themselves, when a person reflects how marriage and the Priesthood are every day found united among the Greek Catholics, and that the faithful among them receive under both kinds.

Return sincerely to the Church, and the Great Pope, who this day governs it, will not reject you from his bosom, because your Ministers are married men, and because you desire the use of the cup. His prudence will suggest some temperament, or means to grant you, whatever can be granted, without altering any point of Faith or Morality, but by only changing a point of discipline, which has all along been liable to changes.

Cardinal QUERINI, who is continually eaten up with the desire of your return, will become your Mediator with the Holy Father. By returning to the Pope, you will return to him, who was formerly your head; for you separated from us. The abuses which then prevailed in the Church (*for it is necessary, as Christ says, that scandals should come; and even heresies*) could never authorize your Ancestors to rebel and separate.— They had no other way but that of remonstrances; and if they had confined themselves to those, without joining thereto bitterness, gall, or a spirit of rebellion, they
certainly

certainly would have obtained some Reformation. To cure a tumour in the body, no one thinks of cutting off a limb, or stifling a man to death.

Many Protestants would return, if some pitiful human consideration did not stop them: for it is impossible that, reading the sacred scriptures so much as they do, they should not discover in them the prerogatives of the Head of the Apostles, and the Infallibility of his Church, which can never teach any error, since *Christ* is really with it, without interruption, *to the end of the World**.

It requires only eyes to see, whether the Church of Rome, or the Protestant Church be in the right. The one appears like the holy Mountain mentioned in scripture†; and the other like a vapour, that obscures the sight, and has no solidity.

I would give, my dear Sir, the last drop of my blood to see you reunited to us: be assured that you have broken the chain, by which you held to the centre of Unity, and that you are no longer any thing but unconnected Beings, without compass, without guide, without a Head.

This God makes you feel in a dreadful manner, by abandoning you to I know not how many different errors, which form almost as many sects, as communions. And this is a proof, that when there is no longer any

* Matt, xxviii. 20. Dan. ii. 35.

authority

authority to unite the faithful, each holds to his own opinion and consequently to his own prejudices.

Do not imagine, I beg, my dear Sir, that I mean here to insult your unhappy condition. Alas! Every thing tells me that you act *bonâ fide*: but that will not justify you in the sight of God, who requires of you a serious examination of so essential a point; especially as you can inform yourself, and judge for yourself better than any other.

The sentence a man pronounces against himself, when in the wrong, is worthy of your great soul and good heart. Your candour assures me that you will seek information according to truth, and that you will not reject it, whenever you see it. It is on the lips of good Catholics; and by hearkening to them, you will hearken to it. 'Tis what I desire with all the fulness of my heart from the ardent wish I have to be eternally with you in that abode of peace, where will be found only those who are marked with the sign of Faith. Judge from hence of the extent of that attachment, with which I have the honour to be, &c.

Rome, May 14, 1755.

L E T.

L E T T E R LXXXII.

To the Prince SAN-SEVERO.

EXCELLENCE,

THE Petrifications I sent you are far beneath the thanks you return me for them. I know the full value, as well as the advantage, of entering into a correspondence with a Philosopher, who delights in the study of nature, and who admires its *phenomena* and sports, only because he understands them.

The birds from the new world which you have procured for the Emperor, cannot but be very great curiosities; I doubt, however, if with the utmost care and precaution, they can be brought alive to our climates. A thousand attempts have been made by different people to bring over the Humming-bird and *Colibri*, but have always been attended with the mortification of seeing them die at some distance from our ports.

Providence in giving us the Peacock has sufficiently enriched us, so that we need not go elsewhere in search of winged beauties. *America*, in reality, has nothing grander than our finest birds; but the preference is commonly given to what is foreign, merely because it comes from a far off.

You must, my Prince, be enraptured with the undertaking of Monsieur de BUFFON, the *French* Academician, and with his first volumes, which have already appeared. I know
nothing

nothing of them as yet, but from a cursory reading of them once over; yet what I have seen, appears to me admirable. I am only concerned that the Author of a natural history should declare for a system. It is the way to make people doubt of several things he advances, and to have skirmishes to maintain against such as differ in opinion from him. Moreover, whatever departs from the account given of the Creation in the book of *Genesis*, has nothing to support it but paradoxes, or at most, mere hypotheses.

MOSES alone, as being an inspired Author, could perfectly acquaint us with the formation of the world, and the developement of its parts. He is not an *Epicurus*, who has recourse to atoms; nor a *Lucretius*, who believes matter eternal; nor a *Spinoza*, who admits of a material God; nor a *Descartes*, who prattles about the laws of motion; but a Legislator, who publishes to all men, without any hesitation, without fear of a mistake, how the world was created. Nothing is more simple, nothing more sublime than his first setting out. *In the beginning God created heaven and earth.* He could not have spoken more positively, had he been a spectator of the Creation; and by these few words Mythology, systems and absurdities of all kinds crumble to pieces, and appear to the eyes of reason to be nothing more than mere Chimæras.

Whoever does not see the truth in what MOSES relates, was never born to know it.

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Men

Men every day grow fond of hypotheses, void even of probability; and refuse to believe what gives us the most sublime idea of the power and wisdom of God.

An *Eternal* world offers a thousand more difficulties than an *Eternal* Intelligence; and a *Co-eternal* world is an absurdity which cannot exist, since nothing can be so ancient as God.

Besides that he is *necessarily* existent, and the Universe is not so; by what right can matter, a thing totally contingent, and absolutely inert, pretend to the same prerogatives with an Almighty Spirit, with a Spirit entirely immaterial? These are whims, which could arise only in the paroxysm of a disordered imagination, and are a proof of the astonishing weakness of man, when he is resolved to hearken to himself alone.

The history of nature would be a book sealed and closed to all generations, did they not see a God, Creator and Preserver of all things; for nothing is more strongly felt than his Agency. The Sun with all its magnificence and majestic appearance; the Sun, though adored by different nations, has neither understanding nor discernment; and if its course be so regular, as never to be interrupted for a single instant, it is owing to the impulse it receives from a Supreme Agent, whose Orders it executes with the greatest punctuality.

It is to no purpose to range with our eyes through the immense expanse of the Universe; we see the whole shut up in the immensity

ment of a Being, before whom the Universe is as if it were not. It would be something very singular, that the Universe should enjoy the privilege of being indebted to itself alone for its Existence and Beauty, when the most trifling work cannot exist without an Artificer. Reason digs for itself dreadful precipices, when it hearkens only to the passions and senses: and reason without Faith excites compassion. All the Academies of the whole Universe may frame what systems they please concerning the Creation of the World; but after all their researches, all their conjectures, all their combinations, after multitudes of Volumes, they will tell me much less than MOSES has told me in a single page; and even what they tell me, will be void of every degree of probability.—Such is the difference between the man that speaks only from himself, and the man that is inspired.

The Supreme Being smiles, from the height of the heavens, at all these senseless systems, which arrange the world according to their fancy; and which sometimes make chance the Father of it, at other times suppose it eternal.

Some people take a satisfaction in believing that Matter governs itself, and that there is no other Divinity; because it is well known that Matter is absolutely inert and stupid, and that nothing is to be dreaded from any thing it can do: whereas the Justice of a

F f 2

God,

God, who sees all things, and weighs all things, is an overwhelming idea to the Sinner.

Nothing is more beautiful than the history of Nature, when connected with that of Religion. Nature is nothing without God; but she produces every thing, and gives life to every thing by the agency of God. Though he be no part of what composes the Universe, he puts the whole in motion; he is the sap, and the life of the whole. Take away his Agency, there is no longer any activity in the elements, vegetation in the plants, spring in the second causes, nor revolution in the planets. Eternal darkness takes the place of light, and the Universe becomes its own grave.

Should God withdraw his hand, the same which happens to our bodies, when he stops the motion thereof, would happen to the whole world. They fall into dust; they exhale in smoke: and it is not even known that they ever existed.

Were I sufficiently qualified to write on natural history, I would begin my work by laying open the immense perfections of its Author; I would then treat of man, the masterpiece of his works; and successively from substance to substance, from species to species, I would go down to the Ant, and shew that the same wisdom shines forth, and the same Almighty power acts in the smallest Insect, as well as in the most perfect Angel.

Such a picture as this would have been interesting to the lovers of truth; and the plan;

plan, being traced by Religion itself, would render it of infinite value.

Let us never speak of Creatures, but to draw nearer to the Creator. They are the reflection of his indefectible light; and these ideas elevate us, and humble us: for man is never less nor greater, than when he views himself in relation to God. He then discovers an infinite Being, whose image he is, and in whose presence he is no more than an Atom: two apparent contrarieties, which must be reconciled in order to form a just idea of ourselves, and to avoid the two extremes of the proud Angels, and of Unbelievers, the latter of whom reduce themselves to the condition of brute beasts.

Your letter, my dear Prince, has led me to these reflections; though I acknowledge at the same time, that I find no greater satisfaction, than when an opportunity offers of speaking of God. He is the proper element of our heart, and it is only in the love of him, that the soul expands itself.

I happily was sensible, from my earliest age, of this great truth; and in consequence of that, I chose the Cloister, where, separated from creatures, I might more easily converse with the Creator. The commerce of the world is so full of noise and tumult, that we are there almost strangers to that recollection, which unites us to God.

I thought only of writing a letter; but it has turned out a sermon: except that, instead of concluding with *Amen*, I shall conclude

clude with expressing the respect due to you, and with which I have the honour to be, &c.

Rome, Dec. 13, 1754.

LETTER LXXXIII.

To Count ALGAROTTI.

IT is a long time, my dear Count, since we had any chat together, or rather since I have been at your school. An insignificant Philosopher and disciple of *Scotus*, can do nothing better than improve by the lessons of a man of learning, who has published the **NEWTONIANISM OF THE LADIES**.

A Philosophy of *Attraction* ought in a particular manner to be yours; by reason of your engaging and amiable character, which attracts all minds to it: but as to my part, I could wish, besides so many advantages, for that of being less a Newtonian, and more a Christian.

We were not created either to become the disciples of *Aristotle* or *Newton*. Our soul has a more noble destiny; and the more sublime yours is, the more ought you to go up towards its source.

You may tell me as often as you please, that it is the business of a Friar to preach; and I will constantly answer you, that it is the business of a Philosopher frequently to reflect from whence he came, and whither he is going—We have all of us a first beginning and a last end;

end; and nothing but God can either be the one or the other.

Your Philosophy, in spite of all its reasoning, rests only on Chimæras, if you separate it from Religion. Christianity is the substance of the truths man ought to search after: but he loves to feed on errors, just as reptiles love to glut themselves with the mud of marshy grounds. People go a great way in search of what they might find in themselves, if they would but enter into themselves; for this reason, the great AUGUSTINE, after he had run through every Being, to see if none of them were his God, returns at last to his own heart, and declares that it is there he exists more than any where else: *I came back to myself.* *

I hope that you will preach to me some of these days, so that each may have his turn. Ah! God grant it! But whether you moralize, or whether you joke, I shall always attend to you with that pleasure, which is felt in hearing one a person is sincerely fond of, and whose humble servant he is as much by inclination as duty, &c.

Rome, Sept. 7, 1754.

LETTER LXXXIV.

To the Abbè PAPI.

THE learned Cardinal QUERINI then, my dear Abbè, is gone to unite his science to that of God, and to fill himself from that torrent

* *Et rediit ad me.*

torrent of light, which we perceive here below, as it were only through a cloud. He died as he had lived—his pen in his hand—finishing a line—and just ready to go to the Church, where his heart always was.

Mine erects to him a monument within itself as durable as my life. He had a great kindness for me; ah! for whom had he not the same? His Cathedral, his Diocese, all Italy, even BERLIN experienced the effects of his liberality. The King of PRUSSIA honoured him with a particular esteem, and all the learned of Europe admired his zeal and talents.

He was of a conciliating disposition.—The Protestants were fond of him, though he often told them round truths. It is to be regretted that he has not left us some considerable work, instead of having written only a few detached pieces. He would have swelled the *Benedictine* Library, already so voluminous, as being one of the most distinguished members of the Order of St. *Benedict*; and he would have enriched the Church with his productions.

MR VOLTAIRE will regret the loss of him, if Poets can be susceptible of friendship. They wrote to one another in a friendly manner: one genius seeks out another. As to me, who have no other genius but that of admiring great men, I shed tears on the tomb of our illustrious Cardinal. Ah! when shall we find his equal? I have the honour to be, &c.

Convent of the Apostles, Jan. 1, 1755.

L E T -

L E T T E R LXXXV.

To a PAINTER.

WHILE, my dear Sir, there is expression in your pieces, you may be well pleased with your performance. Expression is an essential point, and makes up for several faults, which would not be excused in an ordinary painter.

I have mentioned your talents to his Eminence Cardinal Pòrto-CARRERO, and he will give you recommendations to *Spain*, as you desire it; but nothing will make you better known than your own genius; and a genius is as necessary to form a Painter as it is to form a Poet. CARRACHIO, notwithstanding the boldness of his pencil, would never have succeeded, without that poetic rage, which gives enthusiasm and fire.

There is discovered in his paintings a soul that speaks, warms and inspires enthusiastic ideas. By admiring him, and filling one's self with the truth and justness of his images, a man imagines he may become a CARRACHIO.

Let that great man, whom you have chosen for your model, breathe in you, and you will bring him to life again on the canvas. Were you only his shadow, you would deserve to be esteemed—There is something real in the shadow of a great man.

Nature is ever to be the object, which the man, who aims at being a painter, ought to have in view; and to express it well, all violent efforts are to be avoided. Painters as well

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as Poets become gigantic, by offering violence to their genius in composition. When the head is properly organized for the execution of a work, a man finds himself hurried away by an irresistible impulse to take up the pen or the pencil, and he follows his own natural bent of mind, without which there is neither expression nor taste.

ROME is the true school where a man is to form himself; but whatever pains are taken, no one will go beyond mediocrity, who is not possessed of a genius for painting.

It is time for me to hold my tongue, as a *Consultor* of the Holy Office is not a painter, and a man runs a great risque, when he talks of what he is only imperfectly acquainted with,
I am, Sir, &c.

LETTER LXXXVI.

To Monsignor AYMALDI.

YOU have reason, *Monsignor*, to be astonished at the happy alliance, which is to unite, for the future, the Houses of BOURBON and AUSTRIA. There are prodigies in politics, as well as in nature: and BENEDICT XIV, when he heard that surprising news, had very great reason to cry out: *O wonderful alliance.**

* *O admirabile commercium.*—The first words of an anthem used in the service of Candlemas-day, signifying the inexpressible and incomprehensible union of the divine and human nature in the person of CHRIST.—These allusions are frequent among the *Italians*, and even the great BENEDICT appears to have been rather too fond of them.

Monsieur

Monsieur de BERNIS has immortalized himself by that political *phenomenon* as having seen things in a truer light, than Cardinal de RICHELIEU.

By means of this alliance, we shall have no more any wars in *Europe*, till men grow tired of peace, and the King of PRUSSIA, ever greedy of glory, shall cease to seek after conquests. But I see POLAND lie very convenient for him; and since a Hero, equally valiant and successful, ever likes to aggrandize himself, he will one day or other seize on part of it; be it only the town of *Dantzick*. POLAND itself may perhaps contribute to this Revolution, in not watching sufficiently over its own territories, and abandoning itself to a thousand different factions. The spirit of patriotism among the *Poles* is not strong enough to make them defend their country at the hazard of their lives; they are too often from home not to lose their national spirit. The *English* have principles to go on; and therefore with them alone will the love of their country never be extinguished.

EUROPE has had all along some warlike Monarch, ambitious of extending his dominions and gathering laurels; sometimes a GUSTAVUS, sometimes a SOBIESKI, sometimes a LEWIS THE GREAT, sometimes a FREDERIC. Empires have been enlarged more by arms, than by talents; for it hath been found that nothing has so much efficacy as the law of the stronger: it is a *King's final answer, or strongest reason*.*

* *Ratio ultima regum.*

We are here happily strangers to those calamities. All is peace, and each one relishes most deliciously the fruits thereof, as I myself, in a most eminent manner, relish the pleasure of assuring you of my esteem and attachment.

LETTER LXXXVII.

To the Abbè NICOLINI.

SIR,

I AM extremely concerned that I was not at the Convent of the Apostles, when you did me the favour to call on me before your departure. I was, alas! on the banks of the *Tiber*, which the ancient *Romans* have magnified as much as they did their triumphs—In reality it is only an ordinary river either for length or breadth.

It is however a walk I am particularly fond of, on account of the ideas it raises in my mind relative to the grandeur and decay of the *Romans*. I call to my remembrance the time, when those haughty Despots kept the Universe in chains, and ROME had as many Gods, as it had vices and passions.

I return after that to my lowly Cell, where I am taken up with CHRISTIAN ROME, and where I, though the least in the house of God, labour for its advantage: but it is a task-work, and therefore almost always disagreeable: for in point of study, a man generally only loves that which he does freely.

I dare

I dare not mention the death of our common friend; it would be opening again a wound which smarts too much. I came too late to receive his last words. The loss of him is regretted like that of one of those rare men, who was too good for the age he lived in, and had all the candour of the first ages. He is said to have left behind him some pieces of poetry, worthy of the greatest Masters. He never mentioned them, which is the more extraordinary, as Poets are not more silent with regard to their writings, than with regard to their merit.

We have lately had here a swarm of young *Frenchmen*; and you must believe that I saw them with great pleasure. My chamber was not big enough to hold them; for they all did me the favour to come and see me, because they had been told, that there was a Friar in the Convent of the Apostles, who was remarkably fond of *France*, and of every thing that came from thence. They talked all together, so that the noise they made was exactly like an earthquake, though it diverted me much.

They are not very fond of ITALY, because it is not as yet perfectly Frenchified; but I afforded them some consolation, when I assured them that they would one day accomplish that *Metamorphosis*, and that I myself was become more than half a *Frenchman*.

I have the honour to be, &c.

Rome, July 24, 1756.

L E T.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

To Mr STUART, a Scotch Gentleman.

SIR,

IF you were not in some manner affected by the mobility of the waves which surround you, I should sharply reproach you with your inconstancy; for you cannot be allowed to forget a friend, who has so sincere an affection for you. Your behaviour recalls to my mind, what I have often thought, that the principal nations of Europe may be compared to the elements.

According to this comparison, the *Italian* resembles the fire, which is always in motion, flames out and crackles; the *German* is like the earth, which, notwithstanding its density, produces good pulse and excellent fruit; the *Frenchman* is like the air, the subtilty of which leaves no trace behind it; and the *Englishman* the inconstant wave, which is changing its place every instant.

An experienced Minister, with address, either chains down occasionally these elements, or sets them on jarring with one another, according to the interest of his Master. This we have seen more than once, when Europe was on a flame, and all in motion for reciprocal injuries.

Human policy sets people at variance, or reconciles them, according to its own interest, as it has nothing more at heart, than dominion

minion and its own aggrandizement. On the other hand, Christian Policy is a stranger to the criminal art of sowing divisions, could it reap therefrom the greatest advantage. I cannot set any value on a Policy without equity, for it is downright *Machiavelism* reduced to practice: but I have a great opinion of a Policy, which sometimes quiet, and sometimes in action, suffers itself to be governed by prudence; meditates, calculates, foresees; and after having called to mind what is past, considers the present, perceives what is to come, and thus brings together all times, either to remain quiet, or enter on action.

It is absolutely necessary that a good Politician should be thoroughly acquainted with history, and the age he lives in; that he know the scale of the strength, and mental abilities of those who appear on the scene of the world; so that he may intimidate if there be weakness, resist if there be courage, take an advantage if there be rashness.

The knowledge of men, much more than of books, is the science of a good Politician. It is of great importance in any business to have an exact knowledge of those who are to be employed and put on action. Some are only good at speaking; others have courage to act; and all consists in not mistaking their characters. Many a Politician miscarries by misplacing his confidence. When a secret has once slipped away, there is no recovering it again; and it would be better to commit a fault by too great

great reservedness, than by an act of imprudence: *what is not spoken, cannot be written.*

The dread of being betrayed renders pusillanimous the man, who has too indiscreetly laid open his heart to others. There are occasions, when a person ought to seem to say every thing, though he says nothing; and to have address enough to mislead without ever betraying the truth: for that is never to be violated.

It is not weakness, but wisdom to yield, when we cannot do otherwise. All depends on knowing well the moments of acting, and the dispositions of the people we have to do with; and on foreseeing, with certainty, the effect a resistance will produce on such a particular occasion.

Self-love is often prejudicial to Policy. When, hurried on by resentment, we are for triumphing over an enemy, we entangle ourselves in some troublesome affair, without foreseeing the consequences of it.

We must shake off our passions, when we would lead men, and oppose only a cool head to people of the warmest tempers; and therefore it is a common saying amongst us, *that the earth belongs to the Phlegmatic.*—Great moderation disconcerts the most impetuous adversary.

We should have fewer quarrels and wars in the world, if people would but calculate how much it costs merely to fall out and fight. It is not sufficient to have men and
money

money at our disposal, we must likewise know how to employ them, and reflect that the chances are not always on the stronger side.

We have had for a long while at Rome, only a temporizing Policy, because we are weak, and because the course of events is the happiest resource for those who cannot resist, to disentangle themselves from difficulties. But as at present this is a secret, of which nobody is ignorant, and as our slowness in determining is well known, it is not amiss, but even very proper, that a Pope should from time to time know how to be resolute; not indeed for contested claims, but in things that are just. Without this, the sovereign Pontiffs would be sure to be oppressed, as often as they were threatened.

Some nations unhappily stand in need of war to become opulent; and there are others, to whom war brings certain ruin. And I conclude from all this, that a Minister who has the address to take an advantage of these circumstances, is a real treasure; and when a sovereign is so happy as to find such a one, he ought to keep him in spite of all cabals.

I have been prating on a subject, which you understand much better than I do; but one sentence draws on another, and insensibly a man becomes bold enough to talk of what he knows nothing about.

Such is the nature of letters: we begin them without knowing what we are going to say. When the soul comes to fold itself up
H h again,

again, it is justly astonished at its own fecundity. It is a lively image of the production of a world from nothing; for, in short, our thought, which existed not before, starts forth on a sudden, and makes us sensible that Creation is not a thing impossible, as some modern Philosophers pretend. I leave you to yourself; you are much better there than with me. Adieu.

Rome, Aug. 22, 1756.

L E T T E R LXXXIX.

*To the Rev. Father ****, nominated Confessor to
the Duke of ****.*

WHAT a charge! What a burden!—My dearest Friend, is it for your damnation or for your salvation that Providence has provided for you so formidable an employment? This thought ought to make you tremble.

You ask me what you are to do to comply with the duties of your place?—You must become an Angel.

Every thing is a rock, every thing a snare for the Confessor of a Sovereign Prince, if he has not patience to wait the moments of God, and mildness to compassionate the imperfections of others, and resolution to keep the passions within bounds. He ought more than any other to be filled with the gifts of the Holy Ghost, that he pour forth sometimes fear, sometimes hope, and always light. He must

must have a zeal proof against every trial, and a spirit of justice to make him weigh the interests of the people, and of the sovereign whom he directs.

He must, in the first place, endeavour to find out, if the Prince, whose Director he is, knows the duties of Religion, and his obligations towards his subjects: for alas! It is but too common a thing for a Prince to come from the hands of those who formed him, with no other science, than a very superficial knowledge of things. In this case, he is to oblige his penitent to seek instructions, and to draw from the true sources, what Religion and Policy require of a man, who is to govern others; and this, not by loading his memory with a multiplicity of reading, but by studying first principles.

You must not be a stranger to several excellent works on this subject. I know one which was made for VICTOR AMADÆUS, which has no other fault, but that of being too diffuse, and requiring too much.

When the Duke has been solidly instructed, (for he is not to be lulled asleep with trifling practices) you will recommend it continually to him to seek after the truth, and love it without reserve. TRUTH ought to be the Compass of Sovereign Princes. It is the way to bring down all Informers, and such as maintain their place at Court, only by knavery and flattery; and who (a thousand times more

dangerous than all other scourges) ruin the Prince both for this world, and the next.

You must never cease insisting on the indispensable necessity there is of shewing that respect to RELIGION which is due to it, not by inspiring a spirit of persecution, but by recommending an Evangelical courage, which spares the persons, while it puts a stop to the scandals. You must often repeat to him, that the life of a Sovereign, as well as his Crown, has nothing to depend on, if he allows jests to be thrown out against the Worship paid to God, and if he stops not the progress of Irreligion.

You must take care, by your steady behaviour, by your representations, by your prayers, and even by your tears, that the Prince, under your direction, distinguish himself by his good works, and make them flourish in his dominions, as the means of establishing the tranquillity of the Citizens, and promoting the happiness of families, which are the true causes of population.

You must often represent to him, that his subjects are his children; that he owes himself to them by night as well as by day; in a word, every moment, in order to comfort and assist them: that he cannot impose taxes, but in proportion to their riches and labour, and so as not to reduce them to indigence and despair: and that he owes them speedy justice.

Unless

Unless you engage him to see every thing himself, you will only fulfil half your ministry. The people cannot be made happy, but by entering into every particular regarding them, and these particulars cannot be known, without descending down to the people.

Let this people, (so much despised by the great ones, who do not reflect that in a state all is the people, except the sovereign) be always present to your mind, as a sacred portion, which ought ever to employ the Prince's thoughts; a portion, which is the support of his throne, and ought to be treated with the same tenderness as the pupil of the eye.

Make the illustrious personage, under your direction, sensible, that the life of a sovereign is a life of labour; that diversions are allowed him only in the same manner as they are allowed other men, that is to say, by way of relaxation; and teach him, that he is to interrupt his lectures of piety, and even his prayers, when the state is to be assisted.

Speak to him of the terrible account he is to give to God of his administration, and not of the sentence which history will pronounce against wicked Princes after their death. It is not a motive sufficiently Christian to fix on this object the eyes of a religious Prince; for history is no more than the voice of men, and will perish with them; whereas an ever-living God, an ever-avenger of crimes, is what ought to regulate the conduct of a sovereign. It is of little consequence to the
gener

generality of mankind, whether people speak well or ill of them after their death; but the sight of an inflexible, eternal Judge makes a dreadful impression on the mind.

Never impose any of those vague penitential works, which consist in mere prayers; but apply proper remedies to the wounds that shall be shewn you; and above all things endeavour to discover what is the predominant and ruling sin. Without that, a man may hear Confessions for an age together, and never know his penitent.—We must always go up to the source of the evil, if we desire to stop its course.

Take particular care to confine yourself within the bounds of your Ministry, and never meddle (I do not say in any intrigue) but in any business of the Court. It is a shame to see a Religious man, who ought not to be seen, but to represent JESUS CHRIST, dishonour that august function by sordid interest, or horrible ambition.

Your whole desire, and all your views ought to have no other object, than the salvation of the Prince, who gives you his confidence. Astonish him by a virtue, which is proof against every thing, and ever equally supported. If a Confessor renders not himself respectable, and especially in a Court, where nothing but pretexts for not being a Christian are sought after, he authorizes vice, and exposes himself to contempt.

Incul-

Inculcate earnestly into the mind of the Prince, that he has to answer to God for all the places he disposes of, and for all the ill, which is done in them, if he make not a good choice of such as are to fill them. Above all things represent to him the danger of nominating ignorant or vicious persons to Ecclesiastical dignities, and of feeding their love of ease and their avidity by a plurality of benefices. Persuade him to seek out merit, and reward such as write for the public good, and in defence of Religion. Teach him to support his dignity, not by haughtiness and pride, but by a magnificence proportionate to his territories, his strength and his revenue; at the same time to descend from his rank in order to become a man with his people, and to study their happiness.

Place often before his eyes his duties and obligations, not in a severe tone, and with importunity, but with that charity, which, as an effusion of the Holy Ghost, never speaks but with prudence, seizes the proper moments, and turns them to advantage. When a Prince is convinced of the learning and piety of a Confessor, he hearkens to him with docility, unless his heart be depraved.

If he accuse not himself of the essential faults which are committed in the administration, you must speak of them in general terms, and you will insensibly gain the point so far, as to make him acknowledge what it is of importance for you to know. You will
often

often insist on the necessity of hearing every body, and speedily doing them justice. If you find yourself not disposed to follow this plan, withdraw; for these are precepts, which cannot be transgressed without rendering one's self guilty both in the eyes of God and man.

The function of an Ordinary Director attracts not the attention of the public; but every body's eyes are open on the conduct of the Confessor of a sovereign Prince. He cannot therefore be too exact in the tribunal of penance, in taking care that a person, who has, by his scandalous life, rendered himself unworthy of approaching the sacraments in the eyes of the public, may not be seen to approach them. There are not two Gospels, one for the people, and another for the sovereign. The one and the other will be equally judged by that unchangeable rule; for the law of the Lord remains for ever.

Princes are not only the images of God by their power and authority, which they hold from him alone; they are so moreover by reason of the virtues which they should have, in order to represent him. The people ought to be able to say of their sovereign: "He governs us like the Divinity itself, with wisdom, clemency and equity:" for sovereigns are accountable for their conduct to their subjects, not indeed to lay open to them the secrets of their cabinet, but to do nothing that may set them a bad example.

Be

Above all things, take care not to adulterate the truth either through fear, or from any human consideration. There is no capitulating with the law of God; it has the same force at all times, and the spirit of the Church is always the same. It commends at this day the zeal of the great AMBROSE, towards the Emperor THEODOSIUS, as much as it commended it formerly; for the Church never varies either in its morality or points of faith.

I pray to God, with my whole heart, that he may support you, and enlighten you in so troublesome a path, where you are not to be an ordinary man, but a heavenly Guide. Then will you live like a solitary in the midst of Grandeur; like a Religious man in a place, where usually there is little Religion; and like a saint in a land, which would devour the men of God, had not the Lord every where his Elect. I embrace you, and am, &c.

Rome, April 26, 1755.

L E T T E R XC.

To the Prelate CERATI.

MONSIGNOR,

THE General Chapter of the *Dominicans* is at last concluded; the Holy Father solemnly presided at it; and the Rev. *F. Boxadors*, as distinguished for his merit, as his birth, is chosen Superior-General. He will

I i govern

govern with great wisdom and courtesy, like a man of sense, who knows mankind, and that they were not made to be directed in a haughty, imperious manner.

BENEDICT XIV, who opened the session by a most eloquent discourse, and extremely flattering to the Order of St. *Dominick*, in which there have been all along great learning and eminent virtues, desired for General the Rev. F. *Richini*, a most modest and learned Religious : but notwithstanding both his personal presence and his wishes, he could not succeed.

The Pope took the thing right ; and as he was coming away, laughing very heartily at his disappointment, he said that St. *Theresa* having once asked our Saviour, why a certain *Carmelite*, was not chosen, who, he had revealed to her, was to be General, he answered : “ It was my desire, but the Monks would not have it so.” It is not surprising, therefore, added his Holiness, that the will of his Vicar was ineffectual. — Every body knows, that the Holy Ghost is too often resisted, and that man every day hinders the operation of God by his own perverse will.

Father *Bemond* is little regretted, though a very affable and a very virtuous man. He is reproached by some of his Order, with blindly suffering himself to be led by a Brother, whom I always mistrusted, because he appeared to me a flatterer. There are few of that character, who are not deceitful. A smooth, soothing language is seldom that of sincerity.

sincerity.—I pity poor *F. Bremond*, without daring to blame him. Where is the man in office, who has not been deceived?

Injustice towards the Great ones is a very common thing, and those, who are not Great themselves, are particularly guilty of it. People do not consider that a multiplicity of perplexing business may be some plea in excuse for them, when they do not see every thing themselves. Happy is he, who sees Dignities and Grandeurs only at a distance, like a mountain, which he would be unwilling to climb.

I have the honour to be, &c.

Rome, July 29, 1756.

LETTER XCI.

To an English Nobleman.

I Cannot conceive, my Lord, how you, who are so well acquainted with the imperfections of humanity, with the variety of opinions, with the capriciousness of taste, and with the force of custom, should be so much surpris'd at our form of Government. I do not pretend to justify it; and the less so as it is neither favourable to Commerce, Agriculture, nor Population, which precisely constitute the essence of public felicity: but do you think that there are no inconveniences in other countries?

We are under a government, it is true, which is a state of Apathy, and consequently

excites neither Emulation nor Industry; but I see you, Mr *Englishman*, under the yoke of a people who drag you whatever way they please, and who, by the impetuosity of their disposition, which is above restraint, are in reality the sovereign. And I see other nations, such as the *Poles*, under anarchy; the *Russians* under a despotic government, without mentioning the *Turks*, who dare not even speak for fear of a *Sultan*, who can do what he pleases.

It is commonly imagined, tho' I know not for what reason, that an Ecclesiastical Government is a sceptre of iron: but whoever has read history cannot be ignorant, that it was in reality the Christian Religion, that has abolished slavery: that in those countries, such as *Poland* and *Hungary*, where it unhappily still takes place, the Peasants who are under the government of the Bishops, are not in a state of Villanage; and that in fine, nothing can be milder than the government of the Popes. Besides that they are almost never at war, being necessarily Princes of peace, they trouble nobody either for taxes, or their way of thinking.

There are certain Inquisitions, which have occasioned the Priests to be branded with the name of Persecutors. But besides that the Monarchs, who authorized those Courts, were as culpable as the Instigators and Promoters of them; ROME was never seen to indulge the barbarous pleasure of burning her Citizens, because

because they had not faith, or because they let fall some wicked words and discourse. JESUS CHRIST, when expiring on the cross, far from exterminating those who blasphemed him, solicits their pardon in these words: *Father forgive them.**

So much is certain, that if some Ministers of God have now and then breathed carnage and blood, they have done so through an enormous abuse of Religion, which being charity itself, preaches nothing but mildness and peace.

It is to no purpose for me to run through the different countries of the world, I see that in the midst of our indigence and apathy, we lead the happiest lives of all. This indeed we derive from the temperature of our climate and the fertility of our soil, which supplies us abundantly with all the necessaries of life.

If our government had more activity, there would certainly be more strength and vigour in it, and the circulation would be greater in the Ecclesiastical state. But who has told us, that the Government would not then become despotic? The inactivity of the Popes, who are commonly too old to undertake and execute great designs, constitutes at once both our misfortune and happiness.

They leave the fields to bring forth their fruits spontaneously, without attending either to their culture or improvement; but they never crush people with a load of taxes; and

* Luke xxiii. 34.

every

every one is sure of remaining quietly at home, without experiencing the least degree of oppression.

Rich countries are taxed in proportion to their riches; and I know not truly, whether it be better to be an inhabitant of a country flourishing by its industry, and to have such exorbitant taxes to pay, as leave but the bare means of a subsistence; or to live in a place where there is no circulation, but where a man lives in a happy ease. It appears to me, that every individual, taken separately, would rather choose to gain little, and have nothing to pay, than to gain much, and to give almost the whole away. I would rather have only five and twenty *sequins* to myself, than the pleasure of possessing a hundred, out of which I was obliged to pay away ninety.

Men are commonly misled by specious advantages in what they assert respecting the different forms of Government. The world, taken in its totality, requires, no doubt, that men should labour, that they should be active, and give mutual help from one extremity of the earth to the other, in order to keep up a correspondence, and to maintain a just equilibrium, or at least a happy harmony; but that does not prevent the possibility of there being a little corner of the universe happy, without taking part in all the enterprizes and revolutions of other countries: and we are this little spot, where the serpents of Discord never hiss, and where Tyranny never exercises its cruelties.

The

The mind of man is restless, because it is perpetually agitated : it loves to see countries always in motion. Thus Conquerors who ravage countries, who sack, who kill, who invade, please mankind more, than those beings who, fixed to the same spot, lead a life ever uniform, ever tranquil, and never make a shew of themselves to mankind by their revolutions.

Nevertheless the life celebrated by the Philosophers and Poets is not a life of tumult. To render man happy, they banish from his heart both avarice and ambition ; and in this they agree with true Christians, who preach up nothing but disinterestedness and humility.

I can assure you that I have often made an estimate of every mode of government, and that I should be much at a loss to tell you which is best. There is none which has not its inconveniences ; and this is the less to be wondered at, when we see the universe itself, though governed by Infinite Wisdom, subject to the strangest revolutions. People are sometimes crushed with thunder, sometimes afflicted with calamities, and almost ever distressed either by shocks of the elements, or by swarms of insects. In the heavenly country alone, every thing is perfect, and it is only there that we shall experience neither evils nor dangers.

A little less enthusiasm, Sir, for your own country, will make you own that there are abuses in it, as well as in others. But how can we require of an *Englishman* not to be Enthusiast in favour of his country ! You will tell me, that

that the liberty and property of the inhabitants are particularly respected in England; and I will reply to you, that these prerogatives, which so essentially constitute the happiness of the subject, and should always remain inviolate, are so under the government of the Popes. There every one is allowed the peaceable enjoyment of his whole property, to go and come as he pleases, without the least disturbance or molestation. The arm of power is never felt in the Ecclesiastical state; and it may be said, that the Rulers there put on rather an air of intreaty than of command. Do not conclude from these reflections, that I am an apologist for a government so defective, in many respects, as ours is; I am as sensible of these defects as you can be: but consider that there is no form of administration in the whole world, of which we cannot speak both good and ill. Let the Republican love a Common-wealth, let the subject of a Monarch love Monarchy; and then every thing is in its proper place. As for me, I am in mine, when I assure you of the respect, &c.

Rome, Sept. 27, 1756.

LETTER XCII.

To a PHYSICIAN.

IT gives me the greatest concern, my dear Friend, that your domestic affairs are still in a bad way, and that your wife, by her extravagance,

travagance, does every thing in her power to make them still worfe. Nothing but patience and mildnefs will ever be able to affect her.— Gain her confidence, and then you will obtain whatever you please.

A man ought never to make a wife uneasy, whatever faults ſhe may have; but all proper means are to be uſed to open her eyes. He muſt reaſon with her; he even muſt ſeem to enter into her views, without ſhewing any diſpoſition to contradict her. Then by candid and civil representations, by a mild behaviour, by ſenſible reaſonings and effuſions of the heart, ſhe will, by degrees, be brought to reliſh the morality preached to her. But a pedantic air and a moralizing tone, never ſhould be aſſumed.

Above all, never complain of your wife's conduct before your children; and ſtill leſs, before your ſervants. They will contract a habit of diſreſpect, or even of contempt for her.

Wives deſerve conſideration, the more ſo as it is commonly the bad humour of the huſband, or domeſtic vexations which make them peeviſh. Their tender frame demands a regard, as well as their ſituation in life, which does not allow them to diſſipate their cares ſo eaſily as men, whoſe lives are divided between buſineſs, ſtudy, and their different employments. Whiſt the huſband falls forth either for buſineſs or pleaſure, the wife neceſſarily remains confined at home, taken up with a hundered trifling, conſequently, tireſome con-

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cerns. Women who love reading have a resource: but one cannot be always reading.—Besides every woman, who reads much, is commonly vain.

I would advise you to recommend it to the Creditors to often dun your Lady, when she is in their debt. She will soon grow tired of such visits; and you will then take the opportunity of setting before her eyes, how great a misfortune it is to be in debt, when a person is unable to pay.

You will affect her by speaking of her children, for whom you must lay up a fortune. She loves them tenderly; and this motive will be the best lesson that can be given her.

I was formerly acquainted with an old Officer at *Pesaro*, who had much to suffer from the passionate temper of his wife. When she grew furious, he remained unmoved, and spake not a word; and this silent attitude soon calmed her rage.—Wrath is disarmed by mildness.

How pleased am I, my dear Doctor, that I am married to my Cell! She is a good companion that never speaks a word to me—who never tires out my patience—and whom I always find the same, at whatever hour I come home—ever easy, ever ready to receive me. The troubles of the Religious are mere nothings, when compared to those of people in the world: but every one should bear his misfortunes with patience, and consider that this life is not eternal. St *Jerome* used to say, that
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he would advise only those to marry, who were afraid in the night-time, that they might have a companion to keep up their courage; but that as he was not fearful himself, he never had an inclination to marry.

I am charmed that your eldest son has an uncommon sagacity. You must rouse the genius of the younger, as it is less unfolded, that it may shew itself. The talent of a Father is to know how to multiply himself, and to appear to his children under different characters; to one as a master, to another as a friend.

The confidence which the principal people in the city repose in you, does them honour. The frequent cures you have performed, must make them sensible, that the reproaches cast on Physicians are not always well founded. It is the fashion to be merry at their expence: but I am thoroughly convinced that there is more knowledge among them, than in almost any other profession; and that their science is not so conjectural, as is generally believed. But man, ever ingenious in deluding himself, says that it is always the Physician, and never Death that kills. Moreover, where is the man of learning, who is never mistaken? The reason why we find in books so many sophisms and paradoxes is, that though a man knows a deal, he is not therefore infallible.

What I say to you, my dear Doctor, is the more generous on my part, as I enjoy the best of health, and stand not in need of a Physician. I take my chocolate every morning:

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I live very temperately : I take a deal of snuff : I frequently take a walk : and with this regimen a man lives a century—But a long life is not my ambition.

Continue to love me as your best friend, as well as that of your family, and as one who desires most sincerely to see you happy.

My compliments to your dear spouse, whom I could wish to see as reasonable in her expences, as you are. But that time will come. The happiness of this life consists in always hoping.

Rome, Sept. 30, 1756.

LETTER XCIII.

To the same.

YOU will see, my friend, by the Memorials of your two Colleagues, which come with this, and who are tearing one another to pieces, that study does not exempt us from the frailties incident to human nature.

The learned, nevertheless, ought to set an example of moderation, and to leave quarrels and jealousies to the vulgar, as their proper element. Every age has been productive of literary combats, truly humiliating to reason and sense. The merit of one is not the merit of another : and I see not, why envy should be so enraged, as to cry down those, who have acquired a reputation. I could wish rather never to have read in my life, than to
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conceive the least hatred against a writer. If he writes well, I admire him; if he writes ill, I excuse him, imagining to myself, that he has done his best. The greater number of slender geniuses there are, who set up for Authors, the more they detest, and tear one another in pieces. Men of genius resemble Mastiffs, who despise the insults of little curs. Men who are truly great, make no reply to the cavils of Critics—The art of being silent, is the best manner of answering satires.

Literature is more exposed to skirmishes than the sciences, because it does not require the same application of mind. The Learned in the sciences are so absorbed in study, that they have not ears to hear the rumours and murmurs of jealousy: while those who apply only to literature, disperse themselves on all sides, like light troops, and are ever on the watch to know what passes.

Hence it is, that the most odious skirmishes are often found in the *French* publications; because that nation commonly abounds more with men of literature, than men of deep learning. Their sprightly and agreeable turn of mind leads them rather to literature, than to the sciences. They are afraid of forfeiting their liberty, and restraining too much their natural gaiety, were they to give themselves up to deep researches, and tedious calculations. The man of deep learning, is almost always a man, whose name will be handed down to posterity: the man of literature, is known in his own age

age alone : and as people are in a hurry to acquire a reputation, because self-love prompts them to the present enjoyment of it, the man of literature, prefers the *eclat* of a day, to a glory that would last for ages to come.

I am exceeding glad, that your remonstrances have had their effect on your young spouse. She will perhaps at last become a miser : but that you must prevent : for she will then starve you to death ; and all a Physician ought to know of a spare diet, is when to prescribe it to his patients.

I have scarce time to read the work you mention ; but as you speak in so high a strain of its Latinity, I will endeavour to run it over. Some books I run over in the twinkling of an eye ; others I dive into, so as to lose nothing : that depends on the subjects of which they treat, and the manner in which they treat them.

I like a work, whose chapters, like so many avenues, lead me agreeably to some interesting prospect. When I see the roads crooked, and the ground rugged, I tire at the first setting out, and proceed no farther, unless the importance of the subject makes me forget the manner in which it is treated.

I take my leave of you to visit an *English* nobleman, who thinks and speaks like an *Esprit fort*. He cannot conceive how *Rome* can canonize men, who have led holy lives : as if we did not judge of persons by their lives : and

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as if God had not promised the kingdom of heaven to those who faithfully fulfil his law.

I hope nevertheless that the excellent work of the Holy Father on the *Canonization of Saints* will open his eyes. He has an infinite esteem for that Pontiff, and a high idea of his writings. Adieu.

Convent of the H. Apostles, Nov. 5, 1756.

LETTER XCIV.

To the Abbè LAMI.

I Wish, my dear Abbè, for the honour of your own country, and for that of *Italy* in general, that the history of *TUSCANY*, which is soon to be published, may perfectly correspond to its title.

What a noble matter to treat of, if the Writer, with equal judgment and delicacy, makes the Arts spring up in that country, where they had been buried for so many ages: and if he paints, in strong and lively colours, the Family of the *MEDICIS*, to whom we owe this inestimable advantage!

History brings all ages and all men into one point of view, so as to form a landscape, which agreeably attracts and fixes the eye. It gives colour to the thoughts, soul to actions, life to the dead, and makes them appear again upon the Theatre of the world, as if still living; with this difference, that it is no longer to flatter them, but to judge them.

History

History was heretofore badly written: nor do our *Italian* Historians write well even at this day. They do nothing more than heap together epochas and dates, without bringing us acquainted with the particular genius of each Nation, or each Hero.

Most men consider history, as they would do a piece of *Flanders* Tapestry, just giving a glance at it. They content themselves with seeing figures shining by the brightness of the colours; without thinking of the head which sketched out the design, any more than they think of the hand that executed it—And thus they imagine they see every thing, when in reality they see nothing at all.

I defy any man to improve by history, who attends only to the Princes, Battles and Exploits passing in review before him. But I know not any book better calculated to instruct, than history, when a person considers the progress of events, and observes how they were brought about: When he analyses the talents and intentions of those, who put every thing in motion: when he transports himself to those ages and regions, where the memorable events happened.

The reading of history furnishes an inexhaustible subject for reflection. One should weigh every fact, not as a mere trifler who doubts of every thing, but as a Critic, who is unwilling to be deceived. Young people seldom improve by history, because it is mentioned to them only as a species of writing, calculated

lated merely for the memory; whereas they ought to be told, that it is the soul, and not the eyes, which are to be employed in reading historical works.

Then they will see men extolled, who were a disgrace to humanity; others persecuted, who were the glory of their country, and of the age in which they lived. Then they become acquainted with the resources of Emulation, and the dangers of Ambition: then they discover that interest is the universal *primum mobile* in cities, courts and families.

Historians but rarely make reflections, in order to give their readers an opportunity of analysing the persons mentioned, and of forming a judgment of them.

There are, in all the histories in the world, Beings almost unseen, but who, nevertheless, from behind the curtain, put every thing in motion. They escape not an attentive reader: he gives them the honour of what flattery too often attributes to men in power. Almost all Princes, almost all Ministers have a hidden genius, who puts them on action, and who can only be discovered by analysing the Princes and Ministers in order to appreciate their worth.

It may be said with truth, that the greatest events, which astonish the world, are frequently brought about by men of an inferior rank, often very obscure in their station of life, and their extraction. Many women, who appeared only on the public stage of life, as the wives of such a Prince, or of such an Ambassador,

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and whose names are not even mentioned in history, have often been the cause of the most glorious exploits. Their counsels prevailed and were followed; and the husbands had the whole honour of an enterprize, for which they were indebted to the sagacity of their wives.

TUSCANY affords a thousand brilliant passages in its history, which an able hand might paint in a most lively and striking manner. That part, which will give an account of the revival of the arts, and their reanimation all over Europe, by the family of the *Medicis* (Princes whose territories were so confined, and whose power was so small) will not be the least interesting. When I reflect on that Epoch, I see as it were a new world issuing out of nothing: a new sun arise to enlighten Nations. Ah! why, my dear Abbè, have not you undertaken that work? You would give it all the life, of which it is susceptible. Adieu. I am besieged, but I will not be blockaded. —They are visits of civility; and we must behave with good manners.

Rome, Nov. 8, 1756.

LETTER XCV.

To Count ***.

I Cannot express, my dear Count, all the joy I feel, when I reflect that you are now marching on with a steady pace in the paths of virtue; and that you are so much master of yourself,

yourself, as to keep your senses—your passions—your heart in perfect subjection.

Yes: we will make together the little excursion we projected. Your company is my delight, since you became a new man.

I will, with pleasure, present you to the Holy Father on your arrival here; and I can assure you he will be very glad to see you, especially when he is informed that you are remarkably fond of good books.—You will find him as cheerful, as if he were only five and twenty.

Cheerfulness is the balm of life; and what makes me hope that your present pious disposition will continue, is that you are ever of a cheerful temper. We insensibly tire of virtue, when we tire of ourselves. Then every thing becomes a burden, and we conclude by giving into the most gloomy misanthropy, or excessive dissipation. I approve very much of the bodily exercises you take. They ease the mind, and render it fit for any thing. I use them myself as much, as the retired state of a Religious man, will allow.

When you come to see me, I will tell you every thing, which the irreconcilable Marchioness alleges as an excuse for not seeing you. I always thought that her affected devotion would not let her do so good an action. Vanity prompts her not to change her conduct. You can form no idea how difficult it is for certain Devotees to acknowledge they have done wrong.

As for you; stop where you are. You have written to her; you have spoken to her; and that is certainly enough; since *St. Paul* tells us, that we must be at peace with every body, *if possible*. He knew that there were people of unfociable tempers, with whom it was impossible to live in a cordial manner. I embrace you with my whole soul, &c.

LETTER XCVI.

To the Rev. Father LUCIARDI, a Bernabite.

REV. FATHER,

YOUR decision is agreeable to the Councils; and I should be much surprised were it otherwise; as I have for a long time been acquainted with the extent of your learning, and the precision of your answers.

Besides the excellent books, which are your constant companions, you have always the Company of Rev. Father GERDIL, whose learning and modesty equally merit the greatest commendations—Take care of your health both for the good of Religion, and our mutual interest.

The City of TURIN, where you are an inhabitant, undoubtedly knows the value of possessing you—for merit is there both esteemed and cherished.

I should scruple keeping you any longer from your studies and exercises of piety. I therefore conclude, without ceremony, by assuring

furing you, that nobody can be more cordially, &c.

Rome, Dec. 3, 1755.

L E T T E R XC VII.

To the Director of a Nunnery.

I DO not felicitate you on your employment; but I will strive to persuade you to acquit yourself with all possible prudence and charity.

If you follow my advice, you will very seldom go to the Parlour.* It is the place of unprofitable words, small flanders, idle reports; and an infallible occasion of exciting jealousies. For if you see one oftner than another, some of them will be coming privately to hear what passes, merely from a spirit of curiosity. This will raise cabals and parties; and a thousand constructions will be put on the least word you say.

Secondly, you will never remove the vain scruples, which will be frequently repeated to you, but by despising them, and by hearkening to them—only twice at most.

Thirdly, you must accustom the Nuns never to speak to you in the Confessional of any thing, but what regards themselves: Otherwise they will make their neighbours confession, and in only hearing the confession of one, you will insensibly learn the faults of the whole Community.

* See note on letter 28. p. 72.

Fourthly,

Fourthly, you must labour incessantly to maintain peace in all their hearts, by constantly repeating to them, that JESUS CHRIST is only to be found in the bosom of peace.

You must often reflect, with yourself, that if there be a *lust of the eyes* in all men, as St. *John* informs us; there is also a *lust* of the tongue and ears in many Nuns—But will you have skill enough to cure them? Although it be not proper to prescribe a silence, which would stifle them; it is at least necessary, that those ill-natured discourses, which amuse at the expence of our neighbour, should be interdicted.

Have regard to the weakness of a sex, which requires great condescension in the government of it. An allowance must be made for poor recluse women, whose imagination is always at work—we must not add any thing to a Yoke, already heavy enough with the burden of a perpetual solitude.

Our Holy Father knew their wants, when he allowed them to go out once a year to visit one another—Whatever is done from a principle of charity, merits praise.

There will be some occasions, on which you must arm yourself with resolution: otherwise you will be *directed*, instead of being a *Director*. Many Nuns are fond of guiding him, who has the care of their consciences.—They do it with an air of perfect piety, without seeming to intend it.

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If you slight the advice I have here given, you will repent of it; and if you have a mind to do still better, you will never be seen by them, but in the Confessional, the Pulpit, and at the Altar—You will be much more respected on that account. There are few Directors, who lose not a great deal by being too well known. It is a great science not to shew one's self, but on proper occasions. Ask me nothing more; for with regard to this subject you have the full extent of my knowledge. Adieu.

Convent of the Apostles, Dec. 19, 1756.

LETTER XCVIII.

To Count GENORI.

COUNT,

MY books, my monastic exercises, my employment, all oppose the pleasure I could otherwise take in coming to see you. Besides, what can you do with a Religious man, whose time is perpetually divided between reading and prayer, which would interrupt our walks and conversation?

I am so habituated to my hours of solitude and work, that I should think my existence at an end, were I once put out of my way. All the happiness of a Religious consists in knowing how to be alone—to pray—to study. I have no other enjoyment; and I prefer it to all the

the pleasures of the world. I set an infinite value on the conversation of a few learned men, or a few friends, provided always that they do not encroach on the distribution I have made of my time. It never was my design to make myself a slave to a minute of those hours, which are at my own disposal, for I detest every thing that is punctilious and trifling: but I love Order; and I see nothing but the love of Order, that can maintain the harmony between the soul and the senses.

Where there is no Order, there is no peace of mind. Tranquility is the daughter of Regularity; and it is by Regularity that a man keeps himself within the sphere of his duties. All inanimate Creatures preach to us an exact Regularity. The Planets perform their respective revolutions in periodical times; and the Plants assume a new life at the moment pointed out to them. The instant is known when Day is to appear, and it never fails: the moment of Night is known, and then Darkness covers the earth.

The true Philosopher never inverts the order of time, unless forced to it by his occupations, or some usages or customs require it.

To return to natural history, which you mentioned to me, it is certain that we have studied it less than we have studied Antiquity, though the one be of far greater advantage than the other. ITALY, nevertheless, offers at every step enough to exercise, and even to satisfy all the curiosity of a Naturalist. *Phenomena*

nomena are observed there, which are seen nowhere else, and which nations said to be less superstitious than the *Italians*, would most certainly take to be miracles.

A French Abbè, who has been here some time, and whom I became acquainted with at Cardinal *Passionei's*, was in the greatest astonishment at the wonders which nature here presented to his sight. I shall never forget having gone with him to the neighbourhood of the City of *Mattei*; and although it is not far, the walk took us up near five hours; for he stopped at every step. He is a man of great knowledge, and has such a taste for natural history, that he becomes glued to an insect or a flint, and there is no getting him away. He looked so long at every stone, that I was apprehensive, he would have become one himself: in that case, I own, I should have been a great loser, for his conversation is as engaging, as it is cheerful and lively. He is the same person, who wrote against the systems of *Monf. Buffon*. How much longer would he have stopped, had he been so happy as to have had you for his companion?

I have the honour, dear Count, to be, with the warmest gratitude and the most respectful attachment, your very humble, &c.

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LETTER XCIX.

*To M. C*** an Advocate.*

O H! Compliments indeed! Did you know how I love them, you would never make me any.

What is reported respecting the person in question, is grounded solely on envy and malice. Where is the man in office, where is the writer, who has not enemies? Libels and satires make no impression but on weak and badly organized heads; and it is a remark you will make, that those people, who themselves have the greatest defects and vices, always most easily give credit to calumny, and shew the greatest repugnance to see those, who have been ill used.

But misrepresentation is so much in vogue, that, according to the remark of the Holy Father, a thousand recommendations are necessary to determine a man in power to favour any one; and one word is enough to make him change his mind, and put him in a passion. This is the greatest proof of the depravity of the human heart.

We should be under a necessity of seeing nobody, were we to shut our doors against every one who is spoken ill of. Rash judgment is the thing we are most to guard against. It is shameful to condemn a brother, when we have not even proofs sufficient to accuse him.

Prepossession against others will damn the greater part of the Grandees, and especially the

the bigots among them, who consider it as an act of piety to give credit to all the ill they hear of their neighbour. They affect not to know that God expressly forbids us to judge, that we may not be judged; and that a man is less criminal in his eyes, who has committed a fault for which he is humbly sorry, than a man who rashly accuses his brethren.

The first rule of Christian charity is, that a person ought not to believe the ill of his neighbour, which he has not seen; and that if he has seen it, he ought to hold his tongue.

Moreover, if the person, you are advised not to see, seeks the company of good people, it is a certain proof, that he is not so much of a libertine, as he is represented, or that he designs to change his conduct. Perhaps his salvation may depend on the good example you will set him; therefore do not discourage him.

Charity judges not like the world; for the world has scarce ever missed judging wrong.
I am, &c.

Convent of the Holy Apostles.

L E T T E R C.

*To the Abbè L***.*

SINCE you consult me, Sir, respecting the Discourse I lately heard, I will answer you with my usual sincerity, that I found some ex-

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cellent things in it, but that I do not like that affectation which enervates. One would imagine, that it was a work made up at a Lady's toilet, and that it had been painted. For the future, let your soul speak when you mount the pulpit, and you will speak well. Wit and ingenuity ought to be only the border of a picture, and you made it the ground of your Discourse—To be a good Orator, a man ought to take a middle way between the Italians and the French, that is to say, he ought neither to be a giant nor a dwarf.

Let not the taste of the age corrupt you ; if you do, you never will be able to get rid of that affected, high-flown eloquence, which puts both thoughts and words to the rack. It is of great importance to a young man of talents to receive such advice, and above all to take it ; your modesty assures me you will do so. I am, Sir, with all possible desire of seeing you a perfect Orator, your very humble, &c.

Rome, the 10th Instant.

L E T T E R C I.

To Prince SAN-SEVERO.

EXCELLENCE,

I Continue to admire your new discoveries. You bring forth a second Universe from the former, by whatever you create. This makes our Antiquarians go mad, who persuade themselves,

selves, that nothing can be interesting or beautiful, but what is very old.

It is undoubtedly right to esteem Antiquity; but I do not think that we ought to become slaves to it so far, as to extol beyond bounds a thing of no value in its self, merely because it was taken out of *Adrian's* gardens.

The Ancients, like us, employed very common things for the ordinary uses of life; and if they are to be valued in proportion to their being old, the Earth, in that respect, merits our first homages, as no one assuredly will contest its antiquity.

I can neither bear with Enthusiasts, nor those who are quite unaffected with what they read. It belongs only to such, as keep the medium between these two extremes, to see things and to judge of them, as they ought. The indifference of the unaffected deprives them of taste and curiosity; both of which however are requisite to examine and to pronounce.

The IMAGINATION, when it is under no government, is still more dangerous than indifference. It causes dazzlings, which cloud the sight, and darken reason. PHILOSOPHY itself, every day, feels the effects of its too fatal impression; though that wanton jade never ought to have any empire over it. Sophisms, paradoxes, captious arguments (the retinue of all our modern Philosophers) have no other origin than the Imagination. She is wound up according to the different whims; and has no longer any regard either to experience or truth.

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Your Excellence must know these writings, as you have frequent opportunities of reading the productions of the times. ENGLAND, which on account of its phlegm, one would believe gave less into Imagination than other countries, has published to the world some of the most extravagant ideas. Their Philosophers have dreamed even more than ours; for it was necessary they should use greater efforts to lay aside their natural character, which is that of gloominess and taciturnity. Their imagination is like a new-lighted coal-fire, the vapour of which offends the brain.

The saying, that "the Imagination is the mother of dreams," is well founded. It produces even more than the Night itself: and they are the more dangerous, as when people indulge them, they think they are not dreaming; whereas the morning undeceives us with respect to the illusions of sleep.

I still fear lest your Chemical experiments should hurt your health: they sometimes produce dreadful accidents. But when a Natural Philosopher is making any new essay, he pursues it without fear of the consequences, as an Officer, carried away by his valour, throws himself at random amidst the fire of the enemy.

I have the honour to be with equal respect and attachment, &c.

Rome, Jan. 13, 1757.

LET-

L E T T E R CII.

To a Prelate.

MONSIGNOR,

JJOIN with me in viindicating the memory of SIXTUS QUINTUS. I was yesterday forced, in some degree, to be in a passion, when it was asserted to my face, that he was a cruel Pope, and a Pontiff unworthy to reign. It is surprising how much this character, which he never deserved, continues to be given him, and how much it gains ground.

Is it then allowable to condemn so great a man, without calling to mind the times he lived in, and reflecting that ITALY then swarmed with robbers: that there was less safety in ROME itself, than in a forest: and that the most virtuous women were insulted even at noon-day?—The severity of SIXTUS-QUINTUS, which is improperly styled cruelty, would be, at least, as pleasing to God, as the piety of PIUS V.

In the reign of some certain Popes we have seen thousands of men assassinated, without the Murderers ever being punished. Then might it truly be said of those Popes, that they were cruel. But it was an act of justice, and zeal equally advantageous to the public and pleasing to God, when SIXTUS-QUINTUS put about fifty robbers to death, in order to re-establish manners in the midst of the cities, and security in the heart of the country, at a time when there was no longer any law,
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good order or government. I sigh, I own, when I see great men become the jest of ignorant and prejudiced Writers. More than once has Posterity itself, which is called an impartial judge, been misled by the reflections of a seducing historian, who, without a commission, placed himself on the bench, and pronounced a sentence, grounded solely on his own prejudices.

It is vain to cry out, calumny! The impression is made—the book is read; and the multitude form their judgment only from what was first written. Thus has *Gregorio Leti* rendered SIXTUS-QUINTUS odious throughout all the regions of the Universe, instead of representing him as a sovereign, who was forced to intimidate his people, and to restrain them by the greatest examples of severity.

Nothing is more to be dreaded by all ranks of people than a Government too remiss and easy. Crimes make a thousand times more victims, than well appointed punishments. The old Testament is full of instances of justice and terrour; and God himself (whom undoubtedly nobody will accuse of cruelty) ordered them.

I will certainly come and see you very soon. That you may depend upon, as well as on the affection, with which I shall be all my life, &c.

Convent of the H. Apost. April 2, 1756.

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L E T T E R CIII.

To a Young Religious.

THE advice you ask me, my dear Friend, with respect to the method of pursuing your studies, must be analogous to your disposition and talents. If a liveliness of genius be your prevailing character, you must temper it by reading works, in which the Imagination comes in for a small share: if, on the contrary, you be slow of thought, you must enliven your mind by familiarizing yourself with books full of fire.

Do not overload your memory with dates and facts, before you have ranged your ideas in a certain order, and acquired a justness of reasoning. You must accustom yourself to a methodical way of thinking, and to dissipate, though without any great efforts, all the chimeras that rush on your mind.—Whoever thinks only after a vague manner, is fit for nothing—because nothing can fix his attention.

The basis of your studies ought to be the knowledge of God and of yourself. If you dive into yourself, you will there discover the Agency of him, who created you: and if you reflect on the errors of the Imagination, and the wanderings of the heart, you will feel the necessity of a Revelation, which has revived the law after a more efficacious and lively manner.

Then may you give yourself up, without reserve, to that science, which by reasoning

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and authority, leads us into the sanctuary of Religion. There you will drink of the heavenly doctrine published in the sacred books, and interpreted by the Councils and Fathers of the Church.

By reading them, true eloquence will become quite familiar to you; and you will early begin to take them for models, so as afterwards to meet with success in your manner of writing and preaching.

Make use of the intervals of time between your different exercises, to cast an eye, now and then, on the finest fragments of the Orators and Poets, after the example of St. *Jerome*: that is to say, not like a man, who greedily feeds on them, but like one, who culls from them whatever may contribute most to the embellishment of his style, and makes use of them to promote the glory of Religion.

The Historians will afterwards take you, as it were, by the hand, and lead you from age to age, to point out to you the different events and revolutions, which have all along agitated and busied the world. This will afford you an uninterrupted means of knowing and adoring a Providence, which directs and governs all according to its designs.

You will see, almost in every page of history, how Empires and Emperors have been, in the hand of God, instruments of justice or of mercy—how he raises them—how he pulls them down—how he creates them—how he destroys

destroys them, himself remaining unchangeably still the same.

Read over again in the morning, what you had read the preceding evening, that your reading may be properly digested, fixed in your memory, and arranged in a certain order. Never fail to make the reading of a grave and solid work, succeed that of a book which abounds with imagination, that you may not become a party-man.

This practice renders more temperate the thoughts, which the productions of a mind too much sublimated throw into a state of fermentation: it lowers and settles a genius, which too often suffers itself to be carried beyond its proper sphere.

Take every possible opportunity of enjoying the conversation of men of learning. Happily Providence has provided for this: as, in most of our houses, there are found Religious, who have pursued their studies in a proper manner.

Neglect not the company of old men. Their memory, furnished with many facts, of which they were witnesses, is a magazine which may be rummaged to advantage—They are like some old worm-eaten, dusty, ill-bound books, which, nevertheless, contain excellent matter.

Have no passion for any particular work—any particular author—or any particular sentiment—lest you become a party-man: but prefer one author to another, when you judge him to be more solid and more excellent.

Prepossession and prejudices are to be guarded against with the utmost precaution ; but, unfortunately, the more a person studies, the more he suffers himself to be carried away with them.

We are identified, and become as it were one and the same man with an author, who has said good things ; and, insensibly, the panegyrists and adorers of all his opinions, though some of them may be very singular and fantastical. — Guard against that misfortune, and ever be more the friend of Truth, than of *Plato* or *Scotus*.

Respect the sentiments, of the order of which you are a member, so far as not to attack received ideas ; but be not a slave to them. We are immoveably to hold only to what is of Faith, and consecrated by the universal Church. I have seen Professors, who would have died, rather than abandon some school-opinions : my behaviour towards such men, was to pity them and shun them. Apply no further to *Scholastic* Divinity, than it may be necessary for understanding the jargon of the schools, and refuting sophists : for it is so far from making an essential part of Theology, that it is no more than the outer-bark of it.

Avoid disputes : they clear up nothing : nevertheless know, on proper occasions, how to maintain the truth and attack error with the arms which JESUS CHRIST and his Apostles have put in our hands, and which consist in mildness, persuasion and charity. The minds
of

of men are not taken by assault; but we succeed in gaining them over, if we know the art of insinuation.

Dread fatiguing the faculties of your soul by giving yourself up to intemperate study—each day's trouble is enough. Never therefore entrench on the morrow, by prolonging the studies of the night, except when necessity requires it.

A man, who regulates his time, and commonly allots only some hours to work, goes on faster, than he who heaps one moment on another, and knows not when to stop. He who follows no order in studying, ends in being no more than a mere title-page of books, or a library turned topsy-turvy. Therefore love order, but without being punctilious, that you may put off your work to another time, when you are not disposed for study. A studious person is not to labour like the ox constrained to trace the furrows in a plowed field, nor like a mercenary, who is paid by the day.

To be continually striving against rest and sleep is a bad custom. Whatever is done unwillingly, is never well done; and when a man is too earnest in writing, he hurts his health.

There are certain days and hours, when a person is not disposed for work; and then it is a madness to offer violence to himself, unless he be in extreme hurry—The books are few which do not smell of a painful composition, because people too often write when they ought to take their rest.

It

It is a great art, in order to succeed in our studies, to know when to begin work, and when to leave off: without this, the brain is heated, the mind is either absorbed or evaporated, and our productions are either languid or extraordinary. Learn to make a good choice of the works you read, that you may know only what is worth knowing, and make a good use of it. Life is too short to lose any part of it in useless studies—Unless we make haste to learn, we grow old without learning any thing at all.

Above all, beg of God to enlighten you: for there is no knowledge but through him; and whoever follows not his light, is in darkness.

Dread becoming learned, for no other end than that of acquiring a reputation: for besides that *knowledge puffs up*, and *charity edifies**, a Community is hurt, when a member makes a parade of his learning.

Let events take their course, and your own merit speak for you, in order to your advancement. If employments come not to seek you out, be content with that which is the lowest—and, take my word for it, it is the best.

I am never better pleased than, when after holding our Chapters, I have no other dignity, but the honour of existing. I then congratulate with myself for having refused whatever was offered me, and for having nobody to govern—but myself.

1 Cor. viii. 1.

The

The advantage which accrues from the love of study, and from conversing with the dead, is a thousand times greater than the frivolous glory of commanding the living. The finest command is that of restraining the senses and passions, and of maintaining the soul in that sovereignty which is its due.

Add moreover, that the man who applies to study, knows not what it is to be tired of himself. He thinks himself young, when he is already old: the little bustles of the Cloister are ever as far off from him, as the hurry and embarrassments of the world.

I exhort you therefore, my dear Friend, not only for the advantage of Religion, not only for the good of our Order, but even for your own satisfaction, to give yourself up to a studious life. With a book—a pen—and your own thoughts—you will be happy and content, wherever you are—Both the understanding and the heart of man are an asylum, when he knows how to retire to either.

I feel with pleasure, the great confidence which you repose in me, as you might, preferably, have addressed yourself to the Fathers COLOMBINI, MARZONI, MARTINELLI. They are really men, who for their learning and talents, are capable of giving excellent counsel. Adieu: and believe me your Servant and good Friend.

Rome, June 7, 1757.

LET.

LETTER CIV.

*To the Rev. Father ***, a Religious of the Congregation of Somafcha.**

THE loss the Church has just suffered in the person of BENEDICT XIV. affects me the more, that in him I have lost an excellent Protector. I came back to Rome in 1740, the first year of his Pontificate; and from that time he never ceased honouring me with his kindresses. If you are inclined to make his funeral oration, you will have the finest subject you can desire. Certainly you will not forget that he performed his studies with your Congregation in the *Clementine-College*, and that you gave him the first sketch of that sublime and vast knowledge, which makes him a Doctor of the Church, and will one day associate him with BERNARD and BONAVENTURE.

Take care in this funeral oration, that your mind be elevated equally with your Hero; and that the greatness of soul, which characterized him, may be expressed in a becoming manner.

Aim at being the Historian, as well as the Orator, but so, that there be neither languor nor dryness in your narration. The

* A Congregation of Religious men, founded in the sixteenth Century, by *Jerome Emiliani*; a noble Venetian. The design of this edifying institute, is the care of poor Orphans of both sexes. It was made a Religious Order by *Pius V.* *Jerome* was canonized by *Clement XIV.*

attention

attention of the public must be perpetually kept awake by great strokes, worthy of the majesty of the pulpit, and the sublimity of LAMBERTINI.

You will in vain call to your assistance all the figures of Rhetoric, if they come not to seek you out. Eloquence is never beautiful, but when it flows from the source, and arises from the grandeur of the subject—Forced elogiums are amplifications, not elogiums.

Bring forth from the cinders of BENEDICT XIV a virtue which may seize your hearers, and transform them into himself, that they may be filled with him alone. Use no trivial details; tell no out of the way stories about him, employ no bombast or bloated phrases. Blend, as much as possible, the sublime with the temperate, in order to form those pleasing shades, which give a grace to Discourses. Endeavour to choose a happy text, which may announce at once the whole plan of your Oration, and perfectly characterize your Hero. The Division is the touchstone of a Panegyrist: the Discourse cannot be beautiful, if that be not happily chosen.

Strew morality with discretion, so that it may seem to come and place itself; and that people may say: “It could not be better than where it was: that was its place.”

Dread all common places; and contrive so, that every body may see LAMBERTINI, without perceiving the Orator. Praise with equal delicacy and sobriety; and give a spring to
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your praises, which may make them re-ascend to God.

Unless you move the soul by happy surprises, and noble images, your work will be no more than an ingenious composition: and instead of erecting a *Mausoleum*, you will only have written an *Epitaph*.

Above all, address yourself to the hearts of your Audience; fill them with such alarming truths, as may detach them from this mortal life, and may make them descend into the tomb of the Holy Father.

Pass lightly over the Infancy of your Hero: all men are alike until the moment reason begins to shoot forth its rays. Let not your sentences be either too long, or too short: there is nothing nervous in a Discourse, when parcelled out into short sentences.

Let your *Exordium* be pompous, without being inflated; and let your first period especially announce something grand. I compare the exordium of a funeral oration to the portico of a Church: If I find majesty there, I form an idea of the beauty of the whole Edifice.

Exhibit, in the strongest manner, Death overturning Thrones, crushing scepters, trampling on Tiaras, withering Crowns; and place over this wreck the genius of BENEDICT, as having nothing to fear from the destructive hand of time; as defying death to tarnish his glory, and efface his name.

Enter

Enter into a detail of his virtues; give an analysis of his writings; and every where exhibit a sublime soul, that would have astonished *Pagan Rome*, that edified *Christian Rome*, and attracted the admiration of the Universe.

In a word, lighten—thunder—but introduce such shades, as may cause the light to issue out with greater brightness, and form the most striking contrasts.

My imagination is on fire, when so great a Pope as BENEDICT, is mentioned—a Pontiff, whose loss is regretted by the *Protestants* themselves, and whom nobody, but a *Michael Angelo* could paint.

If I have enlarged upon this subject, it was because I know you can easily lay hold of whatever I recommend to you. A funeral Oration cannot be beautiful, but in proportion to its being picturesque, and unless energy and truth hold the pencil. The greater part of elogiums go down to the grave with those whose elogium they are, because they are no more than an *Ephemeran* piece of Eloquence—the production of wit—and whose glittering is no more than tinsel.

I should be mad to see LAMBERTINI praised by an Orator, who was barely elegant.—Every one ought to be served according to their taste; and his was ever sure and good.

Get to work, my dear Friend. I will with pleasure see what you throw on paper, as I am convinced it will be so many flashes of fire, which will consume every thing unwor-

thy of such an eulogy. I judge from the productions you have heretofore communicated to me, and in which I observed great beauties. It is time that our ITALY should lose its *con-cetti*, and assume a masculine and sublime tone, analogous to true eloquence.

I am endeavouring to form, by my counsels, some young Orators, who are at the pains of taking my advice; and I do all I can, to put them out of conceit with those extravagances, which are continually introducing into our Discourses the *burlesque* in conjunction with the *sublime*. Foreigners have reason to be shocked at so monstrous an allay. The *French* especially know nothing of such a strange whim. Their discourses indeed are often superficial, and have less of substance than surface, but we commonly find among them a well supported style.—Nothing is more shocking, than to soar above the clouds, only to fall down afterwards with a thump.

My compliments to the little Father, who, but for his deplorable state of health, would do wonders.

Rome, May 10, 1758.

LETTER CV.

To the Abbè LAMI.

YOU will undoubtedly, dear Abbè, announce in your sheets the death of the Holy Father. He was a man of learning, who has

has a claim to a place in all periodical works, and to whom all writers owe elogiums.

He maintained his cheerfulness to the last, so that a few days before his death, speaking of a *Theatine*, the process of whose Beatification was to be drawn up, he said: "Great servant of God, cure me; as you act towards me, so will I act towards you: for if you obtain for me the recovery of my health, I will beatify you."

The analysis of his works will require such a one as you, to give us an account of them. It would be proper also to give some extracts, which may fall into the hands of such, as have not time to read a great deal, or are not able to purchase *Folios*.

Above all his Treatise on *the Canonization of Saints**, ought to be spread abroad everywhere. Besides that he therein talks like a Physician, a Lawyer, a Canonist, a Theologian, the subject he treats is commonly little understood.

The Public imagines that nothing more is required, than to send money to *Rome* in order to procure a Canonization: whereas it is notorious, that the Pope does not make the least profit of it, and every possible means are employed to avoid being deceived in so important an object.

* Abbè *Baudeau* has published an abridgment of that learned Treatise in 1 Vol. 12°. and it is sold by *Lottin*, jun. at *Paris*.

This

This is so true, that BENEDICT XIV, for whose death we now mourn, being then *Promoter of the Faith*, desired two sensible *English* Gentlemen (who were passing their jokes on the Canonization of Saints) to divest themselves of all prejudice, and to read, with the utmost attention, the verbal processes relating to the cause of a servant of God, whom it was proposed to beatify. They consented to do so; and after having read, for several days together, with the most critical disposition, the proofs and evidence, which ascertained his sanctity, and all the means made use of to arrive at the truth, they said to *Monsignor* LAMBERTINI: "If the same precautions, the same examinations, and the same severity be used with regard to all who are canonized, there is no doubt, but that things are carried even to demonstration, and evidence itself." *Monsignor* LAMBERTINI answered: "Well, Gentlemen, notwithstanding whatever you may think of it, the Congregation rejects these proofs as insufficient; and the process of the Beatification will stop there."

It is impossible to express their surprise on this occasion; and they set off from *Rome*, thoroughly convinced, that people are not canonized on slight grounds, and that there are no means either easy or difficult, which are not employed to come to the knowledge of the truth. The Beatification of a Saint, is a cause, which continues pleading often above a century

century together, and the person, who is commonly called the *Devil's Advocate*, never fails collecting every testimony to the disadvantage of the servant of God, and to make use of the strongest proofs, and the most weighty objections to invalidate his sanctity, and to diminish the worth of his actions. There are many reputed Saints, who nevertheless will never be beatified, because the testimonies in favour of their sanctity are not sufficient. Not only simple virtues are requisite (as you know very well) not only shining virtues; but even such as are *heroic*, and uninterruptedly practised to the hour of death in a most eminent degree.*

The testimony of miracles is also insisted on, whatever Unbelievers may say of it, who attribute every miracle to an over-heated imagination, or to the effects of superstition: as if God could be chained down by his own laws, and was not at liberty to suspend their execution—In that case, he would have less power than the most insignificant Monarch—But what truths are not denied, when a person is blinded by a corruption both of understanding and heart?

God often manifests the sanctity of his servants by cures: and if the prodigies operated soon after their death, continue only for a time, and then cease; the reason is, that the Deity comes not forth from his secret place but at in-

* In gradu heroico.

tervals,

tervals, and only to shew that his power is ever the same; and that he is able to glorify his saints, whenever he pleases.

Our *Conclave* is as yet only in labour; and it will not be known to the last moment, as usual, who is to be the new Pontiff. The whole city is now taken up with conjectures, bets and pasquinades,—so it has been from times of old, and the custom will not be soon laid aside.

For my part, in the midst of this hurry, I am at *Rome*, as if I were not there; only desiring, if possible, that we may have another *Lambertini*: nor do I quit my cell, but for business or relaxation. It is there I enjoy my books—myself—and relish the reflections of dear Abbe *Lami*, whose very humble Servant I immutably am, &c.

Rome, May 9, 1758.

LETTER CVI.

To the same.

WE have at last gotten for head of the Church Cardinal REZZONICO, Bishop of *Padua*, who has taken the name of CLEMENT XIII, and who will edify the *Romans* by his piety. It was contrary to his inclinations, and after many a tear, that he accepted of his dignity. What a post, when a man is desirous of complying with all the duties of it! He must be at the call of God, of every body
and

CLEMENT XIII continues Cardinal *Archinto* Secretary of State. He has no better means of endearing himself to the crowned heads, and of rendering his Pontificate illustrious. A sovereign Prince must either make choice of an excellent Minister, or do every thing himself. BENEDICT XIII was the most unhappy of mankind for having placed his confidence in Cardinal *Coscia*: and BENEDICT XIV the happiest in having had Cardinal VALENTI for his Minister.

It is the essential interest of every sovereign, and especially of a Pope, to have proper people about him. The good sense and knowledge of the most clear sighted Prince is imposed on, if he suffer himself to be dazzled. Then brass becomes gold in his eyes; and he supports those men, whom he has once taken under his protection, whatever the consequences may be.

An ability to discover the different dispositions of people is a qualification scarce any way less necessary for a Prince. No one dares attempt to impose on a Monarch, who is known to be a man of penetration: while he, who suffers himself to be led, becomes the tool of those

those about him. Some Sovereigns have done more mischief through indolence and weakness, than through downright wickedness. A man grows tired with repeating acts of crying injustice; but he does not tire with feeling and seeing nothing.

The weaker a Prince is, the more despotic he will be: for as authority is never lost; Ministers seize on it, and become tyrants.

Another qualification, which I consider as essential to good government, is to allot to every one his proper place. The government of the moral world is like a game at chess, where every piece is moved in order, and according to its rank. If one pawn be moved instead of another, there ensues nothing but confusion.

A SOVEREIGN is not only the image of God by the eminence of his rank: he ought moreover to be so by his understanding. DAVID, though only a Shepherd, had a superior light to direct him: and that he shewed, as soon as he became King.

A Prince who is barely good-natured, is no more than what every man ought to be: and a Prince, who shews nothing but severity, has not, for his subjects, the love he owes them.

But, alas! How finely we atoms talk of the duties of Royalty: and, were we invested with it, we should not know how to act. The difference between talking and reigning is great. Nothing opposes us, when we suffer our minds to take wing, and allow our pens
to

to run on : but when a man finds himself overpowered with business, environed with rocks, surrounded with false friends ; lastly overloaded with debts, and the most weighty duties ; he is frightened ; he dares attempt nothing : and, from an indolence, natural to all men, he trusts the concerns of government to some subaltern, and thinks only of the pleasure of enjoying and ruling.

Certain it is, that the art of governing is very difficult. If a person enjoys an hereditary Crown, he knows the Grandeur of it, without knowing the detail of a kingdom ; and is easily deceived. If on the other hand, he obtains an elective Crown ; he enters on a sovereignty, to which he has not served an apprenticeship ; and he appears a borrowed personage, both in the midst of honour, and in the centre of business.

When a man is placed on a throne in the decline of life, he is fit for nothing but to be made a shew of. There is nothing he dares undertake : every thing frightens him : every thing inspires him with indolence ; especially if he knows not who is to be his successor. —Such is the situation of Popes, if they be too old : they are then incapable of applying to the concerns of Church and state.

But there ever will be abuses in the world : if there be none here, there are some elsewhere : for imperfections are the appendage of humanity. “ There is no place, but the holy “ city, says the Great AUGUSTINE, where

“every thing will be in order, at peace, and
“in charity: for there God alone will reign.”

I shall go and pay my respects to the new Pontiff, not like a *Religious*, who wants to shew himself, but in quality of a *Consultor* of the Holy Office. He does not know me, nor will I put myself to any expence to make myself known. I like to remain covered with the dust of the Cloister; nor do I think myself any way dishonoured by it.

Adieu. Continue to keep up, for our sakes, the good taste of the MEDICIS; and your memory will be long preserved, though that gives you little concern. I am, &c.

Rome, July 15, 1758.

LETTER CVII.

To a PRELATE.

I Humble myself, *Monsignor*, as much as others would value themselves, for the most Eminent dignity, to which the sovereign Pontiff has just raised me. I thought I was going to leave *Rome*, from the manner in which this extraordinary event was notified to me; nor am I yet recovered from my astonishment.

It is the Order of St. FRANCIS, of which I have the honour of being a member, that was designed to be recompensed in my person: but I take no share of it to myself. I barely lend my name: for the more I consider myself, the
more

more I see that I had no direct nor indirect claim to the *Cardinalate*, either from birth or merit.

If any thing can afford me comfort in the midst of the flurry which agitates my mind, it is to see myself associated with the illustrious personages, who compose the sacred College; the *latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to untie**. I fancy, that by partaking of their virtues, I may at last acquire some of my own; and that by conversing with them, I may come to imitate them—We imperceptibly copy after those, with whom we associate. I have told my dear Brethren, that I never will be a *Cardinal* with respect to them, but that they shall still ever find in me *Brother Lawrence Ganganelli*; for it is to them I owe, whatever I am; and it was the habit of St. *Francis*, that purchased me the honours of the Purple.

You know me well enough to be convinced that I am not dazzled with my new dignity. The soul takes no colour; and it is only through it that we are of any value in the eyes of God. The Lord, by making us to his own *image* and *likeness*, bestowed more on us, than all the dignities of the world can confer. To find myself great, it is in that light only I must see myself. The purple, bright as it is, was not made for my eyes, happily accustomed to see nothing, but Eternity. This point of

* Matt. iii. 11

view makes all Grandeur surprisngly diminutive: neither EMINENCE nor HIGHNESS can stand in competition with an immortal life, where nothing Great is seen, but GOD alone.

I consider Dignities as only a few more syllables added to an Epitaph, from which no one can draw any vanity; because the buried man is even below the Inscriptions read on his tomb.

Will my ashes have any more feeling, though they be qualified *Eminent*? Or shall I be better off in Eternity, when some feeble voice on earth shall say: *Cardinal Ganganelli*; or a perishable pen write it?

A new dignity, and especially that of the Cardinalate, which brings along with it a multitude of obligations, is always a new burden. There are as many duties to fulfil, as there are occasions in which a person is to speak his mind without any human respects, or considerations.

I order matters so as to perceive, as little as possible, my strange *Metamorphosis*. I shall live, as heretofore, in the Convent of the Apostles, among my dear Brethren, whom I have always tenderly loved, and on whose company I set the greatest value.

If I quit my dear Cell, in which I have enjoyed more contentment than all the Kings of the earth, it is only because I must have more room to receive those, who will do me the favour to come and see me: but I will often say to it: *May my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I ever forget thee*;* I will often go to

* Pf. cxxxvi. *Vulg.*

see it, and there recall to my remembrance the many days, which have vanished like a dream.

I shall therefore change nothing in my way of life; and my dear *Brother Francis* shall make up my whole household. He is strong, he is vigilant, he is zealous; he will do for every thing. My *Individuality* has received neither more extent nor bulk since I was made a Cardinal; and I do not therefore see what occasion I have for more attendants.

Oh! I was once a good walker! And my comfort is, that I shall still walk. I will only suffer myself to be drawn, when the Ceremonial requires it; and will become *Brother Ganganelli* again as often as I possibly can. No man likes to quit himself, especially when he has lived fifty-four years without ceremony, and at perfect liberty with himself.

I hope you will come and see, not the *Cardinal*, but *Brother Ganganelli*. The former will never be at home for you; the latter will always be there, to repeat to you, that whatever post I occupy, I will, without ever ceasing, be your servant and friend.

Rome, Oct. 1, 1759.

L E T T E R CVIII.

To a Conventual Friar.

I Have not as yet, my old brother and friend, received the packet you sent me; but I know how to be patient, though I am naturally

ly of a hasty temper. Our whole life is nothing but a series of contradictions and disappointments, which we must learn to bear, unless we would disturb our peace and hurt our health.

Father GEORGI, ever the honour of the AUGUSTINIANS, ever beloved by all that know him, has not seen the person you mention: that person's passage through the town was too precipitate to admit of the satisfaction of an interview. He saw Mr. *Tiffot*, Procurator-General of the Priests of the Mission, whom I infinitely esteem on account of his personal merit, on account of his being a member of a body that preaches the Gospel to the poor with the greatest success; and lastly, on account of his being a *Frenchman*.

I must tell you, that since my promotion I experience a singular sort of combat within myself: *Cardinal Ganganelli* reproaches *Brother Ganganelli* for his too great simplicity; and, withstanding all the respect which is due to the Purple, *Brother Ganganelli* gets the better of the *Cardinal*.—I choose to live as I have hitherto lived, always poor, always retired, and much more with my brethren, than with the Great ones. It is a matter of taste; for I am far from attributing my way of thinking to a virtuous disposition.

This at least is certain, that I never shall be able to assume that cold or haughty air (call it which you please) with which men in power generally receive persons of low birth, who have any thing to do with them. To make
me

me any person's equal, it is enough that he salute me, speak to me, or pay me a visit. Is it possible that one man should put on a proud stately look when he is to speak to another man; or that a Christian should study his expressions, his gestures, his steps, his letters, for fear of appearing too modest in his behaviour towards his brethren? Is it possible for any one to refuse giving an answer to a person, because he has no titles to shew? Were the poorest wretch on earth to do me the favour to write to me, I would answer him immediately; and should look on myself as very guilty in the eyes of God and man, were I to omit that duty. No soul is contemptible in the eyes of Religion and Humanity. Nothing, in my opinion, is so little, as a Great Man governed by pride.

I enlarge on this article, to give you to understand, that the man, in whose behalf you interest yourself, may come to me any time he pleases, and I shall be entirely at his service. He will meet with no worse reception from Cardinal *Corfini*, whose civility corresponds with his noble extraction.

If too great affability be a fault, all the Cardinals may be charged with it. Pride and haughtiness are rarely found among them—Happily there is not a Foreigner but who does us justice in that point.

You will oblige me very much in letting *Signor Antonio* know, when you see him, that the Cardinal *Datary* will not forget his affair.

Qq

Take

Take care of the small share of health you enjoy : sit up less at nights, walk out oftner, and take less Coffee. It is the usual beverage of the Studious ; but it burns up the blood ; and then pains in the head, in the throat, in the breast, are dreadfully felt. I am not, however, so great an enemy to Coffee, as Mr *Thierry*, the Pretender's Physician, who formerly lived here, and gave it as his opinion, that Coffee was a real poison.

Your little Nephew came to see me on Thursday. His understanding is as lively as his eyes. He tore one of my books in sport : it is to be hoped he will hereafter have more respect for them. He told me, most ingenuously, that he would be a Cardinal. I like to see the minds of children unfold themselves : it is the eye or bud of a fruit, that begins to open, and gives pleasing hopes. He was for saying his Breviary with me. Alas ! His innocence would be more pleasing to God than all my prayers ! I sent my *Chamberlain* home with him ; but I could not get him away, till I had given him a pair of beads. He told me he would come for another pair to-morrow. That was pretty in a child only five years old. God grant he may be one day like his Father ! Adieu : I embrace you with all the fulness of my heart.

Rome, Jan. 8, 1760.

LET-

L E T T E R C I X.

To a Protestant Minister.

I AM extremely obliged to you, my dear Sir, for the concern you take in my health. It is (thanks be to heaven) very good ; and would appear to me still better, could I employ it in any thing agreeable to you.—The pleasure of obliging ought to be found in all communions.

I wish, with my whole soul, I could convince you, that I bear all men in my heart ; that they are all of infinite value to me, and that I respect merit, wherever it is to be found. If your Nephew come to Rome, as you give hopes he will, he shall find in me a person the most ardent and most desirous to testify to him all the affection I bear to you.

The Church of *Rome*, my very dear Sir, so perfectly well knows the merit of the greatest part of the Ministers of the Protestant Communions, that she would felicitate herself forever to see them in her bosom. Past quarrels would, be no more thought on ; nor would those tempestuous times be recalled, when every one, hurried away by passion, broke through the rules of Christian moderation : but the question would be, to unite in one Faith, grounded on Scripture and Tradition, such as it is found in the Apostles, the Councils and Fathers. No one sighs more than I do at the thoughts of what you suffered in the last

Q q 2 Century

Century.—A spirit of persecution is what I utterly detest.

How much would not people gain by a happy re-union? It is then, if necessary, I would tell the last drop of my blood to run out, and be concerned that I had not a thousand lives to give, so that I might die a witness of that wonderful event! That time will come, my dear Sir, because a time necessarily will come, when there will be only one and the same Faith. The Jews themselves will come into the bosom of the true Church; and it is with this firm hope, grounded on the sacred Scriptures, that they are tolerated in the heart of *Rome*, with the full exercise of their Religion.

My soul (God knows it) is entirely yours; and there is not that thing in the world, which I would not undertake to prove to you, as well as to all yours, how dear you are to me. We have the same God for our Father, we believe in the same Mediator, we acknowledge for incontestable the articles of the TRINITY, the INCARNATION, and our REDEMPTION; and we, one and the other, sincerely desire to go to heaven. But in point of Doctrine there are not two ways of getting thither. There must be a Centre of Unity on earth, as well as a Head to represent JESUS CHRIST. The Church would be really without form, unworthy of our homage and fidelity, were it no more than a body without a head.

The

The work of the MESSIAH is not like that of men. What he has once estabished, must last forever. He could not cease for one instant, to assist his Church ; and you, Sir, are a man of too much learning, to consider the *Albigenses* as the pillars of truth, to which you are to hold. Do me the pleasure to acquaint all your brethren, all your flocks and all your friends, that Cardinal *Ganganelli* has nothing so much at heart as their happiness in this world and in the next ; and that he could wish to be personally acquainted with them all to assure them of it. Nothing can be added, &c.

Rome, Jan. 30, 1769.

LETTER CX.

To Count ***.

I Inform you, my dear Friend, in the solitude where you have been for some weeks, that the same *Brother Ganganelli*, who always tenderly loved you, is become a *Cardinal*, and that he himself knows not how, or why.

There are certain events in the course of one's life, which cannot be accounted for. They are brought about by circumstances, and ordained by Providence, which is the principle and cause of every thing.

Let what will happen, whether in purple or out of purple, I shall be no less entirely yours, and shall be always pleased to see you, and to oblige you.

I some-

I sometimes feel my pulse, to know whether it be really myself or not ; so truly surpris'd am I, that the lot which rais'd me to one of the greatest dignities, did not preferably fall on some of my brethren—There are several whom it would have perfectly become.

Every body says, speaking of the new *Cardinal Ganganelli* : “ It is incredible that he should arrive at that dignity without some intrigue or cabal ;” it is however very true that there was neither.

Oh ! my books ! Oh ! my cell ! I know what I leave, but know not what I am to find ! Alas ! Many a troublesome Visitor will come and make me lose my time : many an interested soul will pay me feigned homage.

As to you, my dear Friend, persevere in virtue. A man is above all dignities, when he is sincerely virtuous : perseverance is promised only to a distrust of ourselves, and to flying from the occasions of sin—Whoever is presumptuous is to look for a relapse.

When I consider that the public papers will deign to take notice of me, and transmit my name beyond the *Alpes*, to inform different nations when I have the spleen, or when I have been blooded, I laugh for pity's sake. Dignities are snares made bright and glittering in order to catch people. Few know well the disgusts and troubles of grandeur : a man is no longer at his own disposal ; and let him act as he will, he has enemies.

I am

I am of St. GREGORY of *Nazianzum's* way of thinking: he imagined, when the people stood in a row to see him pass, that they took him for some extraordinary animal. It is a custom, I own, that I do not like; and if that be what is called *Grandeur*, I would with pleasure bid it adieu. I consider all men as my brethren; and am pleased beyond measure, when the poorest of them draw near or speak to me.

It will be said that I am vulgar in my ways; but that is a reproach I do not mind; I fear nothing but pride. Pride is so subtle a vice, that it will do what it can to get within me, and to lay hold of me: but I shall see that all within me, and all that surrounds me, is nothing—That is the best way to keep off self-love.

Do not take it into your head to make me any compliments, when you come to see me; it is a commodity I am not fond of, and especially from a friend. But here come visits, that is to say, the thing I hate most, and which, for some days past, have rendered me insupportable to myself. *Grandeur* has really its clouds, its flashes of lightning, and its whirlwinds like storms: I wait for a calm, and a moment of serenity. I am without reserve, and beyond all expression, as heretofore, your good and true servant, &c.

Rome, Oct. 3, 1759.

L E T.

L E T T E R CXI.

To Cardinal CAVALCHINI.

MOST EMINENT,

YOUR recommendations are orders; nor can I sleep with ease till I have complied with your desires. Your Eminence cannot afford me too many opportunities of testifying the full extent of my esteem and attachment—By becoming your brother, I am become more than ever your servant.

It would be proper that you and I had a private conference together relative to the affairs of the Church. Your zeal for the interests of Religion is boundless; and it is the only object which ought to employ my thoughts. We are not Cardinals merely to impose on people by outward state and shew, but to be the pillars of the Holy See. Our rank, our dress, our functions, put us in mind that we ought to do every thing (according to the designs of God, and the wants of his Church, even to the shedding of our blood) to come to the assistance of Religion.

When I see Cardinal de TOURNON fly to the extremities of the globe, to preach and maintain the Gospel in its purity, his glorious example sets me all on fire, and I find myself disposed to undertake any thing.

The SACRED COLLEGE has ever had men eminent for their knowledge and zeal, and we ought to strive to continue and renew the suc-

succession. It is not human Policy which is to regulate our steps, but the Spirit of God, that Spirit without which all our actions are barren, and with which whatever we do is right.

I know your piety, I know your learning; and that, at a proper time, and in a proper place, you will know how to speak your mind without fear.

Some people are for making the Holy Father take such steps as he may repent of hereafter: for they are no longer the same men who are about him, since the death of Cardinal ARCHINTO; and this may be attended with the most disagreeable consequences. People are not so dependant on the Holy See as formerly; and prudence requires, that regard should be had to times and circumstances. When JESUS CHRIST recommends to his Apostles *to be simple as doves*, he adds: and *prudent as serpents*.^{*} One imprudent step on the part of Rome, in such critical times as these, might become the occasion of much trouble. BENEDICT XIV himself, though expert at conciliating minds, would have been at a loss; but he would have taken care not to violate the rights of the crowned Heads.

The subject we have to treat on is of a delicate nature. We must not offend either the Holy Father or his Council, and, at the same time, take such measures, that he may not give ear to every thing that is said to him. As his

^{*} Matt. x. 16.

intentions are pure, he does not suspect that he can be imposed on. He ought however to balance the advantages and inconveniences of what people are for having him to do. Whoever does not take care to calculate beforehand, is always sure to miscarry.

He affects to open his heart to certain Cardinals, and to communicate nothing to others. PORTUGAL will never desist from its present way of thinking, and I see that the other kingdoms will support it, and confirm it in its opinion.

The Monarchs live not, as formerly, unconnected with one another; they are all in friendship one with another, and they really act towards one another with such brotherly affection, that whoever has the misfortune to offend one of them, offends all; and instead of having only one enemy to deal with, he has all *Europe* against him.

Will the Holy Father, through an indiscreet zeal, struggle against all the Potentates! Will he level his thunder at the ELDEST SON OF THE CHURCH, and against his MOST FAITHFUL MAJESTY! He ought to reflect that they are not Heathen Emperors whom he is for resisting, but Catholic Princes like himself.

ENGLAND ought for ever to cure Popes of an indiscreet zeal. What would CLEMENT VII say, were he to return on earth? Would he applaud himself for what he did,* when he
saw

* Cardinal *Ganganelli* does not here censure CLEMENT for not gratifying King *Henry's* unlawful desires, but for issuing

saw that Kingdom, formerly a Nursery of Saints, at this day, the receptacle of every sect and every error?—A man ought to know how to make a sacrifice of some things, in order to preserve the whole.

The Holy See will never shine with greater lustre, nor will it ever be less exposed to an attack, never enjoy more peace, than when it has the Catholic Powers for its defenders and support. This harmony is absolutely necessary to the glory and welfare of Religion. The Faithful would be exposed to every wind of doctrine, if the Princes unhappily had not that deference for ROME, which they ought to have; and the Sovereign Pontiff himself would see his flock insensibly fall off, and choose bad pastures, instead of those he offers.

The good Shepherd ought not only to recall the strayed sheep, but to take what pains he can, that the others go not astray. Infidelity, whose fatal blast is every where communicated, wishes for nothing more, than to see *Rome* at variance with the Potentates: but Religion likes not these divisions. No opportunity must be given to the enemies of the Church, of repeating what they have too often said, that *Rome* was intractable, and aspired at a manner of ruling dangerous to the different states.

ing out an Excommunication against him, without waiting for the powers sent by *Henry* to the Bishop of *Paris*, whose Courier did not arrive on the very day, though he arrived two days after; but alas! too late to remedy what was done.

The truth is, that every Sovereign Prince is master at home, and no foreign Power has any right to control him. Men thought differently in the times of horror and confusion; but to bring back again those times, would be a dangerous attempt. Charity, Peace, Moderation!—Such are the arms of Christians, and especially those of ROME, which ought to set examples of patience and humility to all Courts.

It must be remembered, that when PETER cut off the ear of *Malchus*, who was one of the enemies of JESUS CHRIST, he received a reprimand from that divine Saviour, and was ordered to put his sword into the scabbard.

But it would be much worse to dare to use a like sword against those who have all along defended the Holy see, and who glory in being its support.

Nothing is more dangerous than an indiscreet zeal, which breaks the already crushed reed, puts out the still smoking match, and is for calling down fire from heaven.

I know that a Pope is obliged to maintain the immunities of the Holy See; but he must not quarrel with all the Catholic powers for a few territorial rights. To afford pretexts for crying out more than ever against the Church of *Rome*, is but stirring up the fire of Infidelity.

Whoever sees things only in part, does not see well; the whole must be considered together, and the present steps weighed with respect to what is to come. *A small spark, says St. James, sets a great wood on fire.*

Weak

Weak minds imagine that people bear an ill will to a certain Religious Order, because they are not for maintaining it, in spite of the sovereign Princes. But besides that we should draw down on them still more dreadful storms, by resisting the Potentates, we must not, for the sake of that Order alone, fall out with all the Catholic Powers.

Had I the least ill will against any one, I could never sleep. I sincerely love all the Religious Orders; and I wish with my whole soul that they could all be preserved: but I consider what is most proper to be done, when there is a necessity of acting one way or other. I do not pretend that the Holy Father ought to destroy any Order; but only that he write to the crowned Heads, and inform them that he will examine their complaints against that Religious Order, and that he really do examine them.

I suppose *Rome* exposed to the resentment of all the crowned Heads. How will she support herself in the midst of those storms? We are not as yet in heaven; and if God be to preserve his Church to the end of time, it is by inspiring its Rulers with a prudence of conduct adapted to times and places, as well as with a love of peace.

It is not to be expected, that God will perform a miracle in support of an indiscreet exertion of zeal. He leaves second causes to act; and when they take the wrong side of the question, things go on no better on that account.

They

They are only such as pretend to inspiration, who will never yield to circumstances, where Faith and Morals are not concerned—In every concern of importance, a man ought to consider how it will end, in order to avoid the greatest evils.

As I know your zeal, my Lord, as well as your learning, I flatter myself, that you will find out some means, by which (I say not the Apostolic See, which cannot perish) but the Court of *Rome*, now exposed to the greatest dangers, may be saved.

Such are my reflections, and I hope you will find them just. I can confidently assure you, that I have weighed them in the presence of God, who *sounds the reins and hearts*; and who knows, that there is neither Antipathy nor Animosity, in my heart, against any one.

I have the honour to be with every sentiment due to your great learning and rare virtues, your very humble, &c.

Convent of the H. Apostles, the 16th instant.

LETTER CXII.

*To Cardinal S***.*

EMINENCE,

I Had not time yesterday to discourse with you at my ease on the important affairs, which at this time agitate *Europe*, and by which

which *Rome* will suffer, unless she behave with the moderation, which the Potentates require at her hands. The Popes are Pilots, almost constantly sailing on tempestuous seas, and consequently obliged sometimes to spread all their canvas, and at other times to take in a reef, on proper occasions.

Now is the time, to use the prudence of the serpent recommended by JESUS CHRIST to his Apostles. It is undoubtedly a great misfortune that Religious men destined for Colleges, seminaries and missions; men who have written much in every branch on the truths of Religion, should be abandoned at a time, when infidelity attacks, with so much fury, all the Religious Orders: but the point to be examined, in the presence of God, is whether or not it be better to affront the Sovereign Powers, or to abandon the support of a Religious Company.

For my part, I think that (as the storm is roaring on every side, and is already perceived hanging over our heads) it would be proper for a man even to execute himself, and sacrifice whatever is the most dear to him, rather than incur the indignation of the Sovereign Powers, which cannot be too much dreaded.

Let our Holy Father and his Secretary have the most sincere affection for the Jesuits; I subscribe to their attachment with my whole heart, as I never had the least antipathy or animosity against any Religious Order; but I will still say, notwithstanding the veneration I have

have for St. IGNATIUS, and the esteem in which I hold his disciples, that there is extreme danger, and even an excess of rashness, in endeavouring to support the Jesuits in the present circumstances.

It is fit indeed that ROME should solicit in their favour, and that, in quality of Mother and Protectress of all the Orders in the Church, she should endeavour to save the Society; provided always that it undergo a reformation, according to the decree of BENEDICT XIV, and according to the desires of all, who wish well to Religion: but my opinion is, that after ROME has done what she can, she ought then to leave the business entirely in the hands of God, and of the Sovereign Powers.

ROME will ever stand in need of the protection and aid of the Catholic Powers. They are Fortresses which secure her against incursions and hostilities; so that she never is more glorious, or does she ever enjoy more authority and power, than when she seems to yield to the Potentates. It is then they support her with *eclat*, and make it a duty to publish every where, and to prove by acts of deference and submission, that they really are the docile children of the common Father of the Faithful, and that they consider him as the first of men in the eyes of Faith.

The more I call to mind those unhappy times when the Popes wandering up and down—without assistance—without an asylum—had for enemies Kings and Emperors, the more necessary

neceffary do I find it that they fhould live at peace with the Monarchs. The Church knows only two Orders, indifpenfably neceffary, and founded by JESUS CHRIST himfelf, to perpetuate his doctrine, and to bring forth children, viz. the Orders of Bifhops and Priests.

In the firft, which we call the *Fine Ages* of the Church, there were neither Monks nor Friars; which evidently fhews that, if Religion ftand not in need of any but its ordinary Minifters to preferve it, the Regulars, its auxiliary troops, although extremely ufeful, are not however abfolutely neceffary.

If the JESUITS have really the fpirit of their ftate, as I prefume they have, they will be the firft to fay: “ We will facrifice ourfelves, rather than excite difturbances and ftorms.”

As a Religious body ought not to rely on perifhable riches, or temporal honours, but on a folid love for JESUS CHRIST and his Spoufe; they ought to withdraw with the fame joy they felt in being called, if his Vicar, the Minifter and Interpreter of his words on earth, want their fervice no longer. Religious Orders are no longer deferving of refpect, nor ought they to be continued any longer, than while they have the fpirit of the Church: and as this fpirit is ever the fame, independently of all the different Inftitutes of the Regulars, each Order fhould comfort itfelf, when it comes to be fuppreffed—But felf-love often perfuades us that we are neceffary, at the very time when the Potentates judge otherwife.

S f

Wer

Were there less Enthusiasm, and more principle among men, every one would assent to these truths; and instead of rashly supporting a body, of which the Potentates complain, they would engage this very body itself to withdraw, without any grumbling or noise—But people are unhappily deceived, and imagine, that there is no meddling with a particular Institute, without attacking the very essence of Religion.

If, when a Religious Order was to be abandoned, it were required also to change any dogma of Faith, or corrupt any point of Morality, then, no doubt, a person ought sooner to die, than to assent to such proceedings. But after the Jesuits are gone, the Church will continue to teach the same truths, the Church will still subsist; and JESUS CHRIST will sooner raise up children to *Abraham*, out of the very stones, to maintain his own work, than leave his mystical body without aid and support—The Head of the Church is like the master of a magnificent garden; who at pleasure lops off branches from those trees, which, by spreading too wide, intercept the view.

You, my Lord, who have both zeal and knowledge: speak you to the Holy Father. It will come much better from you than from me, who look upon myself, with reason, and in every respect, as the last of the Sacred College. Shew his Holiness the abyss that people sink for themselves, by obstinately opposing the will of the Sovereign Powers. The uprightness

rightness of his heart will make him give ear to you ; for it may be said, that he is determined to resist the Potentates, only because he thinks it is best so to do. I expect that generous step from your love for the Church, and I am your Eminence's, &c.

Convent of the H. Apostles, Oct. 9, 1768.

L E T T E R CXIII.

*To a Lay-Brother.**

AH! why, dear Brother, did you hesitate to address yourself to me? Am I therefore another man, because I have the honour to be a Cardinal? Ever are my heart and arms open to receive my dear brethren. I owe them too much to forget them, since I owe them every thing.

As you acknowledge your fault, I persuade myself that you are really sorry for it. The least deviation from virtue, in a Cloister, insensibly leads to excesses. It was not through ignorance that you sinned, and therefore the greater is your guilt: and what is still worse, your fault is become public.

Humble yourself before men, and sigh and groan in the sight of God, that you may obtain pardon. I will write immediately to your Guardian to receive you kindly.

* One who takes not orders, but does the menial duties of the house, under the tie of the three vows, Chastity, Poverty, and Obedience.

You fancied, dear Brother, that, by quitting your retreat, you would find infinite satisfaction in the world. Alas! The world is nothing but deceit: It promises what it never bestows: it appears to be a bunch of flowers, when seen at a distance; but near at hand, it is no more than a thorn-bush.

I pray the Lord may touch you in a sensible manner; for every good motion comes from him. You must resume your exercises with the greatest fervour, and force those, who may blame your going astray, to admire you. Be persuaded that you will ever be dear to me, and that I weep most sincerely with you for the fault you have committed. Your most affectionate.

CARDINAL GANGANELLI.

Convent of the H. Apostles, Nov. 18, 1764.

LETTER CXIV.

*To the Rev. Father, Guardian of ****.*

IF you have any affection for me, I beg of you, Rev. Father, to receive with tenderness of heart Brother ****, who has scandalously departed from his duty. But he is come to himself—he weeps—he promises; and what ought to move you more than all this is, that JESUS CHRIST, our model, teaches us how we ought to pardon. Contemplate him, I beg of you, dying on the cross, even for the salvation of those who crucified him; and then
I shall

I shall not doubt of obtaining what I request: Such is the depravity of human nature, that I am much less surpris'd, than alarmed, at the excesses man runs into. A motion of pride, a little self-complacency, is enough to make us lose the grace of God; and from that instant behold us capable of every crime!

The more the Lord has preserved us from those excesses, which are a just subject of mourning, the more compassion ought we to have for those who have fallen into them: for it is the pure effect of his mercy, and we can attribute nothing to ourselves on that account.—Your Religibus will bless their Guardian, when they see with what tenderness he receives the strayed sheep.

My design in writing is, not to desire that you would remit the penance prescribed by the Constitutions, but that you mitigate it as far as possible, by refraining from all bitter reproaches, more capable of irritating than moving to repentance.

Let your reprimands be those of a friend; let your correction be such as is given by a Father; let your first meeting with him, instead of being austere, be gracious, that you may not frighten the poor criminal.

Remember that it is Charity, which ever is to act, that charity is to punish, and charity is to pardon.

I embrace you most sincerely as my ancient brother, and I hope to hear by the very person I recommend to you, that he has found
in

in you a Father, rather than a Master. No one loves you or honours you more than

CARDINAL GANGANELLI.

Convent of the H. Apostles, Nov. 18, 1764.

LETTER CXV.

To the Rev. Father COLLOZ, Prior of GRAFFENTHAL and Superior-General of the Order of the Guillemites.

REV. FATHER,

YOUR Letter shewed me both the share you took in my promotion to the Cardinalate, and in the choice the Holy Father has made of my person, among all the members of the Sacred College, to intrust with the protection of your Order. I never doubted of your real sentiments; but it was a satisfaction to me to see, stamped on your letter, the joy which is in your hearts, and to find in it certain marks of the confidence with which you honour me. Your Order has assuredly suffered a loss in Cardinal GUADAGNI, who was a great and powerful support. May the hopes you have conceived of me, make calm and peace arise again in your hearts! I will at least use my utmost endeavours, Rev. Father, that you, and all yours, may find in me a tender friend, a vigilant protector, a zealous defender of your privileges. I often, with pleasure, hear the Procurator-General of the *Capuchins* make the encomium

encomium of your Reverence, and of your Order.

I have only one thing, Rev. Father, to desire of you, which is to excuse me, if this answer come too late, as I have been overpowered with business, which has scarce left me time to breathe, in so new a change of my condition, and so little looked for on my part. I beg also that you will put me to the trial, and see if I can be of any service to you. I have spoken to our Holy Father about you. I will speak to him on your affairs, as often as you commission me. I recommend myself strongly to the prayers of your Order: and I hope to fulfil the intentions of your Reverence, so as to convince you, that your whole Order have in me a truly affectionate Protector.

I am with my whole heart, Rev. Father, &c.
Rome, Convent of the H. Apostles, May 20, 1760.

L E T T E R CXVI.

*To the Abbè F***.*

YOU do not read, my dear Abbè the Fathers of the Church as much as you ought to do; this is easily discovered both in your Discourses and in your Writings. Know you not that they are the soul of Christian Eloquence, and like those fruitful trees, which, at once the ornament and riches of a garden, yield both flowers and fruit.

The

The Church glories in producing their works, as so many monuments of the victories she has gained over her enemies; and every Christian of learning ought to make the reading of them his delight. The more a person dips into them, the more extensive he finds their learning: and each Father of the Church has a genius that characterizes him. That of TERTULLIAN resembles iron, which breaks the hardest substances, and will not bend: that of St. ATHANASIUS may be compared to the diamond, which can neither be deprived of its lustre nor hardness. St. CYPRIAN is like the sharpened steel, which cuts to the quick; St. CHRYSOSTOME like gold, whose intrinsic value corresponds to its beauty; St. LEO like those decorations which exhibit grandeur; St. JEROME like brass, which fears neither arrows nor swords; St. AMBROSE like silver, which is both solid and beautiful; St. GREGORY like a mirror, where every one sees himself: St. AUGUSTINE can be compared to nothing but himself, as being singular in his kind, though universal.

As to St. BERNARD, the last of the Fathers in the order of Chronology, I compare him to those flowers, which are clothed in the velvet of nature, and which spread around an exquisite perfume.

If the *French* reckon Monsr. BOSSUET, Bishop of *Meaux*, among the *Fathers* of the Church, their judgment in this is a little too hasty, and to which one cannot subscribe, till the universal

versal Church has pronounced; as she alone has a right to assign to her Writers the rank due to them. St. THOMAS of *Aquino* himself has not been able to obtain the title of a *Father* of the Church; and it is not to be presumed, that the Doctors who have come after him, should enjoy that prerogative— But every nation is enthusiastically fond of its own Writers, though we are forced to acknowledge that the CELEBRATED BISHOP of MEAUX was a burning and bright lamp, whose light will never be extinguished.

I confess to you, my dear Abbè, that if I know any thing, I owe it entirely to the reading of the Fathers, and, above all, to reading the works of St. AUGUSTINE. Nothing escapes his sagacity, nothing is beyond his depth, there is nothing above his sublimity. He is concise, he is copious; he is single and alone, or he is many, according to the subject in hand, which he ever treats in the same interesting manner; ever elevates the soul to the very bosom of God, a sanctuary of which he seems to have had the key, and into which he insensibly introduces those who feed on his noble ideas. I admire him above all on the subject of GRACE. Ah! I wish to heaven that his Doctrine, on that point, had fixed all the schools and the minds of men! Some audacious Writers would not then have attempted to sound impenetrable depths, and the GRACE of JESUS CHRIST would have preserved all its rights, and Man his LIBERTY.

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What

What gives me the greatest concern is, that the writings of the Fathers are but little read, and that even those who have occasion to consult them, rely on extracts, often unfaithful, and always too short. A Priest or a Bishop formerly used to make it as much a part of his duty to read the Fathers of the Church, as to say his Breviary; and now-a-days, few know any thing more about them, than their names; except it be in the Cloisters, where this excellent custom is not entirely laid aside. Hence, in many countries we find Theologians who are mere Skeletons, without soul or life; Students who know nothing but to syllogize; Instructions, which contain nothing but words, and are void of all substance.

I ought to declare however, to the praise of the sacred College (without meaning to compliment it) that it has at all times had members, who studied the Fathers with perseverance, and even at this day some might be mentioned, who prefer this kind of reading to every other occupation: and our schools feel the influence of their practice, where no other doctrine is taught, but that of St. AUGUSTINE and St. THOMAS: the sure means of avoiding every thing that breathes Novelty.

I conjure you then to lay yourself under an obligation of every day reading the works of the Fathers. You need only to begin, for you never will be able to quit them. They are always with God, and they will place you

you where they are, if you daily feed on their writings. To read them, is to read the Holy Scripture itself, for they explain it like Masters, and cite it on every occasion.

It would be tearing from me three-fourths of my existence, to deprive me of the consolation I enjoy in conversing with the Fathers. The more they are present to my mind, the more I am comforted, the more I rejoice, and the more I think myself immense.

Improve by my lessons, if you love me, or if you love yourself; for by reading the Fathers you will gain acquisitions a thousand times more valuable than estates and titles. An *Ecclesiastic* has nothing to do with the world, but to instruct and edify it. I am with all my heart, and with the most ardent desire of seeing your mind fructify to advantage, your most affectionate

CARDINAL GANGANELLI

Rome, December 13, 1768.

L E T T E R CXVII.

*To the Rev. Father *** his Friend.*

YOU have done me a pleasure in not mentioning that I had written to you. Without making a mystery of every thing, I would have a person to be discreet. Though I have now been in the Convent of the Holy *Apostles* eight and twenty years, I have never mentioned to my brethren any correspondence I had;

I had: they may guess if they will, or if they can; but they know nothing for certain — *My secret is my own.**

I have lately seen the Cardinals of YORK, CORSINI, and JOHN FRANCIS ALBANI, whose rare qualities I infinitely esteem, but I learned nothing from them of what I wanted to know.

I subscribe with pleasure to every thing obliging you say of the Prelate DURINI; he joins to the pleasing manner of the French, the sagacity of the Italians; and he deserves to arrive at the highest dignities.

I have learned nothing of the late resolutions of the great Personage whom you mention; I see him but rarely; he is very reserved, and does not believe me to be one of his friends. Is he right? Is he wrong? This is what he himself surely cannot decide, notwithstanding all the *finesse* of which he is supposed to be possessed: but most certainly God knows that I wish him no harm, because I never wished harm to any man.

I will recommend the good work you mention to their Eminences the Cardinals FANTUZZI and BORROMEO, who breathe nothing but charity. You will deliver the inclosed, with your own hand, to M*** and you will charge yourself with the care of returning me his answer by the flying post, which will be the quickest and surest way. For some time past my correspondencies almost kill me; and yet I cannot get rid of them. Do not hence-

* Secretum meum mihi.

forth

forth lose half a page to shew me more respect: I like you would write to me as to *Brother Ganganelli*. I am still the same Individual, let people take what pains they please to make me believe the contrary: for alas! Were I to mind *Etiquettes* and flattery, I should be intoxicated with the most fulsome praises.

I like to be simply myself, and not to be surrounded with all the concomitants of Grandeur; they are generally very great meanesses, which put me out of patience, and of which a man can never be jealous, unless he have a mean way of thinking indeed.

There is no appearance that our common friend can recover: he has a complication of disorders, each of which would be singly enough to kill the most robust man. I am soliciting a place for your nephew, which will suit him, provided he can bear confinement and scolding: for the great man, whose Secretary I design him to be, labours under the unfortunate madness of flying into a passion for a mere nothing; but his heart is not the less excellent on that account. It is a fault which must be overlooked, in consideration of his goodness of heart. He is like BENEDICT XIV, who always concluded his scolding by bestowing some favour on the object of it. You see I am in the mood for chatting, and that I have not the air of a man of much business. When I have said my Breviary, and have done what I have to do, I talk more than some people like; for I then stand in need of it.

I leave

I leave you now with yourself; that is to say, in the best company I know; and am, as usual, and for all my life, your affectionate servant.

CARDINAL GANGANELLI.

Rome, Dec. 6, 1768.

L E T T E R CXVIII.

*To Mr D***.*

IT is not sufficient to give alms in order to please God, for charity extends to every thing. You must therefore neither oppress your farmers, nor plague your Vassals. Those men have not the true spirit of Religion, who exact, with the utmost severity, trifles which they ought to despise. Christianity knows not that sordid interest, which is taken up with things of the least consequence: and that man has no more than the outer bark or external appearance of Religion, who is ever upon the watch, for fear of being cheated by his tenants. The heart cannot but be worldly-minded, when it is too eagerly bent on worldly concerns.

Ah! Sir, how can you torment yourself so much about perishable goods? The Kingdom of JESUS CHRIST demands Worshipers *in spirit and truth**, whose hearts are not to be contracted by an interested conduct, and views merely carnal,

* John iv. 23.

I am

I am excessively grieved, when I see people of worth afraid lest the Earth should slip from under them; and who often, though very rich, are more attached to a vile bit of money, than would be the most wretched mechanic.

I am bold to add, Sir, that all your practices of Devotion will be absolutely of no advantage to you, if you are not entirely detached from the good things of this world, and if you continue to be the scourge of your Debtors by a too eager desire of riches. A man ought rather to know how to suffer loss, than to put others to trouble. The spirit of justice which you plead in excuse, has no connection with perpetual mistrusts, and disquiets about what may happen, and with endless bustle and hurry.

If there be any disputes between you and your tenants, accommodate matters more to their advantage, than to your own: to do so is agreeable to the counsels of JESUS CHRIST, who tells us to give also our *coat* to him who demands our *cloak*. Every thing superfluous (and, in cases of urgent want, even a part of the necessities of life) belong to the poor: you will therefore contract guilt, if you heap up riches—These are hard truths; but it was not I who made the law.

The business you mention to me, could no where be better than in the hands of Monsignor BRASCHI: his uprightness is equal to his understanding, and there is no fear that he will suffer himself to be prejudiced: I will
however,

however, if you please, speak to him a word or two. I am, Sir, with the sentiments due to you, &c.

CARDINAL GANGANELLI.

Rome, 21 Inst.

L E T T E R CXIX.

*To My Lord ***.*

I Can never think of seeing a genius like yours become the dupe of the modern Philosophy. Your learning and good sense ought to secure you against the sophisms it brings forth, and which reduce us to the melancholy condition of brute beasts.

If there be a GOD, as nature every where proclaims a loud, there is; then is there also a RELIGION. If there be a RELIGION; it must necessarily be incomprehensible, sublime, and co-eval with the world, since it emanated from an Infinite and Eternal Being: and if such be the character of RELIGION, it is certainly CHRISTIANITY, and no other. If it be CHRISTIANITY, we must necessarily acknowledge CHRISTIANITY to be divine, and acquiesce thereto with heart and understanding.

Can any one then believe, that God has displayed the Universe in so bright a manner for no other end, than to feed the eyes of a herd of men and animals (between whom we are to make no distinction, as they have the same destination) and that the Intelligence, which resides in us; that Intelligence which combines, which
calculates,

calculates, which extends itself beyond the bounds of the Earth, which raises itself above the Firmament, which recalls to its remembrance all past ages, which penetrates into ages to come, which, in a word, has an idea of what is to last for ever; can this radiate and shine only for a moment, to be afterwards dispersed like a fleeting vapour?

What is that voice, which, every instant, is crying out within you, that you were born for something great? What are those desires, perpetually renewed, and which make you feel that there is nothing in this world, that can fill your heart?

Man is a sick person, tossing and tumbling in his pains, while at a distance from God: and the light of reason, which he stifles, leaves him in the midst of a horrid night.

The same truth that assures you of your *own Existence* (I mean your own inward testimony) assures you also of the *Existence* of GOD; and it cannot give you a lively idea of *his Existence*, without impressing you with that of the *Existence* of a RELIGION. The worship we pay to the supreme Being, is so connected with him, that our heart is never satisfied, but when it pays him homage, and when we conform to the order which he has established.

If there be a GOD, he must necessarily be *beneficent*: if he be *beneficent*, you ought, by a just consequence, to thank him for his *benefits*. Neither that of your *Existence*, nor

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that of the Health you enjoy, really come from yourself. Seven and twenty years ago you were not: and, all at once, you became an organized body, enriched with a mind that commands that body like a master, and leads it at its pleasure.

This reflection engages you to seek after the Author of life, and when you are disposed to found yourself, you will find him within you, and in every thing that surrounds you: but not one of these objects can boast of being a part of his substance: for God is *simple, indivisible*, and absolutely incapable of being the same with the Elements.

If the RELIGION, which he established, has assumed different forms: if it has been perfected since the coming of the MESSIAH, it was because God treated it, as he does our reason, which at first is only a weak light; but unfolding itself by degrees, appears at last in a meridian brightness.

Besides, is Man to interrogate God with regard to his conduct? Is he to regulate the ways of God, and to prescribe to him, how he is to proceed? God communicates himself to us, reserving still to himself the right of acting like a Master, because there is nothing, but what is really subject to him. Were he clearly to manifest to us his designs here below: were the mysteries, which astonish and confound, unfolded to us, there would then be that intuitive vision here, which he reserves for us after this life; and to die would be useless. Evid-
dence

dence is reserved for heaven : *Then shall I know God, as I myself shall be known by him**. And we want to anticipate that moment, without reflecting, that every thing is regulated by an infinite wisdom, and that we have nothing to do, but to submit and adore. The Unbeliever alters nothing in the designs of God, when he dares to rise up against him : he even then enters into his plan, that vast plan, where evil concurs with good, for the harmony of this world, and the happiness of the next.

NATURE and RELIGION derive equally from God, and each, though in a very different manner, have their mysteries, and incomprehensibilities : and for the same reason that we do not deny the *Existence* of NATURE, though its operations be often concealed, we neither can, nor ought we to deny the *Existence* of RELIGION, notwithstanding its obscurities.

There is nothing here below, that has not a dark side, because our soul, while rendered heavy and dull by a body which darkens it, and which is a burden to it, would not be capable of seeing all. It is here below in a sort of Infantine State, and the light of the days must be proportionate to the weakness of its sight, until death disengage it from the weight which presses it down. It is like a little bird, that flutters and chirps in its nest, till it is able to spring forward into the air and fly.

* *Cognoscam, sicut et cognitus sum, 1 Cor, xiii. 12.*

The progress of Religion is wonderful in the eyes of a real Philosopher. He sees it first like a twilight arising from the bosom of *Chaos*; then like the Aurora, the harbinger of day; he at last sees the day itself appear, but clouded on every side, and he is sensible it will not be perfectly serene in its meridian brightness, till the moment in which the heavens will be opened to us.

Has then the Unbeliever, who, without a principle to go on, explodes Revelation, any particular one made to him, which assures him that the Revelation we believe, is absolutely chimerical? But at what time, and in what place did this secret light come and shine upon him? Was it at the moment his passions got the mastery over him, and he was totally taken up with the gratification of them? Was it in the midst of the public shews and pleasures, where he spends the greatest part of his life?

It is astonishing, My Lord, to think how men abandon all the authority of Tradition, elude all the force of the strongest testimonies, to blindly give themselves up to two or three men, who give them lessons of Infidelity! They will not hear of any Inspiration, and yet they consider these two or three men as inspired: from whence the conclusion is easily drawn, that they are the passions alone which draw people over to Infidelity. A Religion that lays its followers under any restraint, is abhorred by men who are for following the torrent of
their

their vices, and swimming down the tide of a world covered with waves and foam.

CHRISTIANITY is a magnificent piece of painting sketched by the hand of God himself, which he presented to mankind, when only the out-lines were drawn, and was to remain in that state till the time JESUS CHRIST should come and finish it; and we are to wait until he give it all the lustre and colouring it is to have in Eternity—Then will RELIGION be the only object that will fix our sight, because it will be in the essence of God himself, making *A whole with him*, according to the expression of St. *Augustine*.

This progress is conformable to the time which constitutes the space of this life, and which exists only by succession. God has therefore varied the forms of Religion, because we are in a world that varies; and he will fix it in an unchangeable manner in heaven, because there no change is known. These combinations and proportions display the wisdom of the supreme Being. As Religion is only for man, it was his pleasure that it should follow the progress of man according to his different ways of existing.

Nothing of all this is seen by the Earthly-minded; and you would judge as I do, were you disengaged from all those pleasures and riches, which materialize you in spite of yourself. Christianity is *spirit* and *life*; and that man withdraws to a prodigious distance from it, who is entirely taken up with what concerns

concerns the body alone. Souls become luminous at death, only because they have no longer a body to inclose and darken them. True Philosophy does now, what death will do hereafter, by disengaging a man from whatever is carnal :—but such is not the modern Philosophy, which knows no other Existence than that of matter, and considers Metaphysics as a science merely chimerical, although it be more certain than Physiology or natural Philosophy, which is grounded only on the senses.

I enter not on the proofs of Religion, because they have been so often and so well explained in some immortal works, that I should only repeat what others have said. JESUS CHRIST is the beginning and end of all things, the key of all the mysteries of grace and of nature; so that it is no wonder, that men bewilder themselves with a thousand absurd systems, when they have not that sublime compass to direct them. “ I can account for nothing either in the physical or moral world,” said the celebrated Cardinal BEMBO to a Philosopher of his time, “ if you admit not JESUS CHRIST.” The Creation of the world itself is inexplicable, incomprehensible, nay impossible, if it were not made for the WORD INCARNATE: for God can have no other object in whatever he does, but what is infinite. It is for this reason that JESUS CHRIST is called by St. *John*, *Alpha* and *Omega*, and St. *Paul* tells us, that the *ages* were made by him.*

* Per quem fecit & sæcula. *Heb. i. 2.*

Study thoroughly this MAN-GOD, as far as a Creature is capable of doing it, and you will find in him all the treasures of Wisdom and Knowledge, and discover him to be, as it were, the first link of the chain, which joins all things visible and invisible, and acknowledge him to be that divine breath, which makes righteousness and sanctity germinate in the hearts of men.

The Unbeliever can give no satisfactory answer, if he be asked what JESUS CHRIST is, that man at once so simple and so divine, so sublime and so abject, so pure during the whole course of his life, so great at the time of his passion, so magnanimous at his death. Here however an explicit answer must be given. If he be no more than a *man*, he is a mere Impostor; for he said he was God. In that case what becomes of those sublime virtues? What becomes of his Gospel, which forbids the use of the least Equivocation? How can we account for his victories, and those of his Disciples in every part of the world? If he be God, what must we think of his Religion? What must we think of those, who dare oppose it?

Ah! my Lord, this is what you ought to know, this is what you ought to search to the bottom, rather than all the profane sciences, to which you give yourself up. The sciences will have an end: *tongues will cease, sciences will be destroyed**; the knowledge of JESUS

* Lingue cessabunt, scientia destruetur. 1 Cor. xiii. 8.

CHRIST alone will float on the surface of that Abyss, wherein all ages and the elements will be swallowed up.

Consider yourself, and that fight will necessarily lead you to the truth. The least motion of your finger points out to you the Agency of God on your person; this Agency declares to you a Providence; this Providence tells you that you are dear to the Creator; and the telling you that, will lead you from truth to truth, till it bring you to those which are revealed.

If you be neither your own Creator, nor your own last end, you ought necessarily to seek out him, who includes these two qualities: Ah! if it be not God, what can it be?

RELIGION will be ever sure to gain its cause in the eyes of all who proceed on principles. To know the truth of what it teaches, nothing more is required, than to go up to its source, to analyse it, to follow it to where it is to terminate; but is disfigured, it is dishonoured; and it is no more than a skeleton, that wicked men substitute in its place. I am therefore no longer surprised, that those who have never received any instructions, should swear on the reputation of our modish wits, and be afraid of it.

The uprightness of your soul, and the extent of your understanding make me hope, my Lord, that you will form a more solid judgment on Christianity than you have hitherto done. Lay aside the systems and opinions
with

with which you have unhappily filled your head: enter, like a new man, on the road which Tradition will open for you, and you will judge very differently. Appeal from your prejudices to your own heart, for it is not you, who have hitherto pronounced. But I really act as my heart and mind dictate to me, when I assure you of all that affection, with which I shall continue, during my whole life, your servant, &c.

CARDINAL GANGANELLI.

Rome, Nov. 29, 1768.

L E T T E R CXX.

*To Count ***.*

YOUR reflections, Count, on the present state of the different Courts of *Europe*, are extremely judicious. You shew that you are intimately acquainted with them, and that, though you are not admitted into the cabinet of Princes, you perfectly know what passes there.

It is a fine thing to be on a level with the age we live in, in order to know it well, and to discover the secret springs, which actuate the personages who shine on the theatre of the world.

The person you mention to me is insignificant, unsteady, irresolute, and consequently not to be depended upon. There is another person, whom you know, zealous, as any

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one ought to be, for the august house of Bourbon; and he sets out from his palace with a most determined resolution to speak, in the strongest manner, to the Holy Father relatively to the affair of *Parma*; but scarce does he appear in his presence, when he dares not say a word. As to the little Prelate, who was to have acted and become a mediator on his own accord, he is an undetermined soul, who is always for putting things off till to-morrow, and from whom you can never get any other answer but: *we will see**.

One may even speak a word to the General of the ***; but he must not be too far intrusted, especially at present, when even the secret enjoined by the Holy Office, is not kept. As to his Assistant, he is good sort of man enough.

FRANCE and SPAIN have here many of the first rank justly attached to them; but they are so much harrassed by a multitude of people who surround them, and who make heaven speak in their favour, that they dare not explain their sentiments.

An ignorant Devotion, and which unhappily is but too much in vogue, is continually whispering, that every thing is to be sacrificed to maintain the interests of God; as if God required of his prime Minister on Earth, that he should quarrel with all the Catholic powers, to maintain a few territorial rights, and to keep up, whether they would or not, a body

* *Vederemo.*

of

of men, who no longer can do any good, when the Catholic Powers are once set against them. For let us suppose for a moment, that these Powers are merely influenced by prejudice, it is still true that this body of men can no longer be of any service, when it is become an object of dislike to powerful Princes: but it is impossible to make people hearken to reason, when they have once adopted a manner of thinking agreeable to the opinions they have before imbibed.

All this forms a Labyrinth, to get out of which there is no way seen: and the best thing a man can do, is to be silent, and to wait God's time. He can, whenever he pleases, enlighten the minds of men, and let them know his designs.

The misfortune is, that the more delay is used, the more the minds of people are exasperated. I am convinced, Count (though I know your great talents) that you do not see any easy means of extricating us from our present difficulty. We have to deal with people who cry out, when an accommodation is mentioned; and there is no possibility of reasoning with them, because they look upon themselves as inspired.

This, however, does hinder my indignation from rising, when I hear what is said against CLEMENT XIII. and the more so, as it is never lawful to speak against the High-priest, and as we read in St. JUDE's Epistle, that St. Michael durst not curse even the Devil, but

that he contented himself with saying: May God *controul you*.*

Hence I conclude that, whatever way of thinking men may have, they generally make Religion bend to their prejudices. Some are excessively fond of the Religious body, which is the present subject of contestation; others carry their enmity against them to an excess: and hence it is, that neither the one nor the other see things, as they ought to be seen; and that truth is no longer hearkened to, but passion alone. As to my part, as I have all along kept the medium between two extremes of each party, and have ever detested all cabals and prejudices: my opinion is, that a Pope can do nothing better, than to examine whatever has been written *pro* and *con*, in the presence of God; as also the inconveniences, which may arise from his determination one way or other; and then, and only then he either can, or ought to pronounce a definitive sentence: for he is the Judge, nor did I ever consider him, as the simple Executor of the will of the Potentates. The power that established a Religious Order, is the only power that can destroy it; and the right is so indisputable, that it would be madness to contest it.

But my comfort in the midst of these evils is, that although St. PETER's bark is to be forever tossed, the Lord is likewise ever to support it, even in the midst of the greatest storms.

* Non est ausus iudicium inferre blasphemix, sed dixit: imperet tibi Dominus. *Jude* 9.

You,

You, Sir, are more persuaded of this, than any one else, as you have always applied yourself to meditate on the eternal truths, and to see, whatever relates to Religion, with the eyes of Faith. Those are eyes, quite different from the eyes of Philosophy, and raising us above this world, spread us in the immensity of God himself. Nothing is therefore so absurd, as to assert with our modern Philosophers, that the views of a Christian are excessively limited. A soul that expands itself even into Eternity, and rises above the Universe to reach to God himself (who is a spirit purely immaterial) can this soul be contracted in its ideas?

Whenever a man shall be disposed to draw a parallel between Religion and Philosophy, it will not be long before he perceive that the one enlarges, to an immense degree, all the faculties of the soul, while the other contracts them into a circle extremely narrow. This world is the *ne plus ultra* to a modern Philosopher; but to a Christian it is no more than an atom. The one makes it, his happiness, and last end; the other considers it only as a figure that passes away, and gives only a simple glance at it. The one adores it, because it is his God; and his all; the other sees it only as a vapour, that will soon disappear.

Rely not on the Preface ***, he has too much to do.

If any alteration happen here, I will speedily let you know it: but there must be a terrible
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shock before that can take place. I have the honour to be, Count, &c.

My Compliments to the Abbé.

LETTER CXXI.

To a Prelate.

YOU have layed me under a very sensible obligation by the service you have rendered Father *Amatus de Lamballe*. He is a *Capuchin-Friar*, for whom I have a particular affection on account of his good qualities. He has the virtues of his profession, that is to say, he is humble, meek, zealous; and very attentive to see the Rule observed in its full vigour.

I wait your return with impatience, and the more so, as we have to discourse on people saying a great deal and doing nothing. Each day brings us the most extraordinary news, and each day contradicts it. When the minds of men are in a ferment, and affairs of importance are in agitation, every one sets up for a Politician, and a Newsmonger, especially in *Rome*, where we have a world of speculators and idle people.

As this life is nothing but a succession of inquietudes and desires, some fear, others hope. It was yesterday reported that the King of *Naples* was making some troops file off towards us.

St. IGNATIUS, who was inflamed with a desire of promoting the glory of God, did not foresee

forsee the disturbances, that one day were to happen on account of his Children. It is however said of him, that he begged of God, that they might ever be in a state of suffering; if that be true, his prayer was certainly heard; for it must be owned, that, for some time past, their calamities have been very great. I have really felt for their sufferings; they are doubly my brethren, both as men, and as Religious; and if the green wood be treated thus, what will become of the dry*.

You will find your Director here no more—he is buried. Death, which always comes without being sent for, gives us no respite. It makes its round night and day, and men live in as much security, as if they were sure that it would never come near them.

I hope you will bring me the little picture I begged of you. Continue to depend on my esteem and friendship; I can give you nothing else; but these I give in a plentiful manner, being &c.

Rome, April 23, 1768.

* Si in viridi ligno hæc faciunt, quid in arido fiet. Luke xxiii. 31.

LETTER CXXII.

To the Marquis CARACCIOLI.

I Return you, Sir, a thousand thanks for the work you sent me, entitled: *The last Farewell of the Marechal's Lady to her Children*:* it

* Les derniers Adieux de la Marechale à ses Infans.

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is a book of sentiment, and affects the heart in so strong a manner, that I was sensibly moved with it: you ought to give it us in *Italian*, and the rather, as I consider it in the light of a most complete Treatise on Education.

I am sorry you were not in time supplied with all the interesting Anecdotes relating to the life of BENEDICT XIV: you were too late in endeavouring to procure them. When a person designs to publish the History of a Sovereign Pontiff, the memoirs must be collected during his life-time; every one is then eager to give them; whereas after his death, he is soon forgotten, and very often by those who owe to him all they are.

I exhort you, Sir, to continue your literary labours, which are so advantageous to the public, provided it be not at the expence of your health; and believe me more than I can express, your most affectionate servant,

CARDINAL GANGANELLI.

Rome, Sept. 13, 1768.

LETTER CXXIII.

*To the Ambassador of ***.*

IF the affair of *Parma*, or that of the *Jesuits*, interested Faith, then indeed there could be neither any temporizing, accommodation, or capitulation; for the answer of the Sovereign Pontiffs to him, who was for altering the Faith, ought to be; “put me to death.”

Certain

Certain it is, that I fear very much, lest the Potentates end in doing just what they please, and that we at last shall be obliged to submit, when all submission will be rejected.

Those times are no more, when men of every rank came to bring their offerings to ROME, and to lay their vows before her. But were that still the case, could she, with any conscience, violate the rights of crowned Heads? A Pope, no doubt, ought to maintain his immunities, but not when the maintaining of them might cause a schism; especially as ROME is the centre of Unity, and she cannot, for points that concern neither Faith nor Morals, expose those who live in her bosom, to the danger of a separation from her.

If, when the Potentates first began to complain of the *Jesuits*, the *General* himself had written to the Monarchs, in order to appease their wrath, and to beg of them to punish, in a severe manner, those who might have offended them: if the Holy Father himself had followed this plan, the Monarchs might have been appeased: and I really believe it would have been so, provided always, that an offer of a Reformation had been made: but some people were then obstinately bent, and are so still, on supporting the Society; and this it is that has set all against them.

Father *Pontalti*, the General of the Carmelite Friars, acted like an excellent Politician, when he wrote to the King of PORTUGAL, to beseech him to hinder the Religious of his

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Order

Order from trading in the *Brazils*. He advised the Rev. Father *Ricci*, the General of the *Jesuits*, to take the same step; but he would not hear of it.

Where is the Sovereign, who is not the Master to keep in his territories, or to expel from them such as displease him? I am bold to say, that the present Minister of his Holiness has not laid hold of that affair properly, nor has he foreseen all the consequences of it: *There are some fine eyes, that see nothing.**

AVIGNON, BENEVENTO, PORTO-CORVO tell us, that unless matters be soon made up, other places will be seized on: and thus it is, that territories are insensibly lost, a long enjoyment of which had rendered the possession of them very lawful.

BENEDICT XIV, though of a timid disposition, would have satisfied the Sovereign Princes at this Crisis; and it is a pity that CLEMENT XIII, whose piety we all respect, as well as that of his Nephew, should see things in a different light. I took the liberty to speak to him on this subject, and he appeared struck with what I said; but immediately after, some, whose interest it is to keep him in the way of thinking which they have suggested to him, present themselves, and by specious reasoning, persuade him to persist in his former sentiments. They tell him, "that a Religious body of men, who have rendered such services both in the old and new world, who make an ex-

* An Italian proverb.

press vow of obedience to the Holy See, must absolutely be preserved, and that the attempts made to destroy them, proceed entirely from a hatred to Religion." But they do not tell him, "that the common Father of the Faithful ought not to provoke Princes the most religious and most obedient to the HOLY SEE: they tell him not that his behaviour may cause a schism between the HOLY SEE and PORTUGAL, and that a Head of the Church ought to tremble, when there is danger of a separation, which may have the most fatal consequences."

The loss of a few territories is nothing in comparison to the loss of so many souls by a schism. What a picture would *England* be to CLEMENT VII, were he now alive! The thought makes one tremble. The Sovereigns now reigning, one may be pretty sure, will never think of a separation; but can any one answer for their successors? What presents itself under an appearance of piety, is not always the most expedient. A Pope is appointed Head of the Church to *pluck up*, as well as to *plant*: the good books written by the *Jesuits*, will subsist, when they are no more. Neither Infallibility nor indefectibility have fallen to the share of Religious Orders. Were they all to be extinguished at this time, the loss, no doubt, would be great; but the Church of Christ would neither be less *Holy*, less *Apostolic*, nor less respectable. The Religious Societies are on the footing of aux-

iliary troops; and it belongs to the supreme Pastor to judge when they are of use, and when they are no longer so.

The *Humiliati*, or *Humble Brethren*, even the *Knights-Templars* did good for some time; for there is no Order but what gives edification, and especially at its first Institution: nevertheless they were extinguished, when the Kings and the Popes judged it proper.

I shall certainly regret the loss of the good the Jesuits might do; but I should still more regret the loss of those Kingdoms which may separate from us. These Fathers must themselves feel the justness of my reasons; and I have the presumption to think, that I could make them own they did, had I a conference with them, and would they divest themselves of the prejudices attached to every condition of life.—If my Friend, Father *Timone*, had been their General, they would not have met with the storms to which they have been exposed.

These are my real sentiments, though a Religious man myself: and I would say the same of my own Order, if (which God forbid) it ever should become an object of displeasure to the Catholic Powers.

There are certain devotional impressions, which happily never dazzled my eyes. I weigh events according to Religion and Equity; and as these are two sure lights, by their judgment I determine myself.

Were there no other party in the Church, but that of JESUS CHRIST, all the Faithful would

would wait in peace for the event marked out by divine Providence, without being furious partisans for *Cephas* or *Apollo*. But people now suffer themselves to be led only by sensible affections, and because they know one Religious man, whose conduct has been edifying, and whose doctrine has been very sound, a conclusion is drawn from hence, that the Order, of which he is a member, neither can, nor ought to be extinguished—But there is neither sound judgment nor good reasoning in such a conclusion.

When a person has not seen the case drawn up, nor the reasons on which judgment is to proceed, it is absurd to attempt pronouncing. Here is a great dispute between the sovereign Princes and a body of Religious men, famous for their talents and credit; and unless a person knows what has occasioned the dispute, he neither can, nor ought to speak of it. Once more, I do not mean that the *Jesuits* ought to be destroyed; but I think that the complaints of the Potentates ought to be heard; and that these Religious ought to be suppressed, if there be strong reasons for doing it.

It is not exactly known to this day, why the *Templars* were destroyed, and people want already to know why the *Jesuits* may be destroyed. I wish with my whole soul they may clear themselves, and that there may be neither division amongst us, nor destruction of them; for my soul loves peace, and is incapable of
hating

hating any individual, much less a Religious Order. I have the honour to be, &c.

Rome, Oct. 29, 1768.

LETTER CXXIV.

*To the Marquis of ***.*

WE are now, behold at the greatest Crisis that ever happened. All Europe is thundring against us, and unhappily we have nothing to oppose to this roaring tempest. The Pope relies on Providence; but God does not perform miracles every time he is asked to do it. Besides, is he to perform one, that ROME may enjoy a right of feignory over the Dutchy of PARMA?

ROME has no more than an administration purely spiritual in Catholic Kingdoms, and her temporal authority exists no where, but in the Ecclesiastical State; and even her temporal authority there is from the grant of the Sovereigns, whom some are for having us oppose.

The Court of ROME cannot forget that she is indebted to FRANCE for almost all her riches and splendour; and if she remember it, how can she hesitate about yielding to the will of LEWIS XV: especially as he asks no more than he has a right to demand.

I compare the four principal Kingdoms, which support the Holy See, to the cardinal virtues; France to *fortitude*, Spain to *prudence*, &c.

Surrounded

Surrounded and defended by these the Holy See is formidable to its enemies; and then may we say to it: *a thousand shall fall on thy left, and ten thousand on thy right, but to thee evil shall not approach.**

I sigh, my dear Sir, I own, at the sight of the misfortunes, which, what we are now doing, prepares for us, and could willingly say: *let this bitter cup pass from us*, not because *our cloak is taken from us*, and *our coat*† may be also taken, but because I fear a rupture: and what misfortunes will not that drag after it, though Religion can never be destroyed?

Would the Holy Father, whose heart is purity itself, only order the acts of beneficence, which the Holy See has received from the French Monarchs, to be laid before him, he could never hesitate to comply with the desires of LEWIS XV. respecting the Dutchy of PARMA: but you know that every thing may be seen two ways, and the aspect under which this affair is presented to the Holy Father, is directly opposite to the views of the Sovereigns.

There will be found a necessity of retreating; and unless this Pope do it, his successor must: a thing the more disagreeable, as CLEMENT XIII is a Pontiff worthy of the primitive ages of the Church, and deserves to be blessed

* Cadent à latere tuo mille, & decem millia à dextris tuis; ad te autem non appropinquabit. Ps. xc. Vulg.

† Matt. v. 40.

by

by all the Kingdoms, which acknowledge his Authority.

The Sacred College might remonstrate to him: but besides the difference of sentiments, which is found among its members, relating to the affair of *Parma* and that of the *Jesuits*, the Pope will always act as his Council directs him.

I am not surpris'd that Cardinal *** interests himself so warmly in favour of the Society and its General; his attachment arises from very natural reasons: but what surprises me is, that he, whose way of thinking is known to every body, should be consulted preferably to others. In critical circumstances, the advice only of such, as are perfectly disinterested, ought to be taken: otherwise a person becomes a party-man without design, or even without mistrusting it.

It is a fine thing to be in love with truth alone, and to know it, as it is in self: but there are so many illusions which assume its appearance, that we are often misled by them. When a person would see clearly in any affair that comes before him, he must divest himself of all he hitherto knows, he must inform himself, as if he knew nothing; in a word, he must take advice of those, who see and judge without prepossession.

An upright intention moreover is required, and such as may draw down upon us supernatural lights; for the *Lord sounds our hearts and reins*,* and if the love of justice animate us

Rom. viii. 27.

not

Let. cxxiv. P. CLEMENT XIV. 363

not in our researches, he abandons us to our own darkness.

I am, with all the fulness of my heart, &c.

Rome, Jan. 7, 1769.

L E T T E R CXXV.

To a Religious man of his own Order.

WHEN Providence raised me to the dignity of a Cardinal, it did not make me lose sight of the place from whence I came: the view of that is always before my eyes, and wonderfully serves to keep off self-love and vanity. The dignity I enjoy, and to which I was not born, has more thorns than roses, and in that respect, it is like all other eminent stations.

I am often obliged to be of a contrary way of thinking to the person, whom I respect above all others, and who, above all others, demands my gratitude—'Tis the most cruel struggle my heart can feel.

Charity, which is inseparable from truth, has not always the most agreeable things to say: but many people are deceived in this point, because they fancy that charity is ever meek and complaisant: in that case it would resemble flattery. There are occasions, on which charity takes fire, blazes out and thunders. The Fathers of the Church, who were filled with it, spoke only by its organ, even when they expressed their zeal in the strongest manner.

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When you write to the Bishop of ***, you will make my sincere compliments, and let him know, that every thing has been done to pacify matters, but to no purpose. God will sooner or later manifest his will: for we ought ever to have him in sight.

You restore me to life, by telling me that our common friend will not die. His extensive learning is of important service to those who consult him. He has, in an eminent degree, the talent of directing souls, without any of those trifling silly ways, too commonly found among the generality of Directors: for it must be owned, that many men direct others, who stand in need of being directed themselves: and the women are almost ever their ruin, by shewing them an attention and respect, which is due only to God. When they see the man, in whom they have placed their confidence, they consider him at least, as the *Arch-Angel Gabriel*. It is fit, no doubt, that a person should have a real esteem for those he consults, and whom he hearkens to as the oracles of the law; but that must not be carried to an excess.

They who are ever enthusiastically fond of their Director, may assure themselves that there are many human motives in such an attachment.

What a surprise will it be to many devout ones of the sex, (who sincerely thought their affections fixed on God, but were in reality fixed only on their Directors) when, at the moment
of

of their death, they shall hear from that supreme mouth, which is to pronounce the last sentence: "It was not I whom you loved; *begone therefore from me; I know you not.*"*

This thought has long made me tremble for Directors. I could wish, that he who was formerly mine at *Rome*, and who died in the odour of sanctity, had made public his manner of directing. He was a heavenly man, who raised people above humanity, and absolutely insisted, that they should forget him, to attach themselves to God alone.

We want in *Italy* a good book on the subject of *Direction*. We have many that contain nothing but common-place stuff. But to compose such a book, a man must, first of all, have the spirit of God. Secondly, he must have a great knowledge of the human heart: for it is incredible with what address self-love and a thousand sensible affections come and reside there, while we persuade ourselves, that they are so many sublime sentiments, and worthy the eyes of the Eternal.—'Tis this, that renders it so difficult a thing to form a right judgment of ourselves.

I wish you whatever you can desire, because I know you will desire nothing but what is excellent; and I am your most dear and affectionate servant,

CARDINAL GANGANELLI.

Convent of the Holy Apostles.

* Discedite, nescio vos. *Matt. xxv. 13.*

LETTER CXXVI.

*To the Count de ***.*

WE are at last summoned to a Consistory, which is to determine great things. We have to consider of the unhappy affairs, which, for some time past, have embroiled us with the Potentates. It seems now, that the Holy Father, finding himself unable to stand out any longer, will acquiesce in the desires of the House of BOURBON. He will at least lay before us, for the subject of our deliberation, his present uneasiness, and every one will give his opinion.

Would to God this plan had been followed from the beginning! But, unhappily, the disagreeable consequences of an affair are often not seen, till a person is entangled in them.

I advise you to confer with ****: ROME, though famed for its policy, is not always—You understand me.

The Ministers continue to make the most bitter complaints; and the parties interested, in order to prevent any thing being concluded, form circumvallations, contravallations, &c.—Your own mind will tell you the rest.

There is great room to think that FRANCE, SPAIN, and PORTUGAL will —.

I shall let you know nothing, if silence be enjoined; and in that you will most surely approve my conduct. I shall not expose myself to the same reproaches the little man in question did, for betraying a secret.

Besides

Besides the probity of a Cardinal, I have a natural probity, which constitutes the essence of an honest man; and this is a double engagement to secrecy: but it will not be so well kept, as to hinder the thing from being immediately divulged: nor should I be surprised, were the Gazetteers of HOLLAND to receive intelligence of it.

I can know nothing before hand, because nothing is said. The life I lead here is as obscure as my habit; and consequently I shall not be found in those brilliant circles, where people hear and tell great news. I learn nothing, but by means of our dear Abbè... But does he know every thing, or does he always tell the truth? Not that he designs to impose on people; but his imagination, his lively temper, &c.

I have again seen the flying-post He brought me the letters I looked for, and they contain nothing but wise reflections on what I wanted to know. Adieu without ceremony, as you ordered me.

Rome, Jan. 31, 1769.

LETTER CXXVII.

To the same.

HERE is a Revolution quite different from that expected in the Consistory I mentioned to you in my last. The Holy Father, getting into bed last night, was seized with a dreadful

dreadful convulsion—screamed out—and expired. This was the day appointed to have drawn from the Alembic, what keeps all the Catholic courts in suspense, and has embroiled us with them. People will reason differently on this so extraordinary a death in the present circumstances.

I most sincerely regret the loss of the late Pope, on account of his excellent qualities, and the gratitude I owe him—Religion must make his Elogium, and mourn for him. He rendered it truly respectable, to all who were near him, by the purity of his morals equal to the uprightness of his intentions, and a zeal proof against every thing: but I shall continue to say, that it was a pity he did not see things in the light in which he ought to have seen them.

He has left behind him Nephews recommendable for their excellent qualities, and especially the Cardinal, who has the best soul that can be met with.

The great difficulty now is, to know who will be chosen in his place: I pity him beforehand whoever he be. I shall not pretend to tell you, it is such a one, or such a one; for it is always some one, who was never thought on. This is certain, that I will not give my vote to any, who unites not learning with piety. A Pope, as the Vicar of JESUS CHRIST, ought to have true devotion; and, as a temporal Prince, a deal of knowledge and sagacity. Happily the sacred College offers us an
easy

easy choice from among its members. Pray that the Lord may inspire us, and give us a Head according to his own heart, and according to that of the sovereign Princes.

I have lately seen *Monfignor Marefoschi*: he is a wonderful Prelate for his knowledge and candour.

The Conclave will be more supportable than in summer, and will make little alteration in my manner of life. I am only going to exchange one Cell for another; and if there be any intrigues, I protest to you I will be a stranger to them, as I am a man who meddle the least of any thing with forming parties.

You know my heart, and I need not tell you, that I am, &c.

Rome, Feb. 3, 1769.

LETTER CXXVIII.

To a Religious man, a Friend of his.

I AM going to the Conclave; pray to the Lord that he may bless our intentions, and send a calm after so long a storm.

I am almost engaged to take a *Frenchman* for my *Conclavist**. Besides my great fondness for his nation, he has some excellent qualities: but after all I shall trust nobody but myself, that I may have nothing to fear from his indiscretion, should he be disposed to blab: *my secret is my own*†.

* A Cardinal's Secretary, while in the Conclave.

† Secretum meum mihi.

You

You will tell our Prelate, that I could not answer his letter, but that I expect to see him at the Convent of the Holy Apostles the very day the Conclave ends. The minds of men are divided, but God is the sovereign Master of hearts, and it is his work about which we are going.

Endeavour to procure me the book I mentioned, the moment I shall be at liberty again. Adieu. I am ever your servant and friend.

CARDINAL GANGANELLI.

Six o'clock in the morning.

LETTER CXXIX.

*To Monsignor ***.*

FOR these four months past I have neither belonged to myself, nor to my friends, but to all the different Churches of the world (of which, by divine permission, I am become the Head) and to all the Catholic Courts, several of which, as you know, have great matters to settle with ROME.

It was impossible to become Pope in times of greater strife and contention; and it is precisely on me that divine Providence has appointed so oppressive a burden to be laid. I hope the same Providence will support me, and bestow on me that prudence and fortitude, both of which are so necessary in order to govern according to the rules of justice and equity.

I take

I take pains to acquire the most exact knowledge of what my Predecessor left me to do ; and which cannot be concluded till after a long examination.

You will do me a real pleasure in bringing me what you have written relative to this object, and in trusting nobody with it, but myself alone.

You will find me, such as you ever have known me, as much a stranger to all the Grandeur that surrounds me, as if I knew not the very name ; and you may speak to me as freely as you formerly did, since the Papacy has given me a still greater love for truth, and a fresh conviction of my own nothingness.

Rome, Sept. 21, 1769.

LETTER CXXX.

To a PORTUGUESE Nobleman.

YOU ought not to doubt, Sir, of my most earnest desire to unite more than ever those ties, which some have attempted to break, between the Court of ROME and that of PORTUGAL. I am no stranger to the intimate union, which at all times has reigned between those two Powers, and it will afford me the greatest pleasure to put things on their ancient footing : but as the Common Father of all the Faithful, as the Head of all the Religious Orders, I will not proceed to act, till I have examined, weighed, and judged of every

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thing according to the rules of justice and truth.

God forbid that any human consideration whatever should determine me! I shall already have an account sufficiently rigorous to give to God, without loading my conscience with any new sin; and it would truly be an enormous one to proscribe a whole Religious Order on rumours, prejudices, or even suspicions. I will never forget, that while I give to *Cæsar* what belongs to *Cæsar*, I am to give to God what belongs to God.

I have already employed some persons to examine the Archives of the *Propaganda*, and to procure for me the correspondence of SIXTUS-QUINTUS, my illustrious Brother-Friar and Predecessor, with PHILIP II. I require, moreover, that the heads of the accusation, supported by such testimonies as cannot be rejected, be laid before me. I will be in private the Advocate of those whose destruction is demanded of me, to the end that I may seek, in my own breast, every means of justifying them, before I pronounce sentence.

The King of PORTUGAL is too religious a Prince, as also are those of FRANCE, SPAIN, and NAPLES, not to approve of my manner of proceeding.

If Religion require a sacrifice, the whole Church shall hear me, and *****.

I heartily wish that Providence had not reserved me for such calamitous times; for let me act as I will, I shall make male-content, occasion
a deal

a deal of grumbling, and render myself odious to a multitude of people, whose esteem and friendship I could wish to enjoy.

I consider myself as one of those Prophets, whom God raised up in the midst of tempests, and one of those men, whose rank exposes them in battle, though they have no other views but those of peace; but who, from the nature of their post, are obliged to act.

All is in the hands of God—May he direct my pen, my tongue, and my heart; I will submit to every thing—I will do whatever ought to be done—without apprehending the consequences, &c.

L E T T E R CXXXI.

To a Religious, a Friend of his.

IF you think me happy, you are deceived. After having been hurried the whole day, I often awake in the night, and sigh after my Cloister, my Cell, and my books: and I can truly say, that I envy your situation. What encourages me is, that Heaven itself placed me in St. PETER's Chair, to the great astonishment of the whole world; and that, if it design me for any great work, it will support me.

I would shed all the blood in my veins (God knows it) that every thing was quiet, that all people would return to their duty, that those, who have given offence; would reform,

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and that there be neither Division nor Suppression.

I will not proceed to extremities, till urged to it from the most powerful motives, that Posterity at least may do me justice, in case my own age refuse it me. But this is not what employs my thoughts; it is an eternity so dreadful to all, but especially to Popes.

I will send you my answer to what you asked me about. You shall find that I do not forget my friends, and if I see them not so often as formerly, it is because business and cares are my centinels: they may be found at my gates—in my chamber—in my heart.

Mention me to my old acquaintances: I sometimes think how great their astonishment must be, when they heard of my Elevation.

Particularly tell my old school-fellow, that he did not prophesy truly, when he used to tell our companions, that I should go and end my days in *France*. There is no appearance of that coming to pass; or else I must be destined to very extraordinary things indeed. I am ever your most affectionate,

CLEMENT.

Castel-Gandolfo.

LET-

L E T T E R CXXXII.

To the Rev. Father AMATUS DE LAMBALLE,
GENERAL of the CAPUCHINS.

I AM sincerely obliged to you for the prayers you address to heaven for my safety. I stand doubly in need of them, both as a particular, and as Head of the Church. I unite myself to all your sufferings, and to all your labours, being persuaded that you bear all in a spirit of penance, and in a manner pleasing to God.

If you make any long stay at *Paris*, as I fear you will on account of your disorder, you will have an opportunity of seeing MONSIEUR DORIA, whom I love with all the plenitude of my heart, as a Prelate, who will one day be the joy and honour of the Church. I see you among a set of people, where there are great vices and great virtues ; and where, by a particular Providence, the zeal of the most Christian King, and of the whole Royal Family, and the great Piety of the Prelate, who fills the See of PARIS, stop the progress of Infidelity.

Bring back with you one of the *French Cordeliers*, who, by his learning, may here do honour to his Nation. The *Dominicans* acted wisely, when they called Father FABRICI, your worthy Countryman, to the *Minerva* ; he perpetuates the glory of his Order by his Erudition.

If

If your disorder hinder you not from going to pay your homage to MADAME LOUISA, I commission you to tell her, that I continue to admire the sacrifice she has made. Affure all your brethren, that I sincerely love them in the Lord; and that I exhort them to continue to live in a manner worthy of our Founder.

What you desire, I will mention to Cardinal de BERNIS. He will be often enquired after in *France*; for I know he is as dear to the *French*, as he is to the *Italians*.

I wish to see you again in good health; and am, as heretofore, entirely yours.

Signed, CLEMENT XIV.

Rome, April 2, 1773.

A P P E N D I X:

CONTAINING

An ENCYCLICAL,

OR

CIRCULAR LETTER,

ADDRESSED TO ALL THE

Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops, and
Bishops,

On his Exaltation to the Pontificate.

Other LETTERS

To LEWIS XV of FRANCE, MADAME
LOUISA, the DUKE of PARMA, &c.

BRIEFS and DISCOURSES,

TOGETHER WITH

The B U L L

For the UNIVERSAL JUBILEE
of the YEAR 1775.

A N
ENCYCLICAL LETTER
O F

C L E M E N T XIV,

To all the PATRIARCHS, PRIMATES,
ARCHBISHOPS, and BISHOPS, on his
EXALTATION.

C L E M E N T XIV

To our Venerable Brethren, Health and Apo-
stolic Benediction.

WHEN we consider the duties of the supreme Apostolate, with which we are invested, the weight of so great a burden bears us down; and, after being dragged from the repose of a life of tranquillity, we seem to be thrown into the depth of the sea, where we are ready to sink under the violence of the waves.

But it is the *work of the Lord, and our eyes see it with admiration**. The unsearchable judgments of God, and not human Counsels, loaded us with the most awful functions of the Apostolate, when we were far from entertaining any thoughts of it. This Conviction fills us with a confidence, that he who has called us to the laborious cares of the supreme Ministry, will come and allay our fears, aid our weakness, and graciously hear our prayers. PETER, who ought to be our model, was encouraged by the Lord, who reproached him with his want of faith, when he thought he was drowning in the sea. There is no doubt, but that our Divine Head, who, in the person of the Prince of the Apostles, has entrusted us with the *keys of the*

* Ps. cxviii. 23. *Vulg.*

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kingdom

kingdom of Heaven*, and has commanded us to feed his sheep†, designed that we should lay aside all uncertainty of obtaining assistance. We submit therefore without reserve to him, who is our strength and support‡, abandoning ourselves entirely to his might and to his fidelity. He, through his own goodness, will finish in us the work he has begun; and our own lowliness will serve to make his mercy shine the brighter in the eyes of all men. For if he be resolved to accomplish, in these unhappy times, any thing for the advantage of his Church, by the ministry of so unprofitable a servant as we are, all men will evidently see, that he alone is the *Author and Finisher* thereof, and that all the glory is to be given to him alone. But the more mighty the aid is on which we rely, the more efforts will we use to co-operate with it: the more sublime the honour, to which we have been raised, the more care ought we to take to worthily fulfil the functions thereof.

While we cast our eyes over the different countries of Christendom, we perceive you, our Venerable Brethren, sharing with us our glorious labours, and this sight fills us with consolation. We acknowledge in you, with the greatest joy, worthy Co-operators, faithful Pastors, and Evangelical Labourers. It is for this reason that we are eager to address ourselves to you at the commencement of our Apostolate. It is in your bosom, that we will pour forth the most inward sentiments of our soul; and if we seem to exhort you, or give you any advice, attribute it only to the distrust we have of ourselves; and reflect that it is the effect of that confidence, which your virtues, and your filial love towards us inspire.

In the first place, we pray and beseech you, Our Venerable Brethren, to continually beg of God, that he would strengthen our weakness: it is a return of kindness which we have a right to claim from you. Pray for our wants, as we do for yours, to the end that mutu-

* Matt. xvi. 19. † John xxi. 17. ‡ Heb. xii. 2.

tually

tually supporting one another, we may be the stronger, and the more watchful. We will prove by the unity of hearts, that Unity by which all of us together make only one and the same body; for the whole Church is one Edifice, the foundations of which were laid by the Prince of the Apostles. Many stones are joined together to construct it; but all rest upon a single one, which is JESUS CHRIST himself.

Intrusted, as his Vicar, with the administration of his power, we are, by his will, raised to the most eminent place; but you, united with us, as with the visible Head of the Church, are the principal parts of this same body. Nothing can happen to any of us, but the others must be affected by it; as there is nothing which can concern you, but what is an object of our solicitude. Wherefore, in perfect concord, animated with the same spirit, which flowing from the supreme Head, and spreading through all the members gives them life, we ought principally to labour, that the whole body of them may be sound and entire, and that, without *wrinkles or spots*,* it may flourish by the practice of all Christian virtues. This we may attain by the divine assistance, if each, according to his power, be inflamed with zeal for the defence of the flock entrusted to him, if each apply with care to secure them from all seduction, and to procure them solid instructions, and the proper means of sanctifying themselves.

There never was a time, wherein it was more necessary to watch over the salvation of souls. Each day sees opinions, the most capable of overthrowing all Religion, spread every where, and crowds of people suffer themselves to be seduced by the bait of Novelty. It is a mortal poison, which pervades all ranks, and causes the most cruel havock.

A fresh motive this, our venerable Brethren, to labour with more ardour than ever, in repressing that madness, which audaciously attacks the most sacred laws, and insults even the Divinity himself.

You will succeed in this glorious enterprize, not by the aids of human wisdom, but by the simplicity of the

* *Ep̃. v. 27.*

word of God, *sharper than a two-edged sword*.^{*} You will repel without difficulty, all the attacks of the enemy; you will easily blunt all his darts, when you present in your discourses nothing but JESUS CHRIST *and him crucified*.[†] He built his Church, that Holy City, and has strengthened it with his laws and ordinances. He has entrusted to it the Faith he came to establish on Earth, as a *depositum*, which it is religiously to preserve in its utmost purity. It was his will that she should be the inexpugnable rampart of his doctrine, and of his truth, and that the *gates of hell should never prevail against her*.[‡] As we are appointed to govern and guard this holy City, let us, Venerable Brethren, carefully preserve the precious inheritance of the Faith of our holy Founder, and divine Master, which our Fathers have transmitted down to us entire, that we in the same manner may transmit it to our descendants. If our actions and counsels be agreeable to the rule consigned in the sacred books, if we walk in the steps of our Forefathers, which cannot mislead us, let us be assured that we shall have strength enough to avoid every false step capable of weakening the faith of the Christian people, or of hurting in any point the Unity of the Church. Let us draw only from scripture and tradition, what it concerns us to know and observe; they are the sacred sources of divine wisdom, and in them is found whatever we are obliged to believe and practise: whatever concerns the worship of God, the discipline of the Church, the rules of a good life, are found in that two-fold depository. We shall there see the depth of our sublime Mysteries, the duties of piety, the rules of justice and humanity. We shall there learn what we owe to God, to the Church, to our country, to our neighbour, and be sensible that there are no laws which better establish the rights of Nations and of Society, than true Religion. And in fact never was the doctrine of JESUS CHRIST attacked without disturbing the public tranquillity of nations, infringing on the obedience

^{*} Heb. iv. 12. [†] 1 Cor. ii. 2. [‡] Matt. xvi. 18.

due to sovereigns, and spreading every where trouble and confusion.

Such is the connection between the rights of the divine Majesty, and those of Earthly Princes, that, when the laws of Christianity are observed, the sovereign is obeyed without reserve, his power is respected, and his person beloved.

We therefore exhort you, Venerable Brethren, as far as in us lies, to frequently inculcate into the minds of the people entrusted to you, obedience and submission towards the sovereigns; for, among other commandments of God, this is specially necessary for the maintenance of Order and Peace. Kings were raised to the eminent rank they enjoy, for no other end, but to watch over the safety and security of the public, and to keep men within the bounds of wisdom and equity. They are the Ministers of God to see justice observed, and they bear the sword only to execute the vengeance of God, by punishing every one, who swerves from his duty.* They are moreover the dearest sons of the Church, and its Protectors; and it belongs to them to maintain its rights, and defend its interests. Take care, therefore, that the very children be taught, as soon as they are susceptible of reason, that fidelity to the sovereigns is to be inviolably observed, that their authority is to be submitted to, their laws obeyed, not only through fear of punishment, but from an obligation of conscience.†

When you have by your application and zeal thus disposed the minds of subjects to obey the Kings, to respect and love them with their whole hearts, then will you have laboured efficaciously in promoting the tranquillity of the Citizens and the interest of the Church; for the one is inseparable from the other. But to acquit yourselves of this duty, so as to insure an infallible success, you will join to the prayers which you daily say for your people, particular prayers for the Kings, to obtain from God their preservation, their prosperity, and the grace necessary to govern with justice and equity.

By thus labouring for the happiness of all men, you will worthily fulfil the functions of your holy Ministry;

* *Rom.* xiii. 4. † *Id.* xiii. 5.

for

for it is meet and just, that *Pontiffs established for men in what concerns the worship of God,** should present to God the vows of all the Faithful, beseeching the Lord without intermission, that he would support and strengthen him who watches over the public tranquillity, and safety of all the Citizens.

It would undoubtedly be superfluous to recall here to your memories, all the other obligations, which the Pastoral dignity imposes on you. You perfectly know all the duties which the Christian Religion exacts, as you live in the practice of every virtue: for you fail not continually to have before your eyes, JESUS CHRIST himself our Head, the Prince of all Pastors, and to exhibit in your own persons a perfect model of charity, sanctity and humility. Our labours, our thoughts, cannot have a more glorious and excellent object than him, who being the *brightness of the glory of his Father, and the figure of his substance,†* has vouchsafed to raise us to the quality of children of God by adoption, and to make us his co-heirs. It is the way to preserve the union and alliance of men with JESUS CHRIST, and to imitate that divine model of patience, meekness, and charity. Hence it is said: *Get thee up upon a high mountain, thou that bringest good tidings to Sion.‡*

If you have an ardent desire to comply with these duties, it is impossible but that holy ardour must pass from your hearts into those of the faithful, and that they be vehemently inflamed: for the example of a Pastor has an astonishing efficacy and force to move the hearts of the faithful, intrusted to his care. When they observe all his actions regulated by the model of true virtue; when they see him avoid whatever has the appearance of cruelty, pride or haughtiness; that he is quite taken up with works inspired by a motive of charity, mildness, humility; they will then find themselves strongly animated to follow such wonderful and edifying examples.

When people are convinced that a Pastor forgets himself, in order to become useful to others, that he

* *Heb. v. 1.* † *Ib. i. 3.* ‡ *Is. xl. 9.*

takes

takes a pleasure in assisting the indigent, in comforting the afflicted, in teaching the ignorant; that he delights in helping them by his good offices and by his counsels; in a word, when ever he shews himself perfectly disposed to lay down his life for the salvation of his people: then every one, struck with his virtues, and moved by his example, enters into himself, and amends his faults. But if on the other hand a Pastor, attached solely to his own interest, prefer the goods of this world to those of heaven, how can he persuade his flock to love God alone, and render mutual aid and assistance to one another? If he sigh after riches, pleasures and honours, how can he inspire others with a contempt for them? If he love pomp, if he be puffed up with pride, how can he persuade others to the practice of meekness and humility?

Since therefore, Venerable Brethren, you are under an obligation of forming the people according to the maxims of JESUS CHRIST, your first duty is to live in that holiness, that meekness, that innocence of manners, of which he has given us an example. Be assured that you will never make a worthy use of your authority, but by choosing rather to give proofs of your modesty and charity, than in displaying the marks of your dignity. Lay it down as a first principle, that if you scrupulously acquit yourselves of the duties imposed on you, glory and happiness will be heaped upon you; and on the contrary if you neglect them, you will be covered with shame, and will lay up for yourselves the greatest evils. Desire therefore no other riches, than to gain to God the souls he has redeemed with his own blood: seek no other glory, than that of consecrating yourselves entirely to the Lord, that you may incessantly labour to extend his worship, increase the beauty of his house, extirpate vices, and cultivate virtues. Such ought to be the only object of your thoughts, your desires, your actions, your ambition. And think not, Venerable Brethren, that after having spent a long time in painful labours, there will nothing more remain to exercise your virtue. Such is the nature of our Ministry, such the condition

condition of a Bishop, that he is never to see the term of his solicitude and cares; he never can allow himself any rest; for they, whose charity ought to know no bounds, ought not to set any to their activity. The expectation of an eternal recompense is very capable of sweetening all our pains.

Ah! What can appear hard to those, who never lose sight of that ineffable happiness, which the Lord will bestow on such as have faithfully guarded and increased his flock, when he comes to demand an account of their administration? Besides this so precious and so pleasing a hope, you will experience in the midst of the very toil of an Episcopal life, such joys and comforts, as cannot be expressed. When God second our endeavours, we see the people, intimately united by the bands of a reciprocal charity, distinguish themselves by their innocence, candour and piety: we see a quantity of excellent fruit which our watchings, our fatigues, our sweat have produced in the field of the Church.

Oh that we could, by an unanimous concert of will, zeal, application, Oh that we could, our most dear and Venerable Brethren, revive in the time of our Apostolate, this flourishing state of Religion, and restore it to the full beauty of its first age! Oh that we could felicitate you, and rejoice with you in the Lord on that occasion! May he, that God of Mercy, vouchsafe to support us by the assistance of his grace, and fill our hearts with whatever is well-pleasing to him!

As a pledge of our love, we give to you, with all possible affection, and to all the faithful of your Churches, our Apostolic benediction.

*Rome, at St. Mary-Major's, the 12th of December,
in the year of Christ 1769, and the first of our
Pontificate.*

A L E T T E R

To LEWIS XV, *the MOST CHRISTIAN KING, on*
IRRELIGION.

WE know nothing more proper to inflame your zeal, than the motive which engages us to write to you. This letter regards not our personal Interest, but the interest of Religion. If we be sure of your Royal protection for ourselves, we have much more room to believe that you will grant it to our earnest entreaties, which have no other object, than the advantage of the Church.

It is the common cause of God, and of Christianity, which we lay before you, our most beloved Son in JESUS CHRIST. We see, not without the deepest sorrow, the public worship established by the supreme Legislator, attacked, for a long time past, by impious men, who cease not aiming at it the sacrilegious darts of their perverse wit. One would say, that they had formed a general conspiracy to entirely overthrow, by the most audacious attempts, whatever is most venerable and most sacred. They blush not daily to publish heaps of writings (eternal monuments of their folly) in order to destroy the first principles of Morality, to break asunder the bands of all society, to seduce simple souls, by the baneful talent they have of spreading abroad and propagating their perverse opinions.

The astonishing rapidity of their progress persuades us, that there is not a concern of greater importance, or more pressing, than to oppose a mound against this torrent.

It is not enough to take out of the hands of the Readers the poisonous works which issue every day from that horrible school; it is moreover necessary that the zeal of our Venerable Brethren, the Bishops, should come to our assistance; so that uniting our forces, we may, with common consent, engage the different enemies of Religion, and defend it from the insults daily offered it.

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We

We see, on this occasion, with an inexpressible joy, that the Prelates of your Majesty's vast and flourishing Empire (who are now assembled at *Paris* for the affairs of the Clergy) enter perfectly into our views, and that their pastoral solicitude engages them to use every means of stopping the ravages of Infidelity. We have a firm confidence, that by labouring, as they are going to do, for the cause of God, they will receive abundantly the spirit of *Counsel* and *Fortitude*. It is no small comfort to us to see them, of their own accord, apply themselves, with so much ardour, to the fulfilling so important a duty.

But if they stand in need of the protection of the **MOST HIGH**, they have also a right to expect from you, our most dear son, the necessary succours for seconding their labours, and crowning them with success. We therefore, to the utmost of our power, beseech you to favour them in whatever they do for the good of Religion, and to support them with vigour. They will then give effectual proofs of the zeal that animates them, not only for the salvation of the faithful, but also for the temporal advantage of their country, and your Majesty's sacred person: for as **RELIGION** is the strongest support of Thrones, the nations who obey God, are most easily kept within the bounds of that obedience which is due to Kings.

Hence it easily appears, that our cares and solicitude tend no less to the strengthening of your Majesty's royal Authority, than to the maintaining the interests of God. Human Societies are more indebted for their preservation and security to the exercise of the true worship of God, and to the stability of the revealed Doctrines, than to the force of arms and abundance of riches.

The true means of drawing down on your sacred Person, on the Princes and Princesses of your blood, the most precious effects of the divine mercy, is publicly to maintain Faith and Piety in their purity. Thus will you possess, in an eminent degree, the art of reigning, that art by which your Ancestors ever shewed themselves **MOST CHRISTIAN KINGS**; and you will support

port your own glory and their's, by incessantly adding thereto, after their example, the brightest marks of your own Religion.

This subject, no doubt, would require to be treated by us more at large; but the high opinion we have of your truly Royal Piety makes us consider any longer discourse on this subject as superfluous.

In a firm confidence, that your Majesty will grant what we ask with equal zeal and justice, We beg of the Almighty, by whom you reign, long to preserve you, as well as your August family, and we impart to you, with all the tenderness of which we are capable, our Apostolic Benediction. May it be a happy preface of the grace and happiness we wish you!

Rome, March 21, 1770.

A L E T T E R

To MADAME LOUISA OF FRANCE.

C L E M E N T XIV

To our dearly beloved Daughter in JESUS
CHRIST, health.

THE most painful labours of the Apostolate, with which we are invested, appear to be sweet and light, since we were informed of your holy and generous resolution. You could not have undertaken any thing more grand, any thing more sublime, than to exchange the pomp of a Royal Court for the low and abject state of living in a Nunnery. Whether we consider the pious condescension of our most dear Son in JESUS CHRIST, LEWIS, your August Father, the Most Christian King, who allows you to accomplish such a sacrifice; or whether we consider the precious advantages which must hence accrue for the good of the Church, we cannot contain our joy and admiration.

May forever thanks be rendered to God, the Author of all good, for having vouchsafed to set, in your person, so striking an example to all Princes and Nations;

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tions; for having been pleased to consecrate our Pontificate by so glorious an æra: It is a subject of felicitation both for us and you. Ah! How could we help being in raptures at the sight of those abundant riches, which the Lord has just heaped on you, and of that divine fortitude, which, after the most mature deliberation, has engaged you to embrace a kind of life, which may be called a sketch of heaven? No other but God himself could inspire you with so generous a design. You learned, by the favour of his light, that all the grandeur of the world is no more than a thin vapour; that all its pleasures are only illusions; that all its promises are only lies; in a word, that the soul can find its peace only in the sweet exercise of the love of God, and that it is by serving him alone, that you can reign.

It is now, in the port you are in, that, removed from all danger of rocks or shipwreck, you are going to enjoy the most delightful tranquility, to taste more than ever those holy and divine pleasures, which are the lot of the servants of God. When we know how to triumph over the world, we possess the greatest riches in the midst of want. We find true liberty, by renouncing ourselves, true grandeur and glory in the abasing practices of the most profound humility. Nothing is comparable to the happiness of centering all our thoughts, all our desires in the bosom of God; of living with him alone; of being inflamed with his love; of having no other hope than of possessing him for ever.

Let your courage encrease, our most dear Daughter, in proportion to the graces which the Lord so abundantly pours out upon you. Persevere, with all your might, in the noble design which you have formed, of aiming and arriving at sanctity. Think continually on him, whom you have proposed to yourself, as the object of your love, and whom you have taken the resolution to serve all the days of your life: reflect with yourself, that the object of your desires is infinite, and that the fruits you look for, are incorruptible. Thus will you change your labours into delight, and enjoy a foretaste of our heavenly country.

The

The more we reflect on the generous step you have just taken, the more we rejoice in hope that this glorious example may excite in many others a desire of following it. You will not fail calling to mind, that as the King, your affectionate Father, has sacrificed even the pleasure he had of living with you, that he might not oppose your vocation, you also must do every thing to testify a just return. The only way to acquit yourself of this obligation, is continually to beg of God his happiness both in this life and the next.

Your zeal for the Church, which is well known to us, as also your respectful attachment to the Holy See, are fresh motives of joy and consolation : for we are persuaded that you will uninterruptedly represent to God both our particular wants, and those of Religion. We offer you in return for these good offices, every advantage you can expect from our paternal kindness. Nothing can come up to the extreme desire we have of seconding your pious intentions, and favouring the fervour with which you march on in the paths of virtue. Wherefore, although we are thoroughly convinced of your zeal and perseverance, we grant to your Confessor, both present and future, a power to mitigate your Rule, or even to dispense with you from it, in every case, where the weakness of your constitution is not correspondent to your courage. We grant you moreover, in virtue of our Apostolic authority, a plenary and complete Indulgence* every time you approach the

* “ Whenever God remits the guilt of sin, he remits at the same time the eternal punishment due to sin, but he requires some temporal punishment, in order to keep us to our duty. This temporal punishment consists in those penitential and laborious practices which we perform in a spirit of sorrow and humility, and the performing of them is called *satisfaction* or *Canonical penances*. When in consideration of the fervour of the Penitents, and of other good works prescribed, the Church remits any of these penitential works, this remittance is called an *Indulgence*.” Bossuet’s *Exposition of the Cath. Doctrine*, §. 98. of *Satisfaction, Purgatory, and Indulgences*. Here is nothing in all this that has the least appearance of giving leave to commit sin, or of purchasing the remission of sin by money—A truly uncharitable suggestion!

Holy

Holy Table; and the further to testify to you our affection, we grant the same to all our holy Daughters in JESUS CHRIST, your worthy companions, and we render them partakers with you of our Apostolic Benediction.

Given at Rome, May 9, 1770, the first year of our Pontificate.

A SECOND LETTER

To LEWIS XV. the most Christian King, on occasion of Madame LOUISA's taking the Habit.

To our most dear Son in JESUS CHRIST, health

IT is just that at the same time when we write to our dearly beloved Daughter in JESUS CHRIST, the Princess LOUISA-MARIA, to congratulate her on her great sacrifice, we should also pour forth our joy into your Majesty's paternal bosom. You cause in us the greatest transports of joy, in as much as you have the greatest share in an action so glorious and so wonderful; but what fills our heart with infinite satisfaction is, that after having applauded the generous determination of your august Daughter, you should moreover shew an extraordinary courage and resolution in parting with her, notwithstanding the valuable qualifications, which made her so dear to you. When you heard the voice of Religion, you stifled the cry of nature, and you no longer saw any other in her, who was your beloved Daughter, than a future spouse of JESUS CHRIST. Thus did you yourself open the way of heaven to a pious Princess, who earnestly desired to enter thereon, and, by your generous consent, you contributed to the placing her, where she will be sheltered from the dangers which surround human life, and the boisterous waves which agitate it.

I see her, from that sacred retreat she has chosen, teaching the whole world, that there is nothing more frail

frail and more vain than all the delights, and all the grandeurs of this life: that it is necessary to consider them only as so many rocks and shelves, and the more so, as they become the lamentable causes of a multitude of evils, by hindering the acquisition of an eternal happiness.

The share you have in so glorious an action, ought to afford you the greatest confidence in the prayers of your Illustrious Daughter. She will not cease recommending to the Lord your august person, your Royal family, your whole Kingdom, and what must interest your Majesty the most of all, the salvation of your soul. It is a powerful intercession, which you have procured for yourself with the Almighty. It is therefore of the greatest concern for you to reap all possible fruit from an event, which providence has permitted for your good.

We wish, with all the fulness of our heart, that you would receive these testimonies of our attachment, as the sweet overflowings of the affection of a Father, who tenderly loves you, and who is no less zealous for your glory and happiness, than he is for his own. To convince you of this, we give you with all possible affection, Most dearly beloved son, our Apostolic Benediction, as an indubitable proof of the singular love, &c.

Given at Rome, May 9, 1770, the first year of our Pontificate.

A THIRD LETTER

To LEWIS XV, on the same subject.

AFTER felicitating your Majesty by our letter of the 9th of May, on the heroic courage with which your august Daughter was going to embrace the Religious state of life; after having testified to her the whole fulness of our joy on that occasion, we could not help expressing again to you our raptures and transports at the approach of such a sacrifice. Her zeal is so ardent, that it can bear no delay, and she finds herself inflamed

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inflamed with a desire of seeing herself cloathed in the holy habit of the Carmelite Nuns, by the hands of our Venerable Brother, BERNARDIN, Archbishop of *Damascus*, our *Nuncio* in Ordinary with your Majesty.

As soon as ever we were informed of her generous design, we were sensible that the spirit of God acted in a most wonderful manner on the soul of that august Princess; and we felt ourselves pressed with the greatest desire to go and perform in person, the ceremony of giving the habit, which our *Nuncio* is to perform, to add thereby to the glory and celebrity of so great a day. As the distance of places rendered the thing impossible; we, in part, accomplish our desire, by charging the *Nuncio*, our aforesaid dear Brother, with that august function: We shall seem, in some sort, to assist thereat ourselves, and to lead our most dear Daughter in JESUS CHRIST to the nuptials of her divine spouse.

We entreat you to allow of the letters which we have sent for that purpose to the *Nuncio*, who is to represent us; and we persuade ourselves that you will acquiesce thereto the more easily, as these dispositions arise solely from our zeal and affection for your Majesty.

Receive, as an undoubted pledge of these sentiments, and as a happy presage of divine blessings, our Apostolic Benediction. We give it you with all the tenderness of a Father, as well as to all your August Children, and especially to the August Princess, who is the memorable subject of our common joy.

Given at Rome, July 18, 1770, the second year of our Pontificate.

A SECOND LETTER

To MADAME LOUISA of FRANCE.

To our most dear Daughter, health.

THE most glorious and most fortunate day of your life at last approaches; the day on which, by the tightest and most sacred bands, you are going to become

come the spouse of JESUS CHRIST himself, and to consecrate to him all your actions, all your desires, and all your thoughts.

We were transported with joy, and applauded your magnanimity from the time, when, trampling under foot the vanities of the world, you renounced all the delights of the most brilliant Court, to confine yourself to the obscurity of a Cloister, and there serve an apprenticeship to a life the most humble and most mortified; but your public profession, by which you are going to render heaven and earth witnesses of your generous sacrifice, compleats our joy. Never forget that the Lord, when he called you from the bosom of Grandeur to live in the shade of the cross, marked you with the zeal of the predestinate. The higher the rank you occupied in the world, the more signalized is this mercy, and the more ought your soul to be penetrated with love and gratitude.

All the days set apart for the public rejoicings of the world have nothing in them comparable to this great day, on which, docile to the inspirations of grace, you are going to abandon yourself entirely to the conduct of God, and take him in a solemn manner for your inheritance.

Oh! Had it pleased heaven, our most dear Daughter, that it had been possible for us to have assisted in person at that ceremony, and to have been, not only a witness, but the Minister also of so heroic a sacrifice! But though that honour be denied us, we will nevertheless enjoy it, as much as possible, by ordering our *Nuncio* in ordinary, our Venerable Brother, the Archbishop of *Damascus*, to represent our person. It was by his hands we gave you the sacred habit; and by his hands we will also receive your vows; and, that nothing may be wanting to the solemnity of so great a day, we charge him to impart to you all the treasures of the Church.

We doubt not but you will answer all the marks of our paternal tenderness, by advancing more and more in the career you have entered, by the constant practice

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of all the virtues, especially that of humility. That virtue will teach you, that you have nothing of your own in which you can glory; that you have received all from God; that you are continually to distrust your own strength, not to rely on your own merits, but only on his almighty grace, and to think yourself, at the same time, capable of every thing, through him, who strengthens you, having recourse without ceasing to his infinite mercy.

These sentiments, deeply engraved on your soul, will spread a Christian modesty over your whole exterior; and, in the shade of this humility, the divine love will take root in your heart, and send forth the most useful and abundant fruits.

It is not by way of advice that we speak to you in this manner, thinking as we do, that you stand not in need of any; but to enhance to you the value of that state of life to which God has called you.

You will most undoubtedly make it a capital duty to testify, on every occasion, the most lively gratitude to your August Father, that Father who loves you so tenderly, and has done every thing for you. You will never cease begging of God that he would preserve him, prosper his Kingdom and his August family, and above all, that he grant him eternal happiness.

As to us, if we may be allowed to claim the rights which our paternal tenderness gives us, we conjure you to draw down on our person (as being your Father in JESUS CHRIST) the favourable looks of the Lord, and to pray continually for the Church intrusted to our solicitude and care. Now that you are more intimately united to him, you ought to interest yourself more than ever, in what concerns its advantage and glory. Be you persuaded on your part that we will continually pray to God that he may bless your pious resolutions, and that he may make you advance more and more in his love.

Receive, as a pledge of our paternal affection, our Apostolic Benediction; we give it you with our whole heart,

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heart, as also to the whole Order of the *Carmelites*, to which you are going to be for ever associated.

Given at Rome, at St. Mary-Major's, under the Fisherman's ring, Aug. 14, 1771, the third year of our Pontificate.

A L E T T E R

To Monseigneur BERNARDIN GIRAULT, Archbishop of Damascus, and Nuncio at the Court of the Most Christian King.

Venerable Brother, Health and Apostolic Benediction.

WE are informed that the Princess LOUISA-MARIA of FRANCE, our dearly beloved Daughter in JESUS CHRIST, who has retired to the Monastery of the discalceated *Carmelites* of St. Denis, most ardently desires to embrace their holy Institute, and the more completely to satisfy her devotion, she is to receive the habit from your hands, you being the superior of the Order.

When I represent to myself that Princess, born in the midst of pleasures and Grandeur, in a word, born in the most brilliant Court of the whole Universe, consecrating herself to a most austere and retired life, I cannot but at once admire and acknowledge the impression of the Holy Spirit, which may be called a miracle of the most High. We are penetrated thereby in so lively a manner, that, to answer the inexpressible sentiments of the zeal which animates us, and the joy which transports us, we charge you to perform that Ceremony in our name.

Therefore to give that sacred and celebrated function all the splendor it deserves, and all the solemnity it is susceptible of, we, in an especial manner, depute you, our Venerable Brother, and commission you to perform it in our name.

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We shall be the more interested in this, as we shall imagine ourselves to be present, and to see with our own eyes those holy transports, with which our most beloved Daughter in JESUS CHRIST will consecrate herself with her whole heart to her heavenly spouse.

Desiring moreover to encrease the common joy of the Order, and to render it more complete, by imparting to all the Nuns who compose that Order, the spiritual treasures of the Church, by an effect of our benevolence, we grant plenary Indulgences to all the *discalcated Carmelite* Nuns of the Kingdom of France, who on the day that she takes the habit, shall receive the sacraments of penance and of the Eucharist, and implore the clemency of the Almighty for the exaltation of the Holy Catholic Church, for our most dearly beloved Son in JESUS CHRIST, LEWIS the Most Christian King of France, for the Royal family, and particularly for the Princess, who is this day the subject of our joy, and who is going to enter on the noviciate of a state of life the most austere, and the most holy, to the end that being enriched, day by day, with new graces, she may become more the ornament of her Order by the regularity of her life, than by the splendour of her name; and we charge you, our Venerable Brother, speedily to inform all who may be concerned, of the salutary favour we kindly grant them; and as a mark of our Pontifical benevolence, we give you, &c.

Rome, July 18, 1770, the second year of our Pontificate.

To the MOST CHRISTIAN KING.

To our most dearly beloved Son in JESUS CHRIST, Health.

W Henever we think of your Illustrious Daughter, LOUISA-MARIA of FRANCE, who is also our Daughter in JESUS CHRIST, we bless God for having inspired her with so holy a resolution: we have constantly

stantly before our eyes the great example she sets to the whole world; an example, which is an honour to the present age, and will be the admiration of Posterity. The more the moment of the sacrifice draws nigh, the more we redouble our prayers, and the more we desire to pour forth into your heart the sentiments which attach us to your person, in paying you the tribute of praise justly due to you for the share you have in the great event, of which the Church is going to be witness.

You could undoubtedly have done nothing better, than to secure to yourself a support in the prayers and vows of her, who is totally devoted to your person, and so well-pleasing to God. In that your wisdom and religion equally shine forth; and we are thereby persuaded, that the divine Goodness will enable you to reap the greatest advantage from so favourable an event. We felicitate you thereon with our whole heart, and we congratulate ourselves that our connection with our most dearly beloved Daughter in JESUS CHRIST is soon to become stricter than ever. It would be our most ardent wish to tighten these knots still faster by presiding ourselves at the Ceremony which we see drawing near, and receiving in our hands the solemn vows which the most tender and affecting piety is going to pronounce.

This wish penetrates us the more, as that would be the happiest opportunity for us of discoursing with you, of embracing you, and of shewing in our countenance and in our eyes the sentiments with which you inspire us. Then our paternal tenderness, and our pastoral charity fully displayed, would assure you, in the strongest manner, of the whole extent of our affection. But alas! We are unhappily reduced to enjoy this satisfaction only in idea.

As to every other advantage, we have endeavoured to procure them for ourselves, in spite of our absence, by making choice of our Venerable Brother the Archbishop of *Damascus*, to supply our place, having given him, for that effect, the most special and ample powers, as we did before, when we charged him with the representation of our person at the taking of the habit.

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Informed as we are, that your Majesty was then satisfied with the manner in which we ordered our August Princess's taking the habit, we flatter ourselves; that you will equally approve of the same orders and dispositions on this occasion.

We therefore earnestly intreat you to second our views with your usual goodness, by allowing us the consolation of seeing our place again supplied by him who represents us. Receive, as the best proof we can give you of our attachment, our Apostolic Benediction, which, like a pledge of the blessings of heaven, will extend to all your August Race, and your whole Kingdom, if our vows are heard.

Given at Rome, at St. Mary-Major's, under the Fisherman's ring, Aug. 14, 1771, the third year of our Pontificate.

A LETTER To the DUKE of PARMA.

IT would be very difficult for us to express all the joy your letter gave us, as in it we found the sentiments of the most tender affection. We are the more pleased with receiving at this time the marks of your friendship, as we always were sincerely attached to you, and ever uninterruptedly interested ourselves in whatever concerned you.

We felicitate ourselves at the same time; for your having received, with all possible kindness, the testimony of our friendship, with regard to the illustrious young shoot, who will one day inherit your virtues, and the marks of our gratitude, for the ardour with which you laboured to reconcile us with the most Christian King. By that you crowned your piety towards the Holy See, and took a step equally glorious and meritorious. The mediation which you are to employ with our dearly beloved Sons in JESUS CHRIST, those most virtuous Kings, your Grandfather,* Uncle† and Cousin,‡

* Lewis XV. † King of Spain. ‡ King of Naples.

LETTER II. to the DURE of PARMA. 401

to engage them to efface the smallest traces of all past misunderstandings, and to restore to us the territories of *Avignon, Benevento* and *Porte-Corvo*, cannot fail being very efficacious. You did us justice, when you appeared convinced of our extreme love for peace and concord, particularly with the August Sovereigns of the house of *Bourbon*, who have always deserved so well of us, of the Chair of *St. Peter*, and of the Church in general. We never doubted but, that the religion and piety of those Princes, would inspire them with the pacific dispositions, we ourselves had. We conceive the greater hopes from your mediation, on account of your royal virtues, and the love your August Relations justly bear you. They will be the more earnest to second your good designs, as they will be pleased to see peace and harmony arise from the very source, from whence had proceeded the subject of misunderstanding and disunion. We will, by way of return, take every opportunity of proving in the most conspicuous manner, our gratitude and affection. We give to you, with all the tenderness of a paternal heart, our Apostolic Benediction, as we also give it to your virtuous spouse, and to your dear new-born son; and we pray Almighty God to encrease from day to day your virtues, and to bring you to that glory which he reserves for his Elect.

A SECOND LETTER to the same.

AS soon as we were informed of the care and pains you had taken to reconcile us with the Monarchs, our dearly beloved sons in *JEHUS CHRIST*, and to reinstate the Apostolic See in its ancient possessions, we resolved to return you our most sincere thanks. Since, by your wisdom, you have accomplished that great work, we will make our joy and gratitude break forth: We assure you that we never will forget that generous step, which procured us the most signal benefits, and that the paternal tenderness we bear you, is equal to your rare virtues. We therefore wish you, with all the fulness of
our

our soul, whatever can contribute to your glory and happiness. The Marquis of Lamoignon, for whom we have a tender affection on account of his merit, and the services he has rendered us, must have informed you of our sentiments with regard to you. To cement these sentiments still more and more, we continually pray to the Lord to second, by the abundance of his heavenly gifts, the Apostolic Benediction with which we gratify you, as the most certain pledge of our affection, &c.

A B R I E E

To our beloved Son PETER-FRANCIS BOUDIER, Superior General * of the Benedictine Monks of the Congregation of St. Maurus.

C L E M E N T XIV

Our dear Son, Health and Apostolic Benediction.

YOUR Letter, which was dictated by respect, attachment, and the most tender love, shews the extent of the joy which you and your Congregation felt at our Exaltation to the Sovereign Pontificate. But we knew before that time your sentiments with regard to the Apostolic See, and the fresh testimony you have given us, serves less to prove those sentiments, than to assure us of them more and more.

We were therefore sensibly affected by these demonstrations of your zeal, the value of which you and your Congregation have enhanced, by beseeching, as you do, the Father of Mercies to support and strengthen our weakness by his powerful assistance, in the discharge of so important an employ.

As to the judgment you form respecting our person, we only see it in your indulgence, your filial love, and the ardent zeal which animates you towards us. On our side, we earnestly wish for an opportunity of testifying

* This Gentleman is now Grand-Prior of the Royal Abbey of St. Denis.

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in an obliging manner the kindness we bear you and those who are in subjection to you. In the mean time, we give, as a pledge of our paternal tenderness, to you and to all yours, with all the effusion of our heart, our Apostolic Benediction.

Given at Rome, at St. Mary-Major's, under the Fisherman's ring, Aug. 11, 1769, and the first year of our Pontificate.

BENEDICT STAY.

A B R I E F

To our dear Son BODDAERT, Prior-General of the Order of the Guillelmites.

C L E M E N T XIV.

Our dear Son, Health and Apostolic Benediction.

THE joy you testify to us on our coming to the Sovereign Pontificate, corresponds with the attachment your Order has had for us now this long time. We doubt not, but that, to these exterior marks of your zeal, you join the succour of your prayers to Almighty God, that he would vouchsafe to support our weakness; and in consequence of this persuasion, we earnestly beg the continuation of them, as an effect of your charity towards us. As to our sentiments with regard to you, the proofs we have heretofore given of our kindness, shew sufficiently what you may expect hereafter. Be assured that our new dignity, so far from weakening this kindness, only encreases and augments it; especially after the testimony you give us, that, having visited with care the Monasteries of your Order, you found them faithful to the rules of their Institute. This assurance coming from you afforded us the greatest pleasure, and redoubles the tenderness we had for you: and, as a pledge of it, we grant to you, our dear Son, and to the whole Order entrusted to your

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care, with all the effusion of our heart, our Apostolic Benediction.

Given at Rome, at St. Mary-Major's, under the Fisherman's ring, July 9, 1769, and the first year of our Pontificate.

BENEDICT STAY.

A D I S C O U R S E

Pronounced by CLEMENT XIV, in a secret Consistory held Sept. 24, 1770, on occasion of the reconciliation of PORTUGAL with the Court of ROME.

IT looks, Venerable Brethren, as if Providence had made choice particularly of the 24th of this month, for me to notify to you the great event, which has brought us together in this place. This same day, the anniversary of my coming to *Rome*, of my elevation to the purple (however unworthy I were of that honour) is also that, on which I announce to you a full and entire reconciliation with **PORTUGAL**.

We have just received the most sincere and most glorious proofs of the submission and zeal of his **MOST FAITHFUL MAJESTY** towards us: they have even surpassed our expectations. Not only the ancient customs, and the ancient mutual respect, which have ever subsisted between us and that Court, are renewed, but confirmed in such a manner, as to acquire new strength.

When we foretold what is come to pass, we grounded our hopes on the faith and piety of our most beloved Son in **JESUS CHRIST**, who at all times has given the most assured marks of his zeal for the true Religion. The day on which we were informed of his reconciliation, has augmented the glory and advantages of the Holy See, filling us at the same time with consolation and joy. There is nothing therefore, which we ought not to do, in order to testify the full extent of our gratitude to his **MOST FAITHFUL MAJESTY**; nor is there a wish which we ought not to form for his preservation, that
of

DISCOURSE *on the Death of* LEWIS XV. 405

of his August and dear Spouse, MARIA-ANNA-VICTORIA, who emulated him in labouring herself with the greatest zeal in bringing about this accommodation. The Count d'OYERAS, Secretary of State, is likewise deserving of our gratitude and elogiums, without forgetting the COMMANDER of ALMADA, Plenipotentiary Minister at our Court, and whom we have often heard, with the greatest joy, declare to us the pious and magnanimous sentiments of the MOST FAITHFUL KING. As there are no means more proper to testify our gratitude towards a Prince so worthy of our elogiums, than to pray God that he would pour down his blessings on him; let us entreat him continually to grant us that great favour, &c.

A DISCOURSE

Of CLEMENT XIV, *in a private Consistory held June 6, 1774, on the death of* LEWIS XV.

VENERABLE BRETHREN,

IF any thing could afford us comfort in the midst of our painful labours, it was to learn that LEWIS the MOST CHRISTIAN KING had the best intentions, and the greatest attachment to Religion and our Person: But Alas! That comfort is this day become the subject of the most piercing grief. Our life is filled with bitterness ever since the melancholy event of his death, which happened in consequence of a most cruel distemper. Our consternation is the greater, as we have lost him at the moment he just had given us the most shining proofs of his justice, his greatness of soul, and his most tender affection towards us and the Apostolic See. What adds to our affliction is, that we can now discharge, only by our tears and grief, what we owe to him.

Let us however adore the decrees of divine Providence, and while we submit to the orders of the Almighty, on whom absolutely depends the destiny of Kings, let us also acknowledge that every thing is directed by his wisdom, and for his greater glory.

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Nothing

406 DISCOURSE *on the Death of LEWIS XV.*

Nothing but thus resigning to the divine will can alleviate our grief. Scarce had we learned the danger which threatened the King's life, but we addressed our most fervent prayers to heaven for obtaining his recovery. All *France* then weeping joined with us, and the whole Royal Family, with torrents of tears, performed the same duty; but above all our dearest beloved Daughter in JESUS CHRIST, MARIA-LOUISA of *France*, who from her holy retirement raised her hands to heaven, and sent forth the deepest groans.

Though our vows were not heard, we have at least a firm hope that our prayers may be of advantage towards the repose of his soul, and procure him an eternal glory.

Our hopes are grounded on the love he ever had for the Catholic Religion, his attachment to the Holy See, his kind dispositions towards us, of which he gave us marks to his last breath; finally on the sincere repentance he testified in the presence of the whole Court, begging pardon of God, and of his Kingdom for the errors of his life, and desiring to live for no other end, but to repair them.

The same prayers which we offered in private for the repose of his soul, we will perform also in public; nor shall that hinder us from remembering him before God to the last hour of our own life.

We are to declare to you on this occasion, Our Venerable Brethren, that LEWIS-AUGUSTUS, our most dearly beloved Son in JESUS CHRIST, Grand-son of the late King, succeeds to the territories and kingdom of his Grand-father, inheriting at the same time all the heroic virtues of the august house of BOURBON.

We are already perfectly acquainted with his zeal and attachment to Religion, as also with his filial love towards us. His moving and affectionate letters joined to what fame already every where publishes of his rare virtues, are the most convincing proof. Nor have we any thing more at heart, than to correspond, as far as lies in our power, with sentiments so commendable.

We

We are in like manner to inform you, that our Venerable Brother, FRANCIS-JOACHIM, Cardinal de BERNIS, heretofore Minister of the late King in our Court, is confirmed in that post by credentials which he has presented to us. While we shew our entire satisfaction on that account, we see your joy break out, knowing that you are persuaded equally with us, that he is a most faithful Interpreter of both the King's intentions and of our's, in order to maintain the most happy harmony.

Let us, with the most fervent prayers, conjure the Almighty, from whom Kings hold their crown and Empire, to shower down his most abundant blessings on our most dearly beloved Son in JESUS CHRIST, LEWIS-AUGUSTUS King of FRANCE, that he may, during the course of his reign, enjoy every kind of prosperity, and that he may live in a manner equally useful to Religion and advantageous to the illustrious French nation.

The B U L L

FOR

The UNIVERSAL JUBILEE

of the Year 1775.

CLEMENT, Bishop, servant of the servants of God, to all the Faithful in JESUS CHRIST, who these present shall see, health and Apostolic Benediction.

THE Author of our salvation, JESUS CHRIST our Lord, contented not himself with procuring for mankind, by his passion and death, a deliverance from the ancient slavery of sin, a return to life and liberty, and elevating them to the sublime title of co-heirs

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to heirs of his glory, and of children of God: but to all these favours he added one of infinite value, designed for those, who dragged away by human weakness, and their own wicked dispositions, should have the misfortune of losing all right to that divine inheritance. By the power which he gave to the Prince of the Apostles of remitting sin, when he committed to him the keys of the Kingdom of heaven*, he procured for sinners the means of expiating their crimes, of recovering their first righteousness, and of receiving the fruits of their redemption. As this is the only thing they can do, who have departed from the law of the Lord, in order to be admitted again to the friendship of God, and arrive at eternal salvation, the successors of St. PETER, the heirs of his power, never had any thing more at heart, than to invite all sinners to these divine fountains of mercy, to offer and promise pardon to true penitents, and lastly to invite to the hopes of remission even those who should be chained down under the most heavy load of their crimes.

Although in the exercise of so important a function, and so necessary for the salvation of mankind, they never interrupted the solicitude of their Apostolic Ministry; they however thought proper to choose and pitch upon, in the succession of ages, certain remarkable *Epoche's*, wherein to engage sinners to appease the divine wrath, embrace repentance as the only plank after shipwreck, and this from hopes of a more ample harvest of graces and pardon, and from the public and general liberty of partaking of the treasures of the Indulgences, of which they are the depositaries. And to the end that no generation might be deprived of the precious advantages annexed to this time of releasement, they appointed the renewal of the *Jubilee*, every five and twenty years; which year is the holy year, a year, above others, of grace and pardon, the opening of which they appointed in the City, which is looked upon as the Centre and seat of Religion.

* *Matt. xvi. 19.*

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In conformity therefore, to so salutary a custom, and being very near one of those privileged years, we are eager to announce to you all, our Children, who are united in the profession of the same faith with us, and the Catholic, Apostolic and Roman Church; and we exhort you to labour for the salvation of your souls, and to profit by the means of salvation, which may turn out the most efficacious for you. We will make you sharers and partakers of all the riches of the divine goodness and mercy; and in the first place, of those which have their source in the blood of JESUS CHRIST. We will then open to you all the doors of the rich Magazine of satisfactory works, which derive merit from the most Holy Mother of God, the Holy Apostles, the blood of the Martyrs, and the good works of all the saints; so lively and so sincere is our desire to facilitate for you the recovery of peace and reconciliation.

Now nothing can contribute more to this end, than the multitude of succours, which may be expected from the *Communion of Saints*. United to their August company, we altogether compose the body of the Church, which is one indivisible body, and that of JESUS CHRIST himself, whose blood purifies us, restores us to life, and enables us to be of use one to another. For to shew, in a more glorious manner, the immensity of his love and mercy, to render more sensible the infinite force and efficacy of his passion, and of his merits, the Redeemer of mankind has been pleased to make the effects thereof flow on all the members of his mystical body; to the end that they may have every easy means of mutually aiding one another by a communication of succours, and reciprocal advantages. His intention was in this wisely contrived association (the principle of which, is his precious blood, and the union of hearts all the strength) to prevail on the tenderness of the Eternal Father to shew us mercy, by offering him motives the most capable of determining him thereto, viz. the ineffable price of the blood of his son, the merits of his Saints, and the power of their suffrages.

We

We invite you, therefore, to come and drink of this immense canal of indulgence, to enrich yourselves from the inexhaustible treasures of the Church; and according to the practice and institution of our ancestors, with the consent of our Venerable Brethren the Cardinals, &c.

O all ye, who are children of the Church, let not pass this so valuable an opportunity, these days of salvation, without employing them in appeasing the justice of God, and in obtaining pardon. Alledge not in excuse of your delay, either the fatigues of the journey, or the difficulty of the passage. When you are to be enriched with the Largesses of heavenly grace, and to be introduced into the tabernacle of the Lord, would it be fit that you should suffer yourselves to be disheartened by inconveniencies and obstacles, which never frighten those, whom curiosity, or a desire of riches lead every day to the most distant regions? The very labour and difficulties, which you may apprehend, undertaken on so noble a motive, may be of infinite service towards reaping the most abundant fruits from your repentance. And, indeed, the Church has all along regarded, as of singular use, the practice of *Pilgrimages*, being persuaded, that the trouble and inconveniences necessarily attending them, are so many compensations for past sins, and convincing proofs of a sincere repentance. Should the activity of your zeal, the ardour of your love for God inflame you to such a degree, as to make you entirely forget your fatigues, or to diminish them, be not alarmed on that account: that holy joy and alacrity will accelerate your reconciliation, and will even be a principal part of the satisfaction due for your sins, since *much shall be forgiven him, who hath loved much*.*

Come, run therefore, to the city of *Sion*; come and feed of the abundance, which reigns in the house of the Lord. Every thing here will draw you to repentance; even the sight of this City, the ordinary abode of Faith and Piety, the sepulcher of the Apostles, the tombs of the Martyrs. When you shall see that ground, which was watered with their blood, when

* *Luke vii. 47.*

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the numberless vestiges of their sanctity shall on every side present themselves to your sight, it will be impossible for you to hold out against that bitter grief, which you will feel for having gone so far from the rules and laws they followed, and which you had promised to follow as well as they. You will find in the dignity of the divine worship, and in the majesty of the Temples a powerful voice, which will recall to your mind, that you yourselves are the Temple of the living God; and which will encourage you to embellish it with the more ardour, as you had formerly an inclination to profane it, and make sorrowful the Holy Ghost. Lastly, the tears and groans of a great number of Christians, whom you will see deploring their past errors, and begging pardon for them of God, will support your good resolutions. The sentiments of grief and piety, of which you will be witnesses, will slide into your hearts with a facility, that will surprise you.

But the most affecting of all consolations will not fail speedily to follow that holy sorrow, and religious mourning, when you see a multitude of people and nations running in crowds to practise works of repentance and righteousness. In fact, can you ever hope to see a spectacle more pleasing, more enravishing, than that which a moving representation of the glorious triumph of the cross and of Religion presents to the whole earth? We at least, on our part, shall be at the height of our joy, when there will be an almost general meeting of all the children of the Church; being persuaded that we shall find for ourselves a superabundance of aid and resources in the mutual efforts of your charity and piety. For we have an entire confidence, that when you join with us, in intreating the supreme distributor of graces to preserve the Faith, to bring back those nations who are separated from its Unity, to bestow tranquillity on the Church, and happiness on the Christian Princes, you will also remember, in your prayers to God, your common Father, who has you all in his heart, and procure, by vows and earnest entreaties, the

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strength

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Strength our weakness stands in need of to bear the immense load laid upon it.

As to you, our VENERABLE BRETHREN, PATRIARCHS, ARCHBISHOPS and BISHOPS, share with us in our solicitude; take on yourselves, at one and the same time our functions and your own; publish to the people entrusted to your care this time of repentance and reconciliation. Employ all your care and authority, that this favourable opportunity of obtaining pardon, which our paternal love has offered to the whole Christian world, in conformity with the ancient practice of the Church, may produce the most ample fruit in the salvation of souls. Let them hear you explain what works of humility and Christian charity they are to perform, in order that they may be the better disposed to receive the fruits of that heavenly grace, which is offered to their wants. Let them learn, by your precepts and examples, that they ought particularly to have recourse to fasts, prayers, and alms-deeds.

If there be any among you, our Venerable Brethren, who are willing, over and above their other Pastoral toils, to add that of leading themselves a part of their flock towards the City; which is, as it were, the Fortress of Religion, and from whence will flow the springs of Indulgences, they may promise themselves, that we shall receive them with all the feeling tenderness of a Father. Independant of the lustre they will add to our solemnity, they themselves will be able, after such noble fatigues, and meritorious toils to reap a most ample harvest of the largesses of the divine mercy; and at their return with their flock, they will have the consolation of distributing this precious harvest among them.

Neither can we doubt, but that our dearly beloved Sons, the Emperor, the Kings and all Christian Princes, will aid us by their authority, in the vows we form for the salvation of souls, that they may be crowned with the happy success we expect from them. We therefore exhort them with our whole soul, to concur, in a manner answerable to their love for Religion, with the zeal
of

C O N C L U S I O N. 413

of our Venerable Brethren the Bishops, to favour their undertakings, and to procure the Pilgrims all safety and convenience on the road. They are not ignorant that such cares cannot fail of contributing much to the tranquillity of their reign; and that God will be the more favourable and propitious to them, in proportion as they shew themselves more attentive to augment his glory among the people.

But to the end that these presents may come to hand, &c.

Given at Rome, at St. Mary-Major's, &c. May 12, the year of Lord 1774, and the fifth of our Pontificate.

C O N C L U S I O N.

THIS Bull, with which I conclude this Collection, may be considered as the last Will and Testament of CLEMENT XIV. Death, which was then working within him, told him his end was drawing near, that he was then speaking to all the Faithful for the last time, and that God demanded of him the sacrifice of his life.

Every one took a share in this misfortune; and all the different Communions, however divided in their belief, united to beg of the Lord the preservation of a Pontiff so agreeable to all the crowned Heads, and dear to the whole world. Some called to mind the kindness with which he had received them; others his prudence and pacific disposition, while, a stranger himself, to the greatness of his sufferings, he employed his intercepted breath in sending up sighs to heaven to obtain on earth

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the reign of Concord and Truth, and to leave behind him marks of his love for justice and peace.

I wished to have some of his letters, which he wrote during the fix last months of his life, which were a time of trial and sufferings, but I could not procure any. We have however enow to convince us, that this great Pontiff was sincerely attached to what is essential in Religion, without being tied down to any scholastic opinion, and without any spirit of party: and certain it is, that no one can refuse becoming his Panegyrist but from prejudice, and that Posterity, which will appreciate him according to his merits, will be sincerely afflicted for not having known him. There will be then neither passions, nor cabals, nor prejudices capable of tarnishing his glory, and truth alone will draw his portrait.

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ERRATA.

Page 157 line 27	For BUYERE read BRUERE.
175	— For Referendary read Referendary.
201	21 For Char. read Car.
212	23 For interrupted read uninterrupted.
331 note	For Cognoscam read Cognoscam.

Am
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